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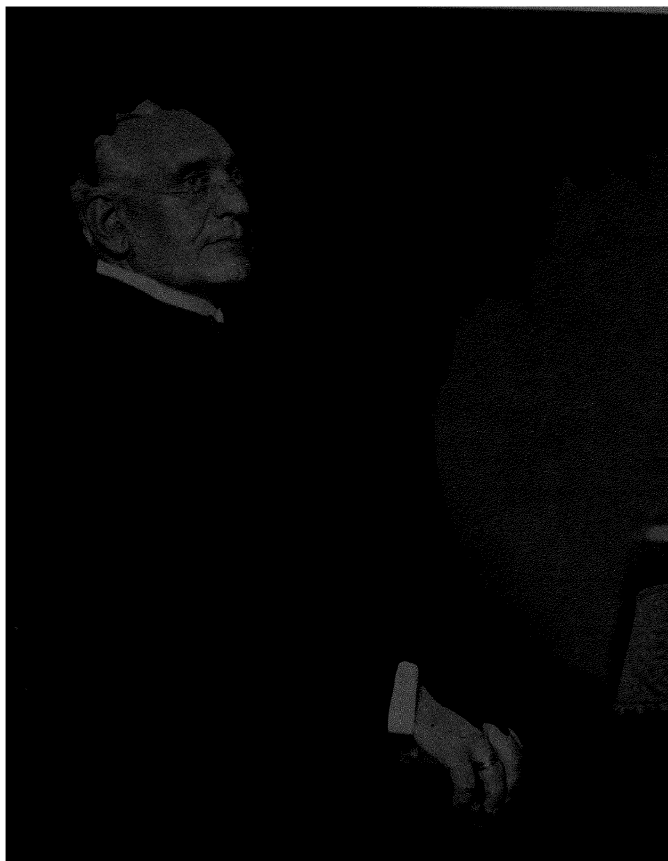


*Friedrich Paulsen*

*AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY*







*F. Paulsen*

# *Friedrich Paulsen*

## *AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY*

TRANSLATED AND EDITED BY

*Theodor Lorenz*

WITH A FOREWORD BY

*Nicholas Murray Butler*



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## *Foreword*

THIS is a fascinating book. Rarely indeed has anyone of Professor Paulsen's outstanding intellectual importance and influence ever recorded in so intimate and so precise a fashion the story of the development of his intellectual life through childhood, adolescence and early manhood, until that life gained the content and took on the form which characterized it in its riper years. In these pages one may read the stumblings, the gropings, of the child and the wanderings of the youth, as one personality and one influence after another played upon his mind and character.

From humble beginnings in the truly democratic society of what was then far-off Frisia, subject to personal, religious and educational influences of the simplest kind, Friedrich Paulsen steadily grew to the stature which has given him his permanent place in the history of the intellectual life of the German people. Through several years of his youth and early manhood, Paulsen was plainly at sea and uncertain as to what was to become his dominant intellectual interest or the character of his career. Starting his university life at Erlangen as a student of theology, he soon lost interest in that, objective and was led by a series of powerful influences to turn toward the study of philosophy. It was not philosophy in any technical or narrow sense which appealed to his interest and his intellectual labor, but philosophy in the fullest and deepest sense, by which is meant an understanding of the life of man and its interpretation in terms of sound and well-established underlying principles of thought and action. Philosophy as a reasoned and reasonable mode of life was what appealed to Paulsen and eventually shaped his remarkable career and gave him his equally remarkable influence.

It is not often that a scholar can point with definiteness to the personality or the book which has guided or altered his mode of thinking. Paulsen is able to do precisely this. He names one after another of the great university scholars of the marvelous Germany

of three-quarters of a century ago, and one after another of the great works of philosophy and its history which moved his mind and shaped his thought. In his earlier youth, it is plain that he owed much to Friedrich Reuter, the son of a clergyman in Franconia, whom he met at Erlangen and who took him from his intellectual loneliness and isolation into a personal and scholarly companionship which meant everything to Paulsen. Obviously, it was Trendelenburg who finally determined the aim and the form of his intellectual life. By Trendelenburg, Paulsen was carried to the study of Aristotle, that immortal mind with whom all philosophy begins. It was fortunate, too, that Paulsen as a young and eager university student enjoyed those intimate personal relationships with Trendelenburg which meant so much and which always mean so much in the life of any serious university student, whether then or now. It was Trendelenburg, as Paulsen himself told me, who turned him to the reading of some of the great philosophical classics of modern times. When to his knowledge of Aristotle, Paulsen came to add a thorough understanding of Kant, the foundations for his philosophical interpretation of modern life were soundly and truly laid. These two monarchs of the mind became the cornerstones of Paulsen's own intellectual accomplishment.

It was Friedrich Harms who suggested to Paulsen that he should turn his philosophic mind to an understanding and interpretation of that greatest of all human endeavors, education, for which the German language had developed the word *Pädagogik*. In this field Paulsen quickly became the outstanding master and remains so to this day. In Germany his influence was very great and his authority constantly cited. For a quarter-century one American student after another who sat in his Berlin lecture room returned to the United States to proclaim his excellence and attractiveness and to spread his ideals of education and his doctrines.

In 1895 Paulsen's book on *The German Universities* was published in an admirable English translation made by Professor Edward Delavan Perry of Columbia University.<sup>1</sup> Professor Frank

<sup>1</sup> Friedrich Paulsen, *The German Universities: Their Character and Historical Development*. Translated by Edward Delavan Perry, with Introduction by Nicholas Murray Butler. New York: Macmillan Co., 1895.

Thilly, who, in succession, held a chair of philosophy at the University of Missouri, at Princeton University and at Cornell University, later translated three volumes which made Paulsen's name still better known to serious American students of philosophy and education.<sup>2</sup> Paulsen's career was a great one and in highest degree influential in his field of intellectual endeavor.

As one who has the happy and inspiring memory of sitting in Paulsen's lecture room at the University of Berlin through the winter semester of 1884-1885, I am proud to pay tribute to the charm of his personality, as well as to the greatness of his mind and the inspiration of his intellectual guidance. In later years it was my fortune to sit with him from time to time in the garden of his home at Steglitz in the environs of Berlin, and to discuss the personalities, ideas and happenings which were year by year engaging the attention of the civilized world. Paulsen's life ended all too soon, but his reputation and his influence will not die.

In the years from about 1860 to about 1895 or 1900, the University of Berlin reached a height of intellectual distinction which no other institution of higher learning has ever attained and which, unless all signs fail, will not soon be attained again. The great group of scholars among whom Paulsen was a younger member included von Ranke and Mommsen, Trendelenburg and Harms, Droysen and Gneist, Zeller and Dilthey, Curtius and Vahlen, Bonitz and Kiepert, Helmholtz and Wagner, Kirchhoff and du Bois-Reymond, Dörner and Pfleiderer, Michelet and Förster, Dernburg and Bernard Weiss. What a galaxy that was, and what a picture those names give of the elevation, the power and the many-sidedness of the intellectual life of that fortunate time! Of that fortunate time, Friedrich Paulsen was himself a great ornament.

NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER

*Columbia University in the City of New York*  
September 1, 1938

<sup>2</sup> Friedrich Paulsen, *Introduction to Philosophy*. Translated by Frank Thilly, with preface by William James. New York: Henry Holt & Co., 1898.

——— *A System of Ethics*. Translated by Frank Thilly. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1899.

——— *The German Universities and University Study*. Authorized translation by Frank Thilly and William W. Elwang. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1906.



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PART ONE

*Recollections of My Youth*



## Forebears and Parents

I WAS born at Langenhorn, a village on the west coast of what was then the duchy of Schleswig, in the year 1846, on the 16th of July, about noon. I was the first child of my parents and remained their only offspring, three younger brothers having died at birth for lack of medical assistance. My father was a farmer; he had quite recently bought the homestead where I was born and brought up. My parents continued to live there until well into the eighties, and during that whole time I regularly returned every year for a longer or a shorter visit; I never lost the feeling that it was my real home.

Both my parents being of North-Frisian descent, the Frisian language is my mother tongue. But neither of them was born in the parish of Langenhorn. My father came from Oland, one of the Halligen Islands, and my mother from the neighboring parish of Enge, a few miles to the north. To their newly founded home they brought their own well-defined habits of life and thought. I have to speak a little more at length about the antecedents and previous experiences of their families, because the roots of my own being go deep down into that ancestral soil.

My father came from a family of seafarers, indigenous on the Halligen Islands, which are scattered along the west coast of Schleswig, separated from the latter by the so-called *Wattenmeer*; <sup>1</sup> the word *halligen* is the plural form of *hallig*, which denotes a small island, unprotected by a dike and subject to periodical inundations. I have old papers in my possession which enable me to trace the family history back to the middle of the seventeenth century. The name of the earliest ancestor I can find (and that is all I know of him) was Thoms Jansen; he lived on the *hallig* of Nord-

<sup>1</sup> *Watte* (plural: *watten*), a shallow place. The *Wattenmeer* (sea of shallows) is thus called in contradistinction to the open sea, stretching westward from the islands.

marsch, or at any rate a son was born to him there in 1679, whose name was Frerck Thomsen.<sup>2</sup> The latter's son, Paul Frercksen by name, born in 1725, on the *hallig* of Ludenswarf-Langeness, became the grandfather of my father, and with him the family history begins to be more articulate. I have a manuscript volume in quarto, containing his notes in half-effaced writing, in which he records his experiences, especially his voyages during the years 1740-71. I published it in full in the *Zeitschrift für Schleswig-Holsteinische Geschichte* (Vol. XXXV, 1905);<sup>3</sup> but I should like to quote some details here which give us a vivid picture of the life and the mentality of the islanders in those days.

In the year 1728 Frerck Thomsen, Paul Frercksen's father, lost his ship and his life in a November gale off the coast of Jutland while on his way to Norway with his son Jan; his grave is on the island of Fanö. He left a widow, Frau Poppe Thomsen, four daughters, and one son of three years, whose name was Paul. When little Paul reached his fifteenth year, he was overcome with such irresistible longing to go to sea that his mother, who was afraid lest the sea might take him too, could not keep him back. In the spring of 1740 he joined a group of seamen going to Amsterdam to look for hire there and became cabin-boy on a whaler bound for Greenland. As they were approaching the icy North, he tells us in the manuscript notes, gales began to rage, and he became seasick. Among all those strangers on board, most of them not even speaking a language he could understand, there was not one who troubled about him. And then, he writes, homesickness overcame him, and he often sighed to himself: "Had I only stayed at home with mother!" However, he got over it; they had a safe passage, and the catch was also satisfactory: two large whales. When they returned to Amsterdam, in September, he had earned 47 Dutch guilders. Then he started on his way home to his native

<sup>2</sup> This shows the ancient custom of variable patronymics still in force, the son assuming as his surname his father's given name with the affix "sen," corresponding to the English "son," as in Thomson.

<sup>3</sup> Titles of publications cited in the original language, including English, are in italics; those cited in English translation are in roman type inclosed in quotation marks.

*hallig*. Just as the three small vessels with the returning seamen on board were about to enter the *Wattenmeer*, they had to weather a severe gale, in which they very nearly lost their lives; but they were lucky enough to escape. On going ashore at Wyck, on the large island of Föhr, he found a fair going on and quite unexpectedly encountered his mother, who had come over for the occasion. "It would be impossible to describe," he writes in silent remembrance, "how we rejoiced in our hearts, we two together." His first journey to Greenland was followed by two others during the next few years.

I will not describe his career from cabin boy to able seaman and from able seaman to first mate; after 1758 he navigated various vessels as master in the service of Amsterdam shipowners, in most cases in the service of his own brother-in-law, Nommen Paulsen, who was established there. He usually had to go to Norwegian, Finnish, Russian, and Prussian ports, carrying a mixed cargo and returning with grain or timber. As a rule several journeys were undertaken during the year; navigation begins early in April and generally continues until October or November. But sometimes he had to make a winter voyage, and on one such occasion, when he was bound from Amsterdam for St. Petersburg, in October of 1760, he lost his ship in the Cattegat, after it had already withstood several severe gales. Running aground near the Kullen promontory in the night from the 15th to the 16th of November, with its steering gear broken, the ship was swamped at once, and the crew were hard put to it to save their lives. The captain felt compelled to remain in the neighborhood all winter so that he might save as much as he could of the ship and its cargo.

In the spring of 1772, after embarking on many a voyage and enduring many ills and frequent ill health, Paul Frercksen made up his mind to let the departing seamen set out for Amsterdam without him for the first time in his life. Thereafter he lived on the *hallig* on the income from the small capital he had saved during those thirty-one strenuous years of his life. From his account book, which is among the papers in my possession, it appears that in 1778 the capital amounted to 15,603 *mark kurant*, the interest

being 653 *mark Lübsch* (M. 786). To his seaman's wages and to what he earned as captain by way of freight, and so forth, he had regularly been adding profits from business ventures of his own, sometimes representing considerable amounts. This latter item of his income was probably the main source of his capital; for the greater part of what he received for his services—the total amount for the thirty-one years is computed at 5,163 Dutch guilders—had of course to be spent as living expenses for his family, especially during the winter.

Paul Frercksen married in 1757. His wife, named Poppe like his mother, was born in 1731; she was a daughter of Paul Ipsen (1685–1739), a son of the shipmaster Alte Ipke Paulsen, and she lived with her mother on the *hallig* of Oland. At Christmas, in 1756, he had asked her to marry him. "And then," he writes, "I had to keep running there all winter, until I could get the right decision, because she had two brothers living at Amsterdam, who had also to write what they thought about it." However, the decision did prove to be right for this once: on a former occasion another girl had given him the "no-word," as he quaintly puts it. They celebrated their wedding in October, 1757, and then he transferred his belongings to Oland and went to live at the house of his mother-in-law. In the spring of 1758 they were separated for the first time, and it was destined to be a long time. His ship became icebound near Cronstadt and could not stir from the spot all winter: not until June, in 1759, was he able to return to Amsterdam, where he had asked his wife to meet him. "And glad indeed I was," he writes, "to find my wife at brother Ipke Paulsen's house. I had a new suit of clothes made to wear at Amsterdam and was happy in my good fortune." But fortune did not smile on them long. At the end of July he had once more to depart for St. Petersburg: "And so, as I came sailing past the light buoy once again, there was my wife sitting ashore in great grief. It gave me a cruel pang." Sailor's fate! In 1763 his third child was born to him, the first which survived: Frerck Paulsen, my grandfather, whose name I bear.

Frerck Paulsen was the first of my ancestors who did not go to

sea: he had a weak chest. As a young man he had learned the trade of miller, but he never practiced it; he lived on Oland as a small landowner with a private income of his own. There was a little accession to the family fortune when he inherited his uncle. His mother's two brothers, Nommen and Ipke Paulsen, had lived at Amsterdam. They had at first earned their living at sea, like the other members of the family, but had later made their fortune at Amsterdam, where they settled down and married. Nommen amassed great wealth in the form of ships and landed property. Ipke died childless, so his brothers and sisters inherited him after his widow's death. I remember my father telling me that his father, who went to Amsterdam to fetch the inherited property, had barely got in with his ship when war broke out against England; otherwise it would have been captured by privateers.

In 1799 Frerck Paulsen married Volig Christine, the eldest daughter of Ipke Petersen (1747-1817), shipmaster and sexton on the *hallig* of Oland, and of his wife Angens, *née* Broders (1747-1829). They, too, had three sons, all of whom went to sea; all died in their youth, two of them of yellow fever in the West Indies. Some of the letters which the parents exchanged with each other and with their children are still extant, together with quite a few other papers of the old sexton. He seems to have exercised his mind a good deal about deeper questions, especially about religious matters, which of course formed the main trend of his thoughts. There are numerous diary notes, in which he meditates about the state of his soul and prays to God for enlightenment. Considerable difference of opinion had evidently cropped up between him and the pastor of Oland concerning religious faith and doctrine, which led him to voice his opinion on several occasions, as he records in his notes. His inborn respect for the ministry was difficult to reconcile with his growing conviction that the ways of his pastor were all too often paths of error. There is a very curious document among his papers, a petition addressed to King Christian VII, in which he gives an account of this conflict and asks for adjudication and directions. Whether it was ever sent off I do not know.

This, I think, was the origin of the decidedly religious turn of mind which prevailed among the members of my grandfather's household and which was inherited by the whole family. Paul Frercksen refers to religious matters only in a general way in connection with the Church, without sounding any individual note. But his son, my grandfather, speaks in his earlier years of undergoing a religious revival and conversion. Whether such experiences first brought him in touch with the sexton or whether they were due to the latter's influence must remain undecided. But at any rate they give us the keynote to which the whole life of our family henceforth remained attuned: abstinence from all worldly interests and pleasures and determined concentration on the life hereafter as the only true life. My father's sisters retained very vivid recollections of Ipke Petersen, and I have often heard them mention his name. Grandmother Angens, his widow, was still living when her son-in-law left Oland for Langenhorn; she settled with him on the mainland and survived him by several years.

Frerck Paulsen and his wife, Volig Christine, had eight children: six daughters and two sons. My father, Paul (Frerck) Paulsen, born on October 5, 1805, was the elder of the two sons; my uncle Ipke, born in 1820, was the youngest child of all. My father should really have been called Paul Frercksen, just as his two elder sisters who bore this name; and as a matter of fact that was the name by which he was known all his life. Officially, however, his name was Paulsen, a royal edict having been issued recently to the effect that the surname was no longer to be variable, but was to stand unchanged as the permanent family name. On his own initiative my father then inserted Frerck as his middle name, because it was not in general use on the mainland and thus helped to prevent confusion.

The life of the family in which my father grew up with his seven brothers and sisters moved within the narrowest limits, both outwardly and inwardly. Its setting was provided by the little *hallig* of Oland (Frisian, *ul-laun*, the old land), which was at that time perhaps twice its present size. It might have taken an hour



and a half to walk around it, along the shore. The flat surface of the *hallig*, grass grown and traversed only by tidal runlets, rises about three to five feet above the muddy gray bottom of the *Wattenmeer*. On it there were at that time two so-called *werften*, artificial elevations, rising to twenty or twenty-six feet above the natural surface. On one of these stood the church and about ten houses; on the other, about fifteen houses. These were small and low and huddled close together, often two or three of them under one continuous thatched roof—the fact that they housed several families being indicated only by the number of doors and chimneys. The houses surrounded a small fresh-water pond, the so-called *fäding*, filled with rain water from the gutters. In summer the high tide rarely rises above the shore line; only when the spring tide happens to coincide with a strong breeze blowing from the west is the whole *hallig* flooded, and if there is a real gale the water may reach the height of the *werft*, so that the houses look as if they were floating on the sea. On such occasions it always was a great disaster if the *fäding* was swamped; for then drinking water for man and beast alike had to be fetched from the mainland.

These were the natural conditions by which life on the *hallig* was governed. Any cultivation of the soil was out of the question; but the short, thick, and salty grass provided sufficient food for cows and sheep. Every year the entire land was divided into two parts: pasture for the animals to graze on during the summer, and meadowland (*meedland*,<sup>4</sup> to provide the hay needed for the winter. Each householder had his definite share both in the pasturage and in the meadowlands. During summer the animals were left to shift for themselves, while in winter they had to share the narrow space of the house with its human inhabit-

<sup>4</sup> Such expressions, quoted from the original text within brackets, are terms not generally used in German, but restricted to Paulsen's homeland. Most of them are words belonging to the old North-Frisian language, sometimes spoken of as proto-Anglo-Saxon and therefore of special interest to English-speaking readers, who will note their close affinity or even identity. Paulsen always liked to speak of his homeland as the cradle of the English race.

ants. There were as a rule only five rooms: the *vordiele*, or entrance hall, living room, kitchen, the *pesel*,<sup>5</sup> and the stable. There was neither space nor need for more. Hay and fuel were stored under the roof. The fuel was cow dung, dried in the sun and molded into shape. Horses there were none: the hay was carried indoors on the head in large sheets. The management was almost entirely in the hands of the women; for the men went to sea as soon as they had reached their fifteenth year. About the end of March or the beginning of April one or several ships put in at Wyck, on the Island of Föhr, to convey to Amsterdam all men able to go to sea; in the late autumn or winter they came home with their earnings. Grain or flour and potatoes had to be bought and also the indispensable tea and sugar. Wyck was the nearest market for such purchases; another was Husum, a little farther away. In all other respects each household provided for its own needs, the cows and sheep furnishing milk, butter, cheese, meat, and wool. Baking was diligently practiced; in addition to the customary whole-rye bread, generally known as "black bread," there were always various sorts of cake or pastry on hand, to be offered to callers with a cup of tea. Tea was the ever-ready beverage in the morning and in the evening, in the forenoon and in the afternoon; for the water was drinkable only after boiling, and other beverages, except spirits, were not available. The wool was transformed into garments and knitted wear by the members of the household, even the men taking part in this work.

This simplicity of their material existence had its counterpart in the placid and self-contained character of their inner life. The large number of children growing up together in my grandfather's house made it possible for them to be sufficient unto themselves; there was not much opportunity for outside intercourse, nor did the spirit pervading the household encourage it. At school, to be

<sup>5</sup> To translate the word *pesel* by "parlor" would be a detraction, even with the most dignified New England parlor in mind. The *pesel* belongs exclusively to the northernmost parts of Germany, adjoining the North Sea. It is used only on the most solemn occasions, such as baptism, confirmation, betrothal, and marriage; if a death occurs, the body of the deceased is laid out in this room. Much of the beautiful carved furniture frequently contained in it has found its way into museums.

sure, children of the same age came in contact with one another. The teacher was a retired old sea captain, who ruled his little flock with severity, if not cruelty; even in their old age I heard my aunts talking about his grim discipline. But for all that, the children did make progress under his guidance; and, indeed, it may be stated quite generally that the inhabitants of the *halligen* were better educated than the people of the mainland. The upbringing at home was equally strict. When father was at home, the children had to sit over their work in dead silence. Of course, life would hardly have been tolerable otherwise in that small room. There can be no doubt that the inclination to silence and solitude which my father shared with his brothers and sisters was largely due to the surroundings and habits of their early years.

Yet I do not mean to deny that reserve is one of the regular traits of the Frisian character. Speaking generally, the Frisian is not a man of many words; anyone with a glib tongue runs the risk of being regarded as a trifler and not being taken seriously. While it cannot be said that jesting and merriment are never heard, anyone jealous of his reputation takes good care to keep himself well in hand. Frisians never sing or play games; if any singing is ever heard, the assumption is justified that it is a case of drunkenness. For the diffidence which prevents them from making their own voices heard in this way is broken down only by alcoholic drink. Their life is taken up with practical affairs, with matters concerning their house, their family, their work, and their livelihood. To find pleasure in play and games is foreign to their tribal character: rather are they given to ruminating, especially about religious questions, and this is apt to lead to brooding and melancholy. I have already mentioned how my grandfather's home had come under this influence through his father-in-law, Ipke Petersen.

He had been living with his family in undisturbed peace and quiet, when they were suddenly aroused by a terrible disaster, which induced them to migrate to the mainland. In the winter of 1825 a destructive tidal wave swept over the west coast, causing great havoc. It was the one great event in the recollection of my

father and my aunts, and the narration of their experiences to me was one of the indelible memories of my childhood. It happened in February; a strong wind had been blowing from the southwest and driving the spring tide against the Frisian coast, so that the water had already risen to an unusual height. Then the wind suddenly veered to the northwest and, gradually assuming the proportions of a real gale, piled up the water of the high tide in the large bay enclosing the North Sea to such a degree that hardly any ebbing of the water was noticeable during the succeeding low tide. The next high tide occurred in the night; the sea swept over the *werft* and began to flood the houses. Attempts to mend matters by blocking up all openings proved of no avail; in no time the waves smashed doors and windows, so that the inhabitants had to take refuge under their roofs. It was a long night of terror. The howling of the storm and the roaring of the sea were mingling with the wailing of the women, the crying of the children, and the lowing of the cows, which were tied up in their stalls. It was not long before the force of the waves caved in the walls of my grandfather's house, leaving the roof supported only by the posts, which were rammed into the ground. Once more they were compelled to seek safety elsewhere. The neighbor's house, under one and the same roof with their own, stood on slightly higher ground and was not so much exposed to the battering waves. So they smashed the planking which separated the two lofts and found safety on the other side, taking their belongings, which, of course, consisted only of what they had snatched up on the spur of the moment, either with a view to their immediate needs or just in blind terror. Then they had to look on while their furniture, their trunks and chests, filled with treasures they had guarded so long, were tossed about by the turbulent waters, until they were shattered and emptied of their contents. The most pitiful sight of all met their eyes when the cows, breaking loose at last, floated away on the waves, one after the other, and disappeared, lowing mournfully all the while. My grandmother, I was told, never got over the impression which this made on her.

But even a night such as this had to come to an end at last.

The men, standing at the hatch, measured the height of the water from time to time. They first reported that it was no longer rising and then that it was slowly falling. So their fears for their lives abated, and after a few hours they were able to leave their refuge and descend, but only to realize the full misery of the destruction in all its details. The house had been so completely wrecked that it would have had to be entirely rebuilt. Its contents had been dispersed in all directions or destroyed; wreckage of furniture, clothing, and underclothing from the chests and boxes which had been broken up—everything scattered about, hanging on hedges, washed into the *fäding*. My aunts used to describe to me how my father spent days angling in the little pond, now filled with sea water, and fishing out this or that piece of his own or his neighbors' belongings. When I was a child, the traces of the briny flood were still to be seen on many things, especially on books, but also on linen and woodwork.

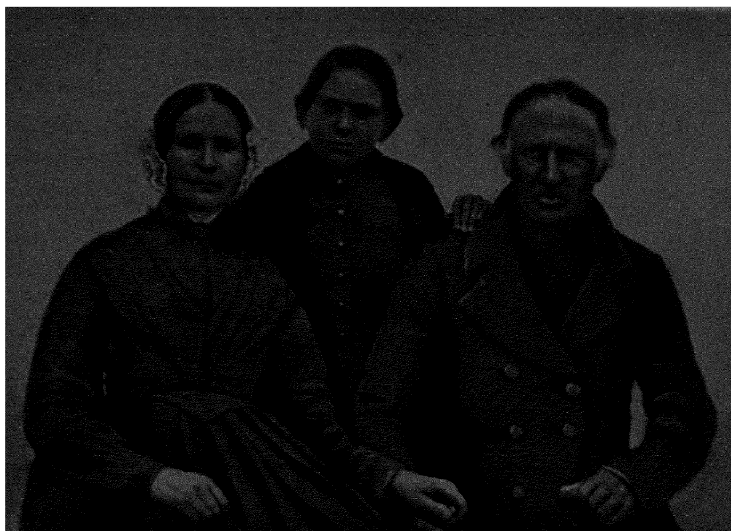
They were now compelled to decide about their future, and they soon agreed that they would not stay there. Migration to the mainland had already been discussed on other occasions, especially after my grandfather had come into possession, half against his own will, of a farmstead at Langenhorn; he had lent money on it and then had to take it over in order to save his investment. My father had already half made up his mind to become a farmer and had spent six months at Marienkoog during the preceding summer in order to learn farming. Now the decisive moment had come; whatever they had saved of their belongings was stowed away in a large boat, and together they departed from the home of their ancestors, setting sail for "the solid rampart," where a new home was waiting for them. So deep was the impression of horror which this experience had left on their minds that not one of them ever set foot on the *hallig* again. "No! No! It is better here!" they used to say whenever I suggested during my boyhood that we might pay a visit to Oland, which could be seen quite distinctly from the dike along the shore.

My grandfather, Frerck Paulsen, survived the flood and the transplantation for only one year; he died in 1826, at the age of

sixty-three, and was the first of our family to be buried in the churchyard of Langenhorn. His wife, Volig Christine, had never been distinguished for great strength of mind or sound judgment; she felt completely lost in her new surroundings, and thus it came about quite naturally that my father, although barely twenty years old, became the real head of the family. He made himself responsible, not only for the management of the household and the administration of the family fortune, but also for the education and guidance of his younger brother and sisters. They showed their gratitude for his untiring care and efforts by giving him their absolute confidence and by cherishing him with boundless devotion. To them there was no higher authority on earth; whatever brother Paul said went unquestioned. My mother used to remark half jokingly that his sisters had hopelessly spoiled him.

For twenty years they thus lived together under the protection of their elder brother. In the year 1845 he left the house which had become their settled home, because his younger brother now seemed old enough and able to take his place. So he married and established a hearth of his own.

He was a mature man, fully developed in every respect, when he entered matrimony. I was born to him in his fortieth year, as his first child. I remember him as an elderly man of staid demeanor; he had lost his hair at an early age, which made him look even older than he was. Nevertheless, his robust strength was unimpaired; indeed, his bodily health and vigor did not forsake him until his last days. He also had an unusually vigorous mind. In his ways he was a typical North-Frisian. Deliberateness and prudence were the fundamental traits of his character; clear and calm judgment and firm decision in carrying out his resolutions formed part of his nature. There was an expression of seriousness and calm repose on his dignified face; his luminous blue eyes added a suggestion of kindly gentleness. I can still see him coming forward to meet me, with his right hand extended, when I paid a visit to the home of my parents in later years. In his speech he was reserved. Even when it was not one of his silent days--and



FRIEDRICH PAULSEN AND HIS PARENTS



FRIEDRICH PAULSEN'S BIRTHPLACE IN LANGENHORN





there were not a few of these—he spoke very little, and what he said rarely amounted to a disclosure of his personal being or feelings. He shrank from talking about his most individual and intimate affairs; restricting his conversation to actualities, he relegated those other matters to his own private thoughts. This again is a trait which more or less belongs to the Frisian character. The Frisian avoids intimacy, not only toward his more distant acquaintances, but even toward those nearest to him; a certain reserve, which may appear as coldness, is ingrained in his nature. Not that he lacks depth of feeling; he is only reluctant to let it appear on the surface. My father did not lack it either, though he rarely showed it. I do not remember having ever heard a word of endearment or received a caress from him; at most he would lay his hand on my head. Nor did he talk much about his cares and sorrows or allow them to show in his face, even when they weighed heavily on his mind. Those were matters he used to lock up in the shrine of his own heart, to be dealt with in silence and by himself alone. In the same way he also controlled his anger; although there was in his temperament a tendency toward excitability, strangers would hardly have become aware of it. Harsh or violent words rarely came from his lips, unless they were called forth by some act of outright unfairness which he happened to witness.

That was my father. When he walked along the village street with his firm and weighty step, going to church on Sunday morning or calling on relatives in the afternoon, I used to look up at him not without a measure of pride—a man, whose “Yes” and “No” went unchallenged wherever he uttered them.

My mother was altogether different, both as regards her antecedents and her disposition and education. Her maiden name was Christine Ketelsen, and she hailed from the little village of Sande, in the neighboring parish of Enge, where her ancestors had settled as small farmers. In this latter calling, writing did not form part of the regular work, as it did with the scafaring captains of the islands, and therefore it never became a settled habit of life with the farmers. That is why my knowledge of the antecedents of my

mother's family does not go back farther than my grandparents, both of whom I remember seeing in my childhood. Because of this, the cases furnished by the families of my father and my mother have always served me as vivid illustrations of the fact that any memory extending beyond the second generation is sustained only by the written record. In large cities especially, where the inhabitants frequently change their place of residence, even the recollection of the grandparents often survives only in shadowy outline.

My mother's parents owned and tilled a small farm at Sande or—as we always said—*auf dem Sande* (on the sands). The greater part of it was arable land in fair condition; the other part consisted of pasture and meadowland in the river marshes of the Scholmerau. They kept only one horse; for particularly hard work, such as plowing, they joined forces with a neighbor, who was in a similar plight. They had bought their little farmstead about the beginning of the century, when times were fairly prosperous, and had paid a rather high price for it. Then came hard times, with the great slump in agriculture, and they were forced to cut down their expenses in every possible way in order to hold on to the farmstead and pay the crushing taxes. It was not until the children began to grow up and times gradually improved, during the thirties, that the pressure was eased. Those hard times had left their mark, it seemed, on my grandfather, Andreas Ketelsen; he had retained a certain acerbity in his manner. Hard labor had bent his body at an early age, and he had suffered a stroke, which left half of his face paralyzed, so that he had to wear a bandage over one eye. My grandmother, Lene Ketelsen, his wife and also his cousin, was a friendly old body who was very fond of me, her first grandchild. The last time I saw her she was lying ill in bed; I had been sent to inquire about her. She watched me in a half-conscious state, as I sat by the window, and the last word I heard her utter was an anxious, half-delirious question about me.

Three of the five children lived to mature years. The eldest son, who had been sickly since his infancy, died when he was about twenty; he had added to his mother's work and worries by requir-

ing so much special care and attention. Bedridden for many years and unable ever to go to school, he had not only taught himself reading and writing, but had also acquired considerable skill in drawing. A picture book which he had made for his brothers and sisters continued to render service in my own hands, when I was a child. The youngest brother died at the age of five years, of scarlet fever; my mother, who at the time was twelve years old, often told me how long and disconsolately she had mourned for him.

My mother was born in 1818, two years after her brother Ketel, and six years before her sister, Agathe Margarete. She was of a very lively and cheerful disposition and had an unusually agile mind. She grasped things quickly and with eager interest, and she never made a secret of her own opinion. There was only an auxiliary school in the little village, under the management of a pupil teacher, and what it had to offer her was scanty in the extreme. Nevertheless she succeeded in acquiring by her own efforts a very respectable facility in setting her thoughts down in writing. Her interests originally went far afield; but gradually she concentrated them more and more on religion and religious writings. She had a very receptive mind for art in any form. Although she had never been taught drawing, she practiced it with considerable skill. She liked to sing her hymns, the only melodies she had ever heard; and she sang them well. She also liked to compose verse herself, of course on the pattern of her favorite hymns. When she had a home of her own, she did not leave it undecorated. I well remember the day when pictures were hung in our living room—at that time an almost unheard-of innovation. She had bought five large woodcuts, representing scenes from the Passion, and sent them to be framed. She also was very fond of her flowers, and our windows were never without them. Her garden was one of her great pleasures, and she made it as beautiful as her means would permit.

The great event in my mother's life was the religious awakening and conversion which came over her in her early twenties. Until then she had shared the world's pleasures, happily, but with

due propriety. A new preacher, Iwersen by name, had come to Enge. His predecessor, old Pastor Hasberg, had been a man who liked to live and let live. He often went to the village inn of an evening, and on one such occasion, as he was about to leave, he threw a piece of money on the table, telling the others to drink his health; immediately afterward, on his way home, he dropped dead. His successor was a young man, filled with passionate zeal, whose ambition it was not only to preach his new faith, his newly won old Christian faith, but to make it come to life in the very being and feeling of the souls committed to his care. He belonged to the great movement set afoot by the new stirring of deeper religious feeling as opposed to the traditional rationalism, a movement which in those parts had first been forcefully advocated by Claus Harms, at Kiel. As a student Iwersen had probably heard Harms preach and had been deeply moved. That is how the great epochal movements of history spread in ever-widening circles, until they reach the lowliest hamlets and cottages.

On my mother these new voices made a deep impression. Her agile mind was fully alive to their import. If things really are, she told herself, as this man preaches, then one must place one's life on a different footing altogether. And more and more her inner conviction grew: verily and truly, he is right, for there would be no sense in life, if it did not point beyond this earthly existence. But then, if eternal life is the true life, it is necessary to seek one's chief purpose in it and to despise all temporal goods, in order to win the goods eternal. And thus she felt driven to sever old connections and to discard old interests in order to devote herself altogether to that great new truth which had taken hold of her soul. Nor was she to be dissuaded from her new convictions, queer as they might seem to her friends. She even succeeded in winning over her brother and her sister. The fervent zeal of the new life stirring in her soul was so powerful that it may well have been irresistible during that early stage. But throughout her whole life she remained very seriously concerned about her sanctification. She had a very sensitive conscience which guided her in all her steps and never failed to tell her what was fitting for her. It goes

without saying that she soon established personal relations with Pastor Iwersen; hers was probably the first soul he had won. However, he did not remain at Enge long, but was soon transferred to Neukirchen, in Angeln,<sup>6</sup> accompanied by my mother's sister, Agathe Margarete, whom he had engaged after his wife's death to take care of the child she had left behind. A few years later he died, but his memory lived on in my mother's heart; I never heard her utter his name without voicing her gratitude and devotion. From my early childhood she strove earnestly to open my mind to her convictions and her faith, and therefore she always liked to recount to me how she herself had found the way of peace. She was much more willing to talk about the inner life than was my father. While he rarely spoke of his religious views and experiences, she always grasped at every opportunity to do so, in order to win other souls to her faith. Such community of religious interests had also led to her acquaintance with my father. I learned about these things from my aunt long after the death of my parents. A shoemaker at Bredstedt, she told me, who was known as one of "the pious in the land," had first drawn my father's attention to my mother. Then it came about that his sister Naëmi Johanna, who often walked over to Enge to hear Pastor Iwersen preach, got to know her rather well. And the end of it was that my father one day made his way "to the Sands" to call at her parents' house and ask them for the hand of their daughter. She happened to be out at the time, and when she returned and was told about it she gave a rather flippant reply; but after a while she allowed him to call again and then plighted him her troth. They celebrated their wedding on July 20, in 1845, and the alliance they thus concluded for life was a happy one for both. Not that little difficulties remained altogether unknown to them. Since it was not in my father's nature to give spontaneous expression to his feelings, it is probable that as a husband he was rather remiss in the little endearments and attentions which a loving wife expects. In the house of her parents my mother had been

<sup>6</sup> Angeln is an old territory along the east coast of Schleswig, comprising about 320 square miles.

accustomed to a somewhat more genial atmosphere than her new home seemed able to afford. Right-minded and kindhearted as my father was in all essential matters, he was likely to disregard little wishes or dislikes of others in a somewhat ruthless way; he could not see that it mattered. It never occurred to him that restriction or renunciation in great affairs is often much easier to bear than indifference in little things. It was only by slow degrees that I became aware of this characteristic; as a child I never noticed anything of the kind. My parents never quarreled, and little differences of opinion were not settled in my presence; I saw nothing but concord and mutual respect. Above all, my mother never wavered in her determination to impress upon her little son that he owed respect to his father and must regard his father's will as right and just beyond question. And this was altogether in accordance with her own sentiments; for she had absolute respect for my father and for his sound judgment and able management. If she ever felt offended, she knew how to pave the way for a frank word at the proper season; the religious convictions which they held in common and which governed their life together helped her to find the right word and make her appeal effective. If their companionship was lacking a little in that personal intimacy and sense of being all in all to each other, which comes only from a more lively and spontaneous emotional response or from more highly cultivated minds, there certainly was never any lack of sincere mutual esteem. And that was the source of the profound peace which always reigned supreme in the home of my parents. Anger and angry words were unknown; and if my mother ever felt hurt she did not allow the sun of that day to set while she harbored her grudge.

So much about my ancestors and my parents. From both of the latter I have received a heritage which I may perhaps venture to describe in Goethe's words:

My father gave me dignity,  
My stature and deportment;  
And mother dear my cheerful mind,  
My knack of telling stories.

My storytelling, I have to admit, is not much to boast of; but there can be no doubt that I resemble my mother in intensity of feeling and in the eager utterance of my thoughts. And as to my father's stature, no one who knew him can fail to recognize it in my own even from a distance.

## *Earliest Childhood Recollections*

**I**N THE present chapter I shall offer a few disconnected pictures such as one's memory seems to select almost at random from the experiences of one's childhood.

My earliest recollection, which takes me back to my third year, connects me with Bavaria, the country with which I was to have so many contacts in years to come. It was in 1849, the second year of the war between Denmark and Germany. A Bavarian regiment, coming from the east, needed a day of rest and for that purpose was quartered on the inhabitants of Langenhorn. My mother often talked about that day in later times. She told me how uneasy she felt, looking forward to the arrival of those warriors from other lands, whom she was to expect in time for their midday meal—the more so since my father was not at home; he had to attend a church visitation, which happened to take place on the same day. Her courage only returned when she saw me safe and unharmed right in the midst of the outlandish figures. Indeed, she had to admit that they really were very kind and friendly to her little Frederick, taking him up in their arms and raising him on their shoulders to proclaim him Frederick the Great. Her memory often reverted to that time. She talked about the difficulty she had with the curious German those men spoke—"not at all like written German." The hearty meal she placed before them was not quite to their liking; they could not eat the delicious boiled bacon, she said, but wrapped it up to eat it cold. There are some other incidents and situations which cannot have come to my knowledge merely by hearsay, as I have a definite recollection of them, especially of being taken outside with the others when the tattoo was beaten by the military band. It was not the music that impressed me most, but the big drums, which I mistook for brewing coppers. I could not understand how grown-up men



could behave like that, pounding on them and making all that noise. Another scene pictured in my memory occurred in the following year; it shows me outside in our garden, listening to the sound of dull reports booming in the distance again and again—"cannon shots," someone is telling me. It was the attack on Friedrichstadt, in the autumn of 1850, the third war year, when our own soldiers had to fight Denmark quite alone in that last senseless and bootless struggle, after which the two great German powers left the two duchies to their fate.<sup>1</sup>

But now these warlike scenes must give way to a peaceful picture—an afternoon in midwinter. In our living room, with its blue walls, my mother and the maid are sitting near the stove spinning. My father has established himself at the large table which stands against the window, with his papers spread out before him. And in the middle of the room am I, restlessly moving about: now using the yardstick as my hobbyhorse; now sweeping the sand spread over the floor into a little heap and molding it into tiny cakes with my mother's thimble; now climbing onto my mother's chair from behind and folding a kerchief round her neck, as I had seen it worn by women coming from the *halligen*. None but a mother will put up with the ceaseless fidgeting of a child.

Another picture arising in my memory shows me lying abed. My mother is sitting at the small table close by, cutting out paper animals—horses and cows, sheep and swine. I had been brought home to her covered with blood. A neighbor's horse, which I had approached with a switch from behind, had struck out and landed its hoof right in my face. My upper lip was badly torn, and I also had a wound on my forehead. They had harnessed the horses at once and taken me to Bredstedt, where the local practitioner had put in a number of stitches. I do not remember all this my-

<sup>1</sup> Austria and Prussia recognized Denmark's rule over the duchies of Schleswig and Holstein, with their almost purely German population, after exacting Denmark's promise to respect their autonomous rights. The continued and in the end successful struggle for their independence forms the historical background of Friedrich Paulsen's earlier years. He was born as a subject of the King of Denmark, to whom he continued to give allegiance until the two duchies were placed under the joint rule of Austria and Prussia after the war of 1864. After the war of 1866 they were incorporated in the kingdom of Prussia.

self; I only know that I was lying in bed and that my mother was comforting me, as just described. They had also bought a small box of colors as a present for me, and I was now painting the white paper animals red and black and blue. If one bent their legs apart, they could stand on their feet perfectly well, and this was great fun. Later on I manipulated the scissors myself and thus became the owner of numerous herds.

Then again I see myself basking in the sun on the high bank of earth enclosing our farmyard on the south. I have an old knife in my hand, with which I am cutting out strips of turf, thus producing small trenches. Then I install partitions made by intertwining stout matches so as to resemble the gates in hedges. These are my fenlands. Now I put in flint pebbles of all colors—yellow, blue, white and black—which grandfather brought home for me from Stolberg. These are my horses and my cows.

And now Christmas has come. For a long time past they have been talking about the *Kindjen* (little child) which is coming down from heaven to bestow presents on children who are well behaved. I have learned my little prayers and maybe also the commandments and the Lord's Prayer. Right under the window in the *pesel* my plate is waiting for the gifts; I put it there in the late afternoon. Night has fallen, and we are sitting around the table; our boiled rice pudding, the regular Christmas fare, has been consumed; the gospel has been read; a Christmas carol has been sung. There—hark! A gentle tinkling sound, quite low at first, but gradually getting louder and louder. Then a pause during which I say my prayers in a hushed voice. The ringing is heard once more, then dead silence. With bated breath I open the door leading to the *pesel* and—lo! the light of a candle standing by my plate shows it heaped with cake and apples and nuts; and on top of all is a rider on horseback, of light-colored pastry, with his saddle and accouterments painted in many colors. And there is something else lying by the side of my plate—a kerchief, or a little whip, or a small knife and fork, neat and quaint as if especially made for my little hand. No Christmas tree, be it ever so richly decorated and abundantly laden with presents, could

have made a deeper impression on my childlike thoughts and feelings than this perplexing event. Even today I can still conjure up the anxious suspense and the solemn mood that came over me when I heard that mysterious sound—like bells ringing. The prosaic reality underlying it all would have shown me our maid, using the pestle of the old-fashioned kitchen mortar like the clapper of a bell and then unpacking the contents of her apron through the opened window.

It must have been at Christmas in 1849 that I found a spelling book lying beside my plate. I well remember the pictures in it, especially a blue whale and a baby in yellow swaddling clothes. I cannot say exactly when I first began to study the letters of the alphabet under my mother's guidance; but their intricate shapes are not likely to have let my mind rest long. At all events, when I first went to school, in my fifth year, I was able to read quite well.

My first attendance at church also dates back to those early years. Here I am, bringing my mother a nosegay of roses and mignonette from the garden. She places it on the hymnbook she carries, together with her white handkerchief. Then she takes hold of me with her other hand, and we set out for the church, walking uphill toward the sound of the bells which are calling us. And now I am sitting on a backless bench, wondering what will happen next. The organ begins to play, and things seem quite all right so far. Then a man dressed in black ascends the pulpit and begins to talk in a monotonous voice—on and on without stopping. I do not understand what he says and begin to feel sleepy. Soon I am nodding, and my mother finds it no easy task to keep me sitting up on the bench. Another picture emerges, rather hazy in its details. The little table, in the drawer of which my playthings are kept, is not in the sitting room, and as I go to look for it in the *pesel* I find laid out upon it a small dead body, garbed in white—my first little brother, who died at birth. I have a much more vivid recollection of the funeral of my third and last brother, when Dr. Rickertsen's wife made her children join me in strewing foliage and flowers on the path and on the grave.

One more of these fleeting pictures before I let the curtain de-

scend upon the years of my early childhood. With faltering steps I am walking at my mother's hand, to call with her on a neighbor's wife; in my other hand I am carrying a bunch of flowers—white daffodils. But they are not intended as a present; they are stolen goods which I am to restore to the rightful owner. Another boy, older than I, had drawn my attention to the beautiful blossoms in the neighbor's garden and helped me over the hedge. Without thinking of any harm, I brought my share of the booty home; but my mother was not long in finding out where the flowers came from and forced me there and then to come with her on this humiliating errand. The neighbor's wife, a good-natured woman, felt quite touched and wanted me to keep the flowers, but my mother would not hear of it; she took a very stern view of the matter.

Up to this point the account I have here given of my origin was written thirty years ago for the benefit of her who had consented to become my companion for life. I wanted her to have an idea of the historical background of the world in which I had my roots. And I also wanted her thus to become acquainted with my people, to whom I was to introduce her ere long; for at that time all of them were still living. Now they have all been dead and gone for many years—both she for whom and those about whom my story was written. In the following pages I shall sketch a few pictures of the surroundings in which I grew up as a boy, with my mind ever increasingly alert to them. It is a world that will soon have sunk into complete oblivion; for the changes it is undergoing—changes within and without—are proceeding at a rapid pace. It is perhaps all the more desirable to hear something about this world from one who still had a share in its existence.

## *Home Environment*

WHEN I was a boy, Northern Friesland was still quite untouched by the world. There was no railroad to take the rural inhabitants to town within a few minutes, as there is now. Even Flensburg and Husum, which were nearest to us, were often not visited for years; indeed, there were many people, especially women, who hardly ever set eyes on any town at all. If anyone had been to Hamburg he was regarded as a traveled man. About Copenhagen one might hear something occasionally from those who had been in service there, but the accounts they gave could have been described as "frog's-" rather than "bird's-"eye views. That there was such a city as Berlin one knew only from geography lessons; it seemed farther away than Moscow or St. Louis does today. Even within our own frontiers traffic was very limited and difficult. There was no highway near the west coast; the present road between Husum and Tondern, which traverses the eastern portion of the community of Langenhorn, was not built until the beginning of the sixties. Before that time the only road available was the "Oxenway," dating from ancient times, on which the Jutish oxen were driven to the marshes. Avoiding the marshlands by skirting them in a large loop, this road, running through deep sands along the edge of the higher ground, led from Tondern to Leck; then from Leck, by way of Sollbrück, to Bredstedt; and then in another great loop, by way of Böhmstedt, to Husum. There was another road through the marshes, but that was passable only during the brief summer months and perhaps during freezing weather in winter, although the deep wheel ruts presented a great difficulty when they were frozen hard. During the invariably wet spring and autumn months it was a bottomless morass. Another disadvantage was that it led in endless turns and windings from one village to another and from one farmstead to

the next. Nevertheless, there were those who sang the praise of things as they were. I well remember how an old brother-in-law of my father, who had lived through the days of the Napoleonic wars and had himself fought against the Swedes in an engagement near Sehestedt, raised a warning voice when the highway began to be built. Once we had the highway, he said, we should soon have the enemy in the country, too; for war and armies had always followed the highway. And sure enough, no sooner had the highway been built than the Prussians and Austrians came to Langenhorn, following the outbreak of war in 1864.

It goes without saying that there was no post office at Langenhorn nor in any other village. The post office at Bredstedt was the only one in our region; letters either had to be called for or they reached the addressee through private channels. The lack of an official postman was compensated for in a way by an old married couple living in our neighborhood, who went to Bredstedt at first once and later on twice a week. In addition to various other commissions they also undertook to carry and deliver letters in either direction, for which they charged at first one and later on four Danish shillings (about two cents) for each letter. Many a time I had to make my way to the home of these two old people; for my father received a comparatively large mail. On frequent occasions I also had to take money to them which they were to take to the post office. Postal money orders being still unknown, all money had to be sent in the form of coin in sealed bags, sewed for the purpose by my mother; and the weight of these bags was often considerable, since we had only silver coins. I was fifteen years old when I saw the first gold coins—Prussian *frederickdors*, which my father used to accept reluctantly in payment for livestock. He regarded them with suspicious eyes, as he did the notes of the Danish Government Bank, which began to turn up in the fifties, and which he always tried to get rid of as soon as he could. The coin coveted above all other coins was the old *speziestaler*—the Danish *doppeltaler* (double dollar) representing a value of M. 4. 50. To have a stately row of good-sized bags full of these, safely stored away in the cupboard, was the pride of those old-

fashioned farmers. Notwithstanding the considerable size of our village, we had no regular connection by stagecoach or by any other vehicle. It was not until the highway had been built that the "weekly coach" made its appearance, running once or twice a week between Husum and Niebüll. The Prussian administration gave us our first post office. At present the village of Langenhorn has its letters delivered twice daily; there are five trains departing in the course of the day, which take their passengers in half an hour to Husum, in four hours to Hamburg, and in eight to Berlin; in addition, an omnibus goes through the entire village, to take passengers to and from the station. Now probably more mail comes in during a single week than was handled during the entire year in those early days.

The complete isolation implied in these conditions can hardly be imagined in our day. The village, or rather the parish, comprising several villages distributed over a distance of about eight miles, formed an absolutely self-contained community. Grown-ups might know the larger farmers in the neighboring Frisian villages to the north and to the south; but the mental horizon of the younger people was bounded by the limits of their native community, whose members gathered at the church every Sunday. Strangers were rarely seen in our village. If anyone was marked as a townsman by the way he was dressed, especially by his white collar and a waistcoat that was cut away at the top, in short, if he "had white on his chest," as we used to say, we would cast diffident glances at him and honor him by taking off our caps, since it was not unlikely that he was a pastor from one of the neighboring villages or an official from town; for our own men-folks wore their waistcoats closed all the way up, with a kerchief around the neck.

The only town with which our intercourse was a little more regular was Bredstedt, which gave the district, or *landschaft*, its name, about four miles to the south. It was our market town and the headquarters of the postmaster, the *Landvogt* (district judge), and the *Aktuar*. That was where our agricultural produce had to be marketed, or at least that part of it which was not consumed

or sold on the spot, and where we also had to purchase our tools and other commodities. One of my earliest recollections is of driving with my father on a wagon laden with sacks of grain along the devious country roads to Bredstedt. There we called on merchants for the purpose of selling or making purchases; and when on occasion I accompanied him to the office of the *Landvogt* or the *Aktuar* (who was the tax collector), I always felt quite proud if the gentleman on whom we were calling asked him whether I was his son, and had a friendly word for me.

As far as political conditions were concerned, the west coast of the duchy of Schleswig generally enjoyed undisturbed peace and quiet. The war of 1848-50 had been carried on almost exclusively along the east coast. The Frisian population, German in sentiment though it was and concerned about the war, was not aroused to any great enthusiasm about it, having never been particularly conscious of Danish oppression. After peace had been restored, the inhabitants had no difficulty in settling down again to the old conditions. There remained a memory that they had been forsaken and betrayed by the Prussians, nor could they help feeling that Schleswig was bound up with Denmark by its history as well as by its general character and its commercial relations. My father shared this feeling altogether. Frederick VII was the king under whom he had grown up, and whom he had seen on several occasions in his younger years. Christian VIII he also accepted as the legitimate ruler of the country, although he disapproved of the "Open Letter" issued by the king in 1846, which first gave rise, my father said, to dissensions between his German and his Danish subjects. Only Frederick VII he held in low esteem. Nevertheless, he continued to regard Schleswig's union with Denmark as natural and self-evident. To separate the duchy of Schleswig from the Danish country, with which it had been in close association from gray antiquity, nay, to attach it to distant and unloved Prussia—those were ideas which in the fifties did not enter anyone's head in the circles here concerned. In the duchy of Holstein things were somewhat different. But in those days the boundary line formed by the River Eider still cut very deep. Different senti-



ments also prevailed in the towns and in the eastern parts, especially in Angeln; but among the farmers settled along the Frisian west coast the political peace remained on the whole quite undisturbed.

It certainly must be admitted that Denmark herself did nothing that could have disturbed it. The introduction of Danish currency caused the old "shillings" and "sixlings" of Hamburg and Lübeck coinage to disappear; but that was about the only way in which the man in the street became conscious of the change at all. And assuredly no one would have thought of shedding tears for those terribly worn shillings with which Hamburg had been inundating the duchies! They circulated in large paper bags, whose contents had to be counted afresh for each transaction, since there were almost always some missing or some worthless ones of Mecklenburg coinage. Besides, business continued to be transacted according to the old way of accounting, the Hamburg *taler* (M. 3. 60) being the unit of payment for livestock and servants' wages, and the Hamburg *mark* (containing 16 shillings and equal to M. 1. 20), for land and grain. Chicaneries in the way of "misunderstandings," by pretending to have understood that Danish *reichstaler* (M. 2. 25) or Danish *reichsmark* (M. 10. 37) had been meant, were not uncommon along the east coast; but along the west coast this never happened.

Our administration and language were not interfered with in any way. The traditional autonomy of the Frisian farming communities was left intact; the functions as well as the names of their old-established authorities remained the same. The *Vollmächtiger* (procurator, "having full powers") was the head of the community; twelve men, the so-called *Zwölfe*, formed the parish council, which elected the *Vollmächtiger* and the other officials; the *Bauervogt* (farmers' bailiff) exercised the police functions in the village, and so forth. The *Landvogt* at Bredstedt, who had the jurisdiction, was a native of Schleswig, a brother of *Propst* (Provost) Caspers, of Husum. In cases of a more serious nature the decision rested with the ancient *Bondengericht* (bonders' or freeholders' court), consisting of twelve farmers settled in

the *landschaft*, who held that post for life, if I remember right. The *Aktuar* administered the police force and taxation; he was the only one of our officials who was not a native, or at any rate he was disliked as a "Danish" official; but this feeling was due to his avidity for fees rather than to his political allegiance. The *Amtmann* (the head of the provincial government) in Husum, Johannsen by name, was also of German birth; he and Provost Caspers complete the number of all the officials of whom I ever heard. The two last-named came to Langenhorn every summer for the church and school visitation, and during their stay they also examined the public accounts of the community. This occasion was always celebrated by a banquet which had to be arranged by the head pastor's wife, and to which all members of the church and parish councils were invited. But I had almost forgotten: during the first few years after the war—1852–53, I should say—we also had a Danish gendarme, or policeman, stationed at Langenhorn. He had his quarters at a lonely farmhouse about an hour's walk from the village, and we saw very little of him. I don't think I ever heard of his causing annoyance to anyone. I do remember, though, that on one occasion an older boy suddenly snatched my cap from my head and hid it, exclaiming, "The gendarme is coming!" There was a blue-white-red tassel on it—the "rebel colors!" But on the whole I hardly ever encountered any evidence of the "Danish rule" during the eighteen years which I spent under the scepter of the Danish kings. In fact, the Danish colors—a white cross in a red field, the so-called *Danebrog*—never came to my sight at all in my native village, the king's birthday being neither celebrated nor even mentioned at school in any way. I don't think I ever saw any Danish soldiers until I was thirteen years old—Danish uniforms, I should have said, for the soldiers who wore them were Holsteiners. That was in Flensburg, and there I also saw the Danish colors for the first time in the form of little flags on the graves of the Danish soldiers who had been killed during the war of 1848–50. It was probably on the same occasion that I heard Danish spoken for the first time, although I may have heard

it earlier, at a horse fair at Handewitt, where I had gone with my uncle Ipke.

But in our own village we remained entirely undisturbed in the use of our three traditional languages: High German, the language used in the church, at school, and by the government officials, although they often used Low German in talking; *Platt-deutsch*, or Low German, the language of the townsfolk, of the market place and to an ever-increasing degree, also, of the family; and Frisian, the old indigenous language of the natives, which was, however, spoken only by the villagers among themselves and at home. There has never been any Frisian literature in those regions, and in public life the Frisian language has been in disuse since the Reformation. The language of the churches and schools, as well as of the government offices, was first Low and later High German. The Danish government never attempted to interfere with this old-established order of things. Its activities in the way of Danification remained restricted, as far as I can see, to a district along the east coast, where rivalry between the two languages had been going on for a long time. The more immediate goal of these endeavors was the conquest or reconquest of the bilingual towns and the rural communities, especially between the river Schlei and the firth of Flensburg, which had been lost to the Danish language during times when German ways were in the ascendant. Even in parishes containing a couple of little villages where Danish was spoken—for example, in the parish of Enge, where my mother came from—the Danish authorities left everything as it was and never tried to enforce the use of Danish in the pulpit. Indeed, in the township of Bredstedt, which contained two Danish parishes (Joldelund and Viöl), the Danish clergymen made great efforts to preach in German before German congregations, when the pulpit was vacant—a courtesy which our old German pastors were quite unable to return. The first of our own clergymen who could speak Danish was Pastor Thomsen, from whom I learned it when I began my studies.

At home we spoke Frisian, and in talking with my parents and

other relatives I continued to speak Frisian to the end of their days. Nor do I find it difficult even now to converse in Frisian when I pay a visit to my homeland, although some rarely used word may sometimes fail to come to mind promptly. In addition to the Frisian language, Low German also became familiar to one's ears and tongue from early childhood; it was the language of everyday intercourse in not a few homes. For in any home where the mother came from a *Plattdeutsch*-speaking family, Frisian soon fell into disuse. That was quite natural; for while every Frisian can speak *Plattdeutsch*, it happens only very rarely that anyone speaking *Plattdeutsch* as his mother tongue, a townsman, for example, ever learns to speak Frisian; and thus even a servant girl speaking *Plattdeutsch* is bound to introduce her language into the household. Under these circumstances there can hardly be a doubt that within a not very distant future the Frisian language will have completely died out on the west coast of Schleswig. Apart from the disappearance of archaic words and forms, which are of interest to philologists, the loss is probably not so very great. For it must be admitted that Frisian is in the real sense of the word a "poor" language. Not, it is true, in the vocabulary of material things belonging to a farmer's life. If one wants to specify activities and situations or tools and other things within that sphere, the Frisian vocabulary is exceedingly rich—so rich, in fact, that in translating from Frisian into High German one continually has to resort to paraphrasing. But when it comes to things of the mind, anyone speaking Frisian—and the same is true of *Plattdeutsch*—continually finds it necessary to borrow words from High German.

High German I did not really learn to speak until I went to school, although I was able to read and understand it before then. But I never felt sure of myself in using it, until at the age of eighteen I entered the gymnasium of Altona, where I was obliged to speak it every day with my schoolmates. My father disliked speaking High German to the end of his days. Even when those with whom he was talking spoke High German, he would reply in *Platt*. He understood High German perfectly and also

wrote it fairly well, but it had never become familiar to his tongue. My mother, on the other hand, with the more facile tongue of a woman, managed it easily, even in her later years; only when she was talking to me she could not bring herself to use High German; it would have been like speaking to a stranger, she said. In later years, when I visited my parents with my wife and children, they often were quite at a loss, at table or on some other occasion, if my mother and I suddenly changed to Frisian.

As might be expected, our conversation at home was concerned first and foremost with matters relating to our domestic and economic interests. When friends called on us, as they often did, or when we came together with relatives, as was the rule on Sunday afternoons, the principal topics of conversation were farming, livestock, prospects of the hay and grain harvest, not forgetting the weather, which is of such immense importance to rural people, above all to the farmer. To townspeople it is merely a question of pleasantness or unpleasantness; but to the farmer it is a question of existence. The prosperity of his family, the fruit of his long and arduous toil, depend on it. In addition to these subjects they talked about communal matters, such as village affairs and roads; about the *koog*, that is, the land reclaimed from the sea by dikes, and about the condition of the latter; or about church and school. My father took a foremost part in all these things and was intensely interested in them. He liked to discuss them in detail with men who knew what they were talking about. There was especially one of our neighbors, Carsten Oldsen by name, who often called in the evening for a chat; he was an intelligent, sober-minded and straightforward man, with whom it was a pleasure to talk about matters of public interest. In later years he often made me tell him all about the political occurrences in Berlin, especially about Bismarck and the old Emperor William I. My father was less interested in political affairs; his interest always ceased if he could do nothing to help matters. About political parties and party questions he never troubled his head. To him the State was the King; and to the end of his life he continued to speak of public property, both land and buildings, as belonging

to "the King," which in my younger years would sometimes call forth rather gratuitous attempts on my part to enlighten him.

His attitude was altogether different with respect to religious questions, in which all my father's and my mother's relatives were deeply interested. My mother even liked to bring up religious subjects in conversation; she always seemed eager to teach and perchance convert others. My father, on the other hand, was reticent about such things; he would withdraw into himself, unwilling to let his inmost thoughts pass his lips. I do not remember that he ever took any active part in a conversation about religious questions. He let the others do the talking and was a not unwilling listener; but his own thoughts he never divulged. A similar attitude he also observed toward questions of moral conduct; he felt deeply concerned about them and might state his views in writing, but not by word of mouth. A feeling akin to shame seemed to seal his lips, while my mother, never diffident about speaking her mind, was much readier with her tongue in this respect as well.

Not a word was ever heard about literature, theaters, music, art, poetry, or any other subject likely to form a main topic of social conversation in our large cities; for those things simply had no place within the mental horizon of our people. Their reading was restricted to serious subjects and practical interests; all "fiction" they scorned—almost as a matter of principle. Even in those days, it is true, there were some women at Langenhorn who were known to read "stories," that is, novels. But my mother thought it incomprehensible that anyone could waste his time by reading "stories that were not true." Especially the stories and tales in *Plattdeutsch* which were sometimes printed in the paper seemed unspeakably silly to her: why, she would say, that's just what we get every day at home, and then it can't even be spelled "correctly." Her own reading was restricted almost exclusively to religious subjects; her Bible and her hymnbook she always had close at hand and also her other devotional books, of which she had collected a respectable number, especially books of sermons. My special aversion among the latter was a large volume by good old August Hermann Francke, whom she held in particularly high

regard. On Sunday afternoons, while my playmates were amusing themselves out of doors, I had to read a sermon aloud; it was not exactly an express command, but rather an unspoken wish, which I was about as reluctant to ignore as to fulfill. And then, if it was that stout volume in quarto by Francke which was selected, I could count on a detention of at least an hour or maybe an hour and a half. For in the eighteenth century people had plenty of time and saw to it that their preachers did not eat their bread in idleness. So I sometimes tried to influence her choice and make her select one of the younger clerics, L. Hofacker, or L. Harms, of Hermannsburg, who later on became one of her special favorites on account of his missionary labors. Not that I cared for him in any way; but at any rate he would let me off in half an hour.

My father also read other books, especially historical or geographical books, of which he had acquired a small collection. In the years of my earlier boyhood it was always a red-letter day when he unrolled his map of Europe and showed me the principal countries and towns. Once in a while I could get him to talk about Napoleon. It was the one great memory of his younger years: how that masterful potentate overthrew the States of Europe, one after the other, and then met with his own defeat on the icy plains of Russia, at the hands of Him who was stronger than he. Among my father's books there were popular biographies of Frederick the Great and Peter the Great, and I read them more than once. But there was no history of Denmark or Schleswig-Holstein or of Germany or Europe. Instead, I found several geographical books which attracted my attention, especially one on the Kingdom of Denmark, which I liked particularly on account of its detailed descriptions of Iceland, Greenland, and the Faroe Islands. In his later years my father read many a book dealing with history, which I brought him, and also some popular treatises on natural science. To the end of his days he remained eager to add to his knowledge as far as actual facts were concerned; but anything in the nature of "stories"—novels, tales, poems—he never read in all his life. The one and only exception was John Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, which we once read on winter eve-

nings. It was not its poetic value, however, which made it acceptable, but only its devotional and didactic character.

Nevertheless, I did not have to go without lighter reading altogether. It began with *Robinson Crusoe*. The wife of the bookbinder at Bredstedt, who also supplied all the literary needs of that district, had given my father the little booklet as a Christmas present for me—whether for money or from her own kind heart I do not know. There are not many books which I have read in my lifetime with such passionate enthusiasm; I well remember it with its gray paper and its few colored woodcuts. Whenever I had finished another episode—I was about seven or eight years old—I had to run at once to the threshing floor and tell our farm laborers all about Robinson's further adventures. I always felt a strong urge to tell things to others. I remember that whenever I went with Uncle Ketel, my mother's brother, of whom I was very fond, to look after animals on distant pastures or to remove them to other quarters, I used to tell him all sorts of stories which had come to my knowledge in one way or another. One source was the lending library established by the schoolmaster who became my first teacher. I always looked out for tales and stories printed in the popular almanacs and other publications which my father borrowed for his agricultural purposes. Later on my second teacher—the newly appointed sexton, Brodersen by name—installed a school library, where I had access to juvenile literature and to books dealing with natural science and history and where I also first came across some specimens of German and Nordic literature. I was very fond of reading; many a time I stole away with a book to some hidden nook indoors or out, so as not to be discovered and given some work to do or be sent on an errand. There was an old linden tree standing near the house, in the upper branches of which I had arranged a scat—an ideal hiding place.

I will end this chapter with a few words about the condition of the Church and especially about my parents' attitude toward it. My parents were church-going people and regularly attended divine service, or at least my father did; my mother was for many years so feeble that she was rarely able to go. So as a matter of



course I, too, went to church regularly every Sunday, first as a child by the side of my mother and later on as a boy beside my father; still later, when I attended the Sexton's School, I had to be in my place as a member of the school choir. But at heart my parents were not really so very warmly attached to our church, because our preachers did not satisfy their religious needs, especially my mother's. So she would occasionally prevail upon my father, who never liked to rob the horses of their Sunday rest, to harness them and drive us to some neighboring church that could boast of a preacher whose fervor and inner devotion appealed to her. Thus we frequently drove to Bargum and later on to Ockholm, where we formed quite a noticeable addition to the congregation in those almost empty churches. It was only too true that, when I was a boy, our own preachers at Langenhorn had practically nothing to recommend them. Our old head pastor, a rationalist of the most hidebound description, had set his stake on a pleasant and comfortable life on this earth. His helpmate, the *Diakonus*, was not lacking in zeal; but he had no gifts and no personal inner life. His sermons never went beyond all sorts of reminiscences from the Catechism or from dogmatics. Nevertheless, the general church attendance in our community was still fairly regular in those days, the force of long-established custom and habit bringing even the indifferent and unwilling ones into the fold. It was not until after 1870 that a change took place. From that time on it was not so very unusual to see only three or four people attending Sunday service, in addition to the few especially invited visitors, and that in a church which seated 600-700 persons. The two preachers, one of whom was unutterably tedious, while the other was objectionable on account of his private life, were partly to blame. But there can be no doubt that a great change has taken place in the general attitude; the ties which used to bind the individual to the Church as the traditional way of life have been greatly weakened. To the parental generation a life without the Church would have seemed unthinkable, while the generation now growing up would hardly be conscious of any great gap in their lives if the Church were suddenly to disappear.

It is remarkable how rapidly this alienation has spread even to the rural communities in a neighborhood which used to hold with the Church. The principal reasons probably are that life in general has become more worldly and that the mind has been taken up by other interests; the daily paper, novels, amusements, and travel now satisfy the needs formerly provided for by the Church, with its divine service on Sundays—in those times practically the only interruption of a work-a-day existence. For no one is likely to deceive himself into thinking that even in those days it was the personal religious needs by which the great majority were induced to go to church.

It seems worth mentioning that in my early years I never met superstition in any shape or form. In our home it would have been precluded in any case by its incompatibility with faith in Divine Providence. But quite apart from that, the clear-headed and sensible attitude of the population, "enlightened" in the best sense of the word, would have made it difficult for any superstition to assert itself. I did come upon slight traces of a belief in witchcraft and premonitions; but they were of no practical account whatever, for this much was certain to everyone, that there were no witches to be found either in our own community or anywhere else in the world we knew. Nor did people wear amulets or other protective charms to counteract evil sorcery or to ward off diseases of man or beast. To dreams no one attached any importance, and the evil influence of the number thirteen was equally unknown. I never heard of any of these things until I came to Berlin, the "enlightened" capital. I still remember how astonished I was, as I was sitting one day in a restaurant together with a few Berlin families, which as members of the "free religious community" might have been supposed to lead the way in modern "enlightenment," when suddenly one of the women shrieked: "Good God! We are thirteen at table!" In a moment they were scattering helter-skelter, as if to escape the evil omen, and they then sat down again in smaller groups. Dreambooks I likewise never heard of until I came to Berlin. There one can still see them in the windows of stationery stores, side by side

with trashy novels and guides for writing love letters. Nor are the servant girls who thus try to obtain a glimpse of their future the only ones who eagerly buy and read them. Upon crossing the threshold of any of the smaller houses in Berlin one almost invariably sees a horseshoe nailed on the door, and even in our own kitchen I often come across such relics placed on view here and there. Casting lead at midnight on New Year's Eve is another such custom I never heard of before I came to Berlin. And how greatly in demand are those clever women who divine the future by reading cards or coffee grounds is revealed again and again by court proceedings reported in the daily papers of this metropolis of our modern intelligence. That my respect for this intelligence has not been increased by such observations, I need not add.

In my opinion two circumstances are responsible for this state of things: the eastern extraction of the masses of the Berlin population and the presence in large numbers of the members of court circles and the fashionable aristocracy. The special susceptibility of these classes to all kinds of superstition may be explained by the exaggerated opinion they have of themselves. Their intimate relations with the heavenly powers, which go hand in hand with their intimate relations with the All Highest on earth, justify their belief that their individual personal affairs are important enough to be presaged by special occurrences serving as premonitions and to be influenced in the proper direction by specific powers and machinations, such as prayer healing. Our healthy-minded Frisian farmers were too close to nature to indulge in the expectation of having any such fuss made about them. And the danger of getting their brains muddled by crazy literature was forestalled by their hard and honest work—the best protection there is against such grotesque aberrations of the human mind.

## *The Household and Its Work*

### *Indoors and Out*

SO MUCH for the historical and cultural aspects of the world in which I grew up. Now for a few words about my external surroundings, especially in the sphere of economic life. Here, again, vast changes have been taking place since those days, whereas in the preceding two centuries, from the middle of the seventeenth to the middle of the nineteenth, things had remained almost entirely as they were. The farmhouses furnish a conspicuous example. Throughout the preceding period they had retained their character and design in all details; but during the past fifty years they have undergone a radical transformation. The economic life of any farming population is largely determined by the character of the land on which it is settled, and I must therefore begin with a few words about that. The Jutish peninsula is traversed lengthwise by a dry ridge, the so-called *geest*, and the special character of the west coast of Schleswig in its middle portion is due to the belt of marshland that runs along the foot of the ridge, its width between the latter and the sea varying between a little more than one mile and ten miles or so. The individual *köge*<sup>1</sup> into which these marshlands are divided are of two different kinds. The inner ones, nearer the *geest*, which are the older, consist of river marshes and are subject to inundations; whereas the outer ones, bordering on the sea, have a greater elevation and are not exposed to that danger. They also have the heavier and more fertile soil. These newer *köge*—they were not diked until the middle of the seventeenth century—were settled in a different way, the spacious farmhouse standing in the midst of the land be-

<sup>1</sup> Plural of *koog*, a piece of land reclaimed from the sea by dikes, as already explained.

longing to it, whereas on the older inner *köge* there are scarcely any human habitations. Each of the villages to which these older *köge* belong consists of a long single file of houses stretching along the border of the *geest* and skirting the marshes. In most cases each individual farmstead includes a strip of arable land on the *geest* and a strip of pasture and meadowland in the marshes, the farmhouse standing midway between.

My native village, Langenhorn (Frisian, "*de Horne*," that is, the horns) is a typical example of the latter group. Its long single row of houses extends for about three miles along the edge of the marshes, which here form an indentation in the *geest*, known as "the old Langenhorn *koog*." On the north and the west this *koog* is protected by a low dike, built in the sixteenth century, while to the south and east it adjoins the *geest*, on the border of which stand the farmhouses forming the village. Only here and there one encounters small or large groups of houses, especially in the vicinity of the church: inns, artisans' shops, grocery stores, day-laborers' cottages.

Somewhere near the middle of the village we come upon the home of my parents, a long-drawn-out farmhouse, which like all the other farmhouses has its living rooms and working quarters enclosed under one tall thatched roof. From east to west it measures about 120 feet, with a width of twenty-five feet. The living rooms are at its eastern end, occupying about one-third of the whole, while the remaining two-thirds are occupied by the stable, the threshing floor, and the barn.

Through the front door below the gable we step into the hall (*vordiele*), which is paved with flagstones. A door to the right gives access to the principal living room, the *süderstube* (south room), while another door right in front leads to the *norderstube* (north room). In summer it is the latter and in winter the former in which the members of the household usually gather for meals and also for domestic work, such as spinning and sewing. From the main living room a door leads to the *pesel*, paved with white tiles, which is only rarely used; here stand the chests and cupboards. The north room gives access to the kitchen, which is ad-

joined by the larder, with a deep cellar underneath. The main living room, whose walls are painted in a glossy light blue, also serves as the sleeping room of my parents. The bed is built into a recess in the wall, being of the ancient type known as a "wall bed," which was still in general use in those days; it can be shut off by curtains or by wooden doors. In this room stands the iron stove—in earlier days called a *beileger*, heated from the adjoining kitchen, with Biblical scenes adorning its sides; later on a modern base burner, in the oven space of which the teakettle is always bubbling, at least in winter. On winter evenings the entire family gathers here around the large folding table, which stands by the window and is illuminated by a tallow candle molded by my mother's own hands. My father is reading the paper; my mother is sewing or spinning; the maid is carding wool; the hired man is reading or sitting in the background and smoking his pipe or earning a little on the side by twisting straw ropes such as are used by roof thatchers; I am bent over my school work or reading stories in a book. At nine o'clock the day's work is concluded with a chapter, read aloud by my father, from Gessner's *Schatzkästlein* (Golden Treasury) or some other devotional book. In summertime we usually spend the evening sitting together in the *norderstube* and talking; daylight then lingers here till about ten o'clock, and so we can do without a candle. For we are under the 55th degree of latitude, and it does not get really dark all night; until eleven or so one can still manage to read print without artificial light, and only between eleven and one o'clock is there a sort of dusky dawn. Sleep has to be short in summer, especially when work is pressing; in bed by half past nine, one has to rise with the sun at four. But one can sleep another hour at noontime. And there is plenty of time in winter to make up for the sleep one has lost; for then one does not get up until after six o'clock, although even so one has to light a candle wherever one happens to be, in the kitchen or in the stable. For the sun rises late in winter and barely comes above the horizon; there are many days on which one never sees it at all.

To the south of the house are the garden and the yard, the latter occupying the larger part of this space, which is screened from the village street by a high bank of earth, the so-called *werft*. On both sides of the house, southward and northward, extend the fields of which the *bohl*, that is, the farm proper, is made up. In either direction they form a narrow strip, only about 130 feet in width, but nearly two miles long. To the north there is the marshland; it is divided into *fennen* (fens), surrounded by broad ditches, which are filled with water and abound in fish. There are nine *fennen* in all, ranging in size from two to four *demats* ( $2\frac{1}{2}$ –5 acres). As a rule they are used as pasture for cattle and sheep, and those farther down as meadows. In summer it is a sight to gladden one's heart: the wide green expanse shimmering in a yellow light with all the bright buttercups and dotted with red, white, and mottled cattle; here and there with sheep, in their white, fleecy coats, and well-fed horses, mostly chestnut brown in color, which are now putting on that smooth and glossy back they need for the Langenhorn market.

To the south extends the *geest*. Near the house there is some rich grassland, forming a convenient pasture for the milch cows. Then, higher up the incline, there is arable land, some of it rather poor sandy soil. Still higher up the *geest* assumes the character of heathland, which is common property. This is the poor man's land; for here anyone is at liberty to gather heather, to cut peat, to dig for white sand (which is then washed and sold to housewives, who spread it on the floor), or to open gravel pits, which furnish the material for road making. It takes about a quarter of an hour to walk across the heath up to the highest point, a considerable elevation in this flat country, which is surmounted by the Stolberg windmill, forming a proud landmark which is visible from afar in all directions. On a clear summer day one has an extensive view from here over the glimmering *Wattenmeer*, with its islands, the *halligen*. Many a time, when we were driving to Bredstedt by way of Stolberg, my father would stop here and, pointing with his whip handle, tell me all about the places which had been

so familiar to him in his early youth: Oland quite nearby, behind it Föhr with the town of Wyck, farther south Langeness, still more to the left rich Nordstrand, and—merging into the horizon—Eiderstedt, a veritable paradise of the farmer's heart. Turning toward the north one looks across a wide expanse; in the foreground, *geest* and heathland, fringed by the long row of houses standing in single file; and farther off, the green marshes stretching away until the horizon is bounded by the Langenberg, another broad ridge like the Stolberg, jutting out from the east. A landscape such as this has its beauty, too. Standing here at sunset on a summer evening, when sky and earth and sea are bathed in the tints of the glowing clouds, even a jaded beholder must admit that what he sees is beautiful and in its way matchless.

In addition to his farmstead, my father owned nearly as much "outlying" land, consisting of individual *fennen* (forming part of other *köge*), which he had inherited or acquired by purchase; they are almost all still in my possession. But with few exceptions he did not farm this land himself, because he did not care to extend his business any further; otherwise he would have had to enlarge the house considerably and employ more people. He therefore preferred to let these holdings on annual leases. There never was a lack of applicants—sometimes people living at a considerable distance on the *geest*, where additional pasture and meadowland was needed for the increasing number of cattle or other animals. In this way he was able to keep his own farm within convenient bounds, so that in addition to our own labor he only needed a hired man, a day laborer, with occasional further help during harvesting time, and a maid. It goes without saying that all the people he employed were natives; scarcity of labor was quite unknown as yet, although wages were rapidly rising. The hired men frequently changed jobs, whereas the day laborers were more settled; each owned his own cottage, was married, and kept a cow or at least a few sheep. The usual arrangement was that they should obtain from my father all that they did not produce themselves, especially grain, meat, bacon, and butter; these



goods were charged to them and currently deducted from their wages. The maids often came from villages in the interior of the *geest*; they were regarded and treated as members of the family in every respect.

For a number of years our hired man was a cousin of my mother, Andres Niss Ketelsen. He was an exceptionally good worker and a very fine and clever fellow, to whom I became very warmly attached. He had taken part in the campaigns of 1849-50, and used to give us a vivid account of his personal experiences during the fighting that took place near Gudsoe, Kolding, and Idstedt. The thought of Willisen and Idstedt always made his anger rise. "We had beaten the Danes," he would say, "and just then we were ordered to retreat; so there was nothing for it but to grit our teeth and turn our backs on them." After the conclusion of peace he had been obliged to serve another year at Copenhagen, and he liked to talk about all the tricks and practical jokes which the old Schleswig-Holsteiners used to play on the Danish non-commissioned officers; the individual German always considered himself superior to the individual Dane. He entered our household soon after his return—about 1853, I should think—and stayed with us for three years. It was he who instructed me from my seventh to my tenth year in all the tasks a farmer has to do, and I sought his company whenever I could, indoors and out. Although something of a taskmaster in training me, he succeeded in drawing me to him so closely that for a time he almost weaned me away from my parents. It was a real blow to me when he left us in order to go to America as one of the first emigrants who in those days left our shores to seek a home across the ocean. When the Civil War broke out in America a few years later, he enlisted at once and took part in it as long as it lasted. But he never got on in the world; his amiable, convivial disposition led to his downfall. Even while he was still with us, his liking for strong drink and boon companions had become more and more evident, to the great grief of my mother. That was the reason why he never succeeded in making himself independent and prosperous in

America, as so many others did, though much less gifted than he. In the end he went to ruin and died without our hearing anything further about him.

And now I invite the reader to have a look at all the manifold tasks we had to perform. He can hardly fail to be astonished, for those tasks included practically all the original forms of human art and skill. In this respect our home life was not unlike the much-admired household of classical antiquity, the Graeco-Roman *oikos*, with its often-praised autarchy—the only difference being that with us the work of slaves or servants was to some extent done by independent artisans. But be that as it may, in an astounding variety of complicated activities our household produced practically all the commodities which were used and consumed by us. In comparison there is an almost unbelievable lack of practical knowledge and manual skill in any modern urban household—even the most pretentious—where everything is bought ready-made. Almost the only function still performed at home is that of consumption, while the productive activities have almost all disappeared. In the households of those Frisian farmers, on the other hand, the entire labor by which the needed commodities were produced was done at home, from the raising of the raw materials through all the successive stages of manufacture and finishing.

Let us begin with food. Our own agricultural output in its two principal branches, stockraising and agriculture, provided practically everything that was needed in the household for consumption or further utilization. Wheat and rye furnished the flour for our bread. The grain had to be ground, it is true, by the miller, who called once a week with his wagon to fetch it and bring it back in the form of flour. It was the same with barley and buckwheat; these furnished the groats which were given to the servants almost all the year round as a boiled cereal with milk or beer for breakfast and supper. I may add that at supper I shared this dish with them for many years, while my parents drank tea. In our garden we grew all our own vegetables—cabbage, turnips, peas, carrots, beetroot, parsley, onions, chives, and new potatoes. In summer we got them every morning fresh from the garden; in

winter various kinds were stored in large boxes, filled with sand. The cows and at times also the sheep yielded all the milk we needed. Milking was done two or three times daily; it was one of the principal duties of the maid. Every day the cream was skimmed off, and butter was made once a week or whenever it seemed necessary. In summertime, when milk was abundant, there was also cheese making. My mother could make three different kinds of cheese: the ordinary white cheese, a boiled cheese, and a baked kind, which was very delicious. All these arts have now been taken away from the farmer's household by the dairies, which have been gaining ground everywhere; the farmers sell them their milk as raw material and then buy their products. Similarly any sort of meat and fat that was served at table came from our own farm. During summer we killed a sheep from time to time; in the autumn a steer; and about Christmas time one or two pigs. The pigs were bought quite young in the spring, when Danish dealers used to drive whole herds of them through the village with a great deal of noise. They were fed during the summer on milk and greens and then fattened in the autumn. The pork was either pickled in salt or vinegar or it was smoked or made into sausages, of which there were three or four kinds. In this way the household was provided with meat throughout the year. In order to have fresh meat more frequently for a change, anyone who had slaughtered would send as a present some of the meat to neighbors and relatives, who would do the same in return at the next opportunity. The same procedure was customary when bread had been baked. The great variety of dishes that were served from day to day and from one season to another bore witness to the high development of the culinary art among our rural population. In addition to the meat dishes which were regularly served at our midday meal there were other dishes of all sorts: dumplings and puddings, noodles and pancakes. Special mention is due to the scrumptious "oven pancakes," which were put in the oven together with the bread. They had a crisp surface with strips of bacon in it, which gave them a very tempting flavor. Bread was baked every three or four weeks. There were two kinds, "black" and "gray" bread, both

made of rye and most delicious when freshly baked; I have never tasted anything like it since. As a rule some spice drops and twisted buns (*kringel*, modern: *brezeln*) were baked for the children with the bread. At Christmas time and also for other festive occasions or visiting days the oven was filled to capacity with cakes and pastry of all sorts. When I was a little boy, I was allowed to assist in the Christmas baking by dividing the rolled-out dough with a small-toothed wheel cutter into separate pieces, which I then had to fold back through a slit in their middle, thus giving shape to the crisp and curly little cakes which were indispensable for every coffee table during our Christmas season.

The beverages we consumed were also made at home. I well remember looking on when my mother was malting and brewing. No farmhouse was without its large brewing copper. Brewing was done every four to eight weeks; the beer was light, thirst-quenching, and wholesome. It was kept in a vat in the cellar and gradually used, being drawn off through a tap. In summer the field workers took it with them in large earthen jugs. That was another domestic art which has fallen into disuse since then. In the fifties a brewery was established at Bredstedt, which delivered a similar beverage to the door at a very low price. And since the seventies the heavier "Bavarian" type of beer has been making victorious progress everywhere; there are breweries at Husum, Tondern, and Flensburg, which peddle bottled beer in the villages. In one sense this may be counted a gain; namely, in so far as it has served to diminish the consumption of coffee punch and tea punch, since time out of mind the two favorite alcoholic beverages in those parts. They consist of a mixture of coffee or tea with plenty of rum and sugar; and they used to be drunk not only in the inns but also in many homes. Served hot in cups they are very palatable, but extremely deleterious. I need hardly add that we never drank them at home. Even our guests were never offered anything but coffee and tea.

The cooking was done on the open hearth with the open chimney above it. For the smaller kettles and pots there was a fire hole with a draught. The larger kettles were placed over a fire built on

the bare floor of the hearth; they were hung on an iron bar, which was suspended from a transverse beam in the chimney and could be lowered and raised. Then there were pans and pots with three legs (*grapen*), which were also placed over this open fire. The fuel we used was a very firm kind of peat. It had to be cut in summer on the Sillerup moor, eighteen or twenty miles away, so that it always took a long day to get it and cart it home. There was another looser kind of peat, which was cut at the surface of the heathlands; it was used for keeping a slow fire going for a long time. At night a small quantity of glowing embers was covered with it on the floor of the hearth, and thus they continued to glow until morning; *dat il reke* was the Frisian term for this method of keeping the fire. In case it did go out after all, we fetched some live embers from the neighbor's wife. It was not until the fifties that phosphorus matches came very gradually into use. Before that time we used "sulphur sticks," that is, splinters of wood dipped at both ends in molten sulphur; they were manufactured and sold by poor people. But they could not be ignited by friction; one had to hold them against live coals, so one always had a small brazier standing near one's bed during the night, in case one had to light a candle. Smokers sometimes used such braziers, but as a rule they carried steel, flint, and tinder in their pockets. We boys always had them with us, not only because we might want to make a fire in the field, but also to light our pipes, which we learned to smoke at a very early age. Smoking, I might add here, was included among the many other and more reputable arts which Andres Niss taught me. The conditions I have just described help one to understand the ancient significance of the hearth fire—in truth an everlasting fire, which never went out. It was quite in keeping that the size of the villages was computed by the number of fire-places (*feuerstätten*). The smoke found its way out through the open chimney, where flitches of bacon and sausages used to dangle, until the fire inspector became more cautious and prohibited it. After that a special smoking chamber was built on the chimney upstairs in the loft. The smoke often became a nuisance, for whenever the wind was in a certain quarter it refused to take its way

was weighted with large stones. The curds (*kerl*) thus forced into the wooden mold, which had numerous perforations, were subjected to this lever action until all the whey (*wai*) had been pressed out. The cheese loaves were then set out in a long row in an airy place, and in winter, when they were ripe, they made a very acceptable addition to the savory "blackbread." Whereas cheese was made only for our home consumption, butter was sold in considerable quantities. A jobber called for it every week with his cart and took it to Flensburg, where he sold it for what he could get for it, either in the market or to private customers, and then he settled accounts with the farmers' wives on the basis of the price he had received.

I must not forget to say a word about the garden, which was my mother's own domain. She had laid it out herself; when they first came into the house it had been a piece of waste ground with nothing but a few shrubs on it. She transformed it into a little paradise, abounding in treasures and delights such as will gladden a child's heart. There were in the first place two long borders planted with gooseberry and currant bushes; on the rich soil, which received a generous load of manure every spring, they produced such an abundance of berries that it was quite impossible to use them up by just eating them occasionally. Full justice was done to them only after my mother had learned from Dr. Rickertsen's wife how to make fruit syrups and jellies and *rote grütze*.<sup>2</sup> On these borders there were also small fruit trees growing; my mother had brought them up from seedlings which she had grown from the pips of apples and pears whose flavor had taken her special fancy. These young fruit trees were of exactly the same age as I was, and they began to bear when I started on my studies. They did not all turn out equally well; some of them bore sweet apples, which ripened early, and others sour apples for keeping. Among the latter there was one kind so hard and acid that they seemed quite uneatable; but baked in the oven, after being kept for some time, they were by no means to be despised. Until quite recently

<sup>2</sup> "Red groats"—still a favorite dessert in those parts, made in the shape of a firm mold with the addition of red-currant and raspberry juice, and served with cream.

I have repeatedly had apples sent to me from one of these trees; they have a juiciness and flavor all their own. A few plum trees began to bear during my boyhood; so, whenever I came home from school, while plums were in season, I invariably first went to see whether the wind had shaken any down.

For household purposes the vegetable garden was more important. One whole quarter of the space allotted to it was taken up with green kale, which faithfully fulfilled its mission of providing our table with greens during the winter; or at least it did whenever it had not been destroyed by the caterpillars of the white cabbage butterfly. There were years when these devoured the leaves right down to the stumps, after which they got ready for the chrysalis stage by crawling up the walls of the house and the panes of the windows in such immense numbers that everything was covered with the traces they left. Another quarter of the vegetable garden was devoted to early potatoes. On many a morning before starting out for school I brought my mother a basin full for our midday meal after washing them at the well. The carrots were my special delight, four beds of them, which I watched growing with longing eyes. By July one could pull the first ones, to be eaten raw, and I don't think I ever again tasted anything quite so tender and sweet and juicy. But the earliest of all grew in the garden of a dear old woman who came to work for us by the day; when they were in condition, she would ask me to come home with her some evening, and then I knew that she would take me to her garden and treat me right royally to a bunch of carrots. It was one of my regular birthday presents to be allowed to pull in our own garden whatever my heart desired. Then there were peas, some kinds climbing up on sticks and others trailing on the ground. The sweet young peas, cooked in cream together with young carrots, furnished a vegetable dish beyond compare. But who could enumerate all the things that grew in that garden: turnips with a bitter tang, beet root, turnip-rooted parsley, leeks, pumpkins, strawberries, wormwood, and in hidden places stinging nettles growing to a man's height! And the flowers! There was above all the round "herbaceous bed" (*krautbeet*) with a border of

lavender, right before the windows of our living room. Here were flowering, according to the season, primulas and auriculas, roses and carnations, asters and mignonette. Then there was the bed of what we called *allerlei* (all kinds of things), planted with flower seeds mixed at random, which were allowed to fight for themselves. Gorgeous dahlias shone out from the bushes, first in one place and then in another. When the trees grew tall, my mother gave my father no peace until she had wrung from him another sunny plot for her vegetables and her flowers.

There was an extension of the flower garden inside the house before the windows. The whole window space was taken up with fuchsias, stocks, roses, pinks, and passion flowers, trained to climb up on graceful trellises. Some of these plants were propagated by cuttings and treated like old members of the family. And all this beauty we had for nothing; it did not cost a single penny, nor would my mother have spent anything on it, even if potted plants had been for sale anywhere—why buy what one can grow oneself? All of which strikingly calls to mind the callousness of modern housekeeping in large cities. Think of the amount spent in the course of one year for flowers—cut flowers and flowers in pots—and to what purpose? For a very brief while they decorate the table; then they are left to droop for days or for weeks; and in the end they are thrown on the refuse heap.

Like our food we also produced most of our clothes by utilizing the resources and mustering the technical skill of our own household. In my younger years we wore almost exclusively woollen clothes of our own manufacture. In the spring the sheep were first washed and then shorn; a few of the choicest fleeces were selected for our own use, and the others were sold. The succeeding processes of manufacture were usually carried on in the autumn, the wool being first combed and then carded, spun, wound on the yarn reel, and finally woven. The cloth was then sent to the dyer, and when he had returned it, the tailor, who did his work in private houses, came and transformed it into trousers, jackets, waistcoats, and frock coats. The ordinary cloth, which was used for practically all



male attire, was called "web."<sup>3</sup> It was of firm texture, very durable, and usually dyed dark blue, not unlike the cloth used in the Prussian army; it varied in thickness and in quality. The cloth which the women used for their skirts was similar, but dyed in variously colored striped patterns; their bodices and aprons were made of different material, which was quite often bought ready-made. I should add, however, that while there were looms in many houses, including those of my father's and my mother's parents, we had none in our own, since there was neither space nor time for it. But there was hardly a house, I should think, in which a spinning wheel could not be heard whirring in wintertime; my mother and the maid used to sit at their wheels regularly every afternoon and evening. The looms have now practically disappeared and so have the spinning wheels. Nor would they go so well with the sofa and the piano, which have in the meantime found their way even into those remote farmhouses. In my earlier days sofas were entirely unknown; a few chairs with elbow-rests, standing by the folding table or, in old-fashioned households, a bench with cushions in the corner near the stove—that was all the comfort deemed necessary for the older folks. Speaking of benches reminds me of the art of rug making. It had already become rather rare in my time, but must have been fairly common in earlier days, for cushions with colorful knotted covers could still be seen on the old wooden chairs, which remained in use in many old-fashioned households, especially on the carriage seats, which were strapped onto the rails of the farm wagons for excursions on Sundays. Indeed, there was an old woman still living at Langenhorn not so long ago who continued to turn out wonderful work of this sort. Modern chairs and modern carriages are to blame that this art, too, has disappeared.

Knitting had been practiced right up to my own day, not only by the women, but also by the men. Especially on the *halligen* it used to be the rule for the men, who had practically nothing to do during the winter, to spend their time knitting jackets, under-

<sup>3</sup> Identical with the English word; see note on p. 9.

jackets, stockings, nightcaps, gloves, and neckkerchiefs. I myself learned knitting in my early days, only to forget it again very quickly. It had gone out of fashion and was no longer deemed suitable.

Like the outer garments, the underwear was also made at home. Every autumn my mother bought a "stone" of flax in Bredstedt. She began by "hackling" it with her own hands, drawing it first through coarser and then through finer combs with steel bristles and thus separating it from the tow (*heede*). After that she tied it up in graceful little bundles (*knoke*) and then transformed it into yarn on the spinning wheel. The yarn she took to a neighbor's wife, who wove for her the linen cloth, which was then bleached on the meadow and finally made into shirts, bed sheets, towels, tablecloths, and dresses. That the laundering was done at home need scarcely be mentioned. There were some households in which even the soap was still boiled at home, but I myself never saw that done. The feather beds were homemade, without exception. After the cover (*inlett*) had been woven and stitched, it was filled with goose feathers and goose down. The geese, which were kept by all householders, were bought in the gosling stage in spring and were plucked twice during the summer—not without many a squawk and many a sigh. In autumn they were killed, and then the wings and the quills served further useful purposes, the former being used for dusting and for fanning the fire, while the quills were carefully stored to serve as writing pens. When I went to school, we were asked every four weeks or so to bring some quills, which the teacher then cut into shape for pens; he hated the steel pens, which were just coming into use.

As regards our personal attire, boys and youths did not wear coats, but only short jackets of the same length as the waistcoat. Frock coats were worn only by grown-up men. Those who could afford it bought a length of black broadcloth and had a complete suit made of it in addition to their frock coat of homemade cloth. Such suits regularly lasted a lifetime, for they were worn at most three or four times a year—on Good Friday and for funerals and weddings. Practically everyone wore a cap on his head; for there

was always wind, and a cap would stay on. For the same reason everyone had a kerchief round his neck, to guard against colds. The footwear was of various kinds. Indoors we usually wore wooden slippers (*klosse*), lined with leather. On cold and wet winter days we also wore wooden shoes out-of-doors; with a plaited straw insole they always kept one's feet perfectly dry and warm. This wooden footwear was made in Jutland; at the approach of winter whole wagonloads were brought in. In dry summer weather leather shoes were worn; top boots formed part of the regular Sunday attire, although we also wore them when the roads were sodden in winter. We boys and girls enjoyed the privilege of walking barefoot in summer, and I can only say that the joy of running and racing over soft meadows and pastures on one's bare soles, entirely unhampered and unconfined, is in my opinion one of the greatest gifts which the freedom of Nature holds in store. Our feet soon became so hardened that even a stubble field held no terrors; only paved streets and highways soon became irksome; but luckily there was no need for us to use them. What we really hated was to have to force our liberty-loving feet into those tight boots, when Sunday came—in compliance with the decorum of churchgoing. At school barefooters were also looked at askance, and so we often carried our stockings and shoes or wooden slippers in our hands, to put them on before entering the schoolhouse and take them off again when we came out.

So much for our life and work indoors. Let me now say a few words about the work outside in the fields and the part I had to take in it in the course of the successive seasons.

The farmer's year begins about the end of March, when the sun first rises higher above the horizon and the condition of soil and weather makes work out-of-doors feasible, and after the winter's tasks have been completed with the threshing of the last grain. The day on which the last sheaf was taken down from the loft to the threshing floor—the mice thus being deprived of their last refuge, and many of them falling a ready prey to the lurking claws of the cat—was celebrated by the so-called "mice-beer," a somewhat more pretentious midday dinner. Traditionally, any changes

in the ranks of the employed help also took place about that time. On St. Peter's day (February 22) hired men and maids entered their new service. Their belongings usually filled a good-sized trunk, so that the wagon had to call for them. I might add in this connection that my father still used the medieval calendar, with the names of the saints' days in their Latinized forms—*Johanni*, *Jacobi*, *Simon Judae*, and so on.

The work in the fields began with the manuring of the land. In addition to his own supply my father regularly bought a considerable quantity of manure from smaller farmers and frequently also some loads of rich garden soil and mold. Work had therefore to be started rather early, and my father always insisted on doing the carting himself, although year after year, having become accustomed to a warm stove during the winter, he invariably contracted a severe cold, brought on by the prevailing sharp east winds. This finally came to be regarded as an event of Nature, from which there was no escape. When I was older, I also had to do this work sometimes, but usually when the year was more advanced; for my father went on improving the soil in various ways during the whole summer, when nothing else needed to be done in the fields.

From my early boyhood, however, I had to take part in the subsequent cultivation of the soil. At first I was employed as a "plowboy," leading the horses during the plowing. Many a long April day I thus helped my father plow the oat fields in his out-lying fenlands. The weather being too cold to permit a regular midday rest, both man and horse stopped only long enough to devour the indispensable minimum of food. After the plowing I had to do the harrowing, while my father did the sowing, which he never entrusted to other hands. Harrowing was work which I hated bitterly; nothing can be more wearying than having to stumble the whole day long over the ridges of newly plowed land. When I was older I was also given charge of the plowing—a task I found much more to my liking.

The month of May brought the first spring days—not, however, without some relapses of severe winter weather. The cattle, which

had been hibernating in the stable, were now driven out to the pasture, which was always a happy day; it marked the real beginning of summertime and is still bright in my memory. The animals themselves also celebrated their deliverance with exuberant delight, indulging in all sorts of gambols and fights. Sometimes one of them, while thus thrusting and wrestling, would lose a horn, which is the origin of the saying "*sich die Hörner ablaufen*." <sup>4</sup> Any animal thus incapacitated sadly withdrew from further deeds of prowess. The young calves, which had never before been in the pasture, were given a practical lesson concerning the significance of the water ditches. They were led close up to the edge and pushed in sideways when they least expected it. The sudden fright which it gave them discouraged them for a long time, some of them for all time, from attempting any transgression of the frontier. Sheep washing and sheepshearing also provided a number of happy spring days, although presumably not for those most immediately concerned, to judge by their woebegone faces.

To look after the sheep was one of my special duties. When the newborn lambs began to make their appearance, in April, I had to watch out for them. For every one that was alive I received a Danish shilling. So I had to be out in the fields early in the morning, to see if there were any new arrivals; and if it seemed necessary, I had to bring the lamb home, together with the ewe. There was often still snow on the ground on which the poor little things were dropped at their birth; but they stood it all right and were usually able to get up after a very short time and seek refreshment at their mother's udder. Sometimes the large ravens became dangerous to them; if the ewe did not succeed in fighting these birds off, they would peck out the lamb's eyes and then bite into its flesh. If any ewes lost their lives, we brought the lambs up "on the bottle." The latter consisted of an old teapot, in the spout of which a quill was inserted, around which a piece of linen was wrapped. They got accustomed to that very quickly, and when they heard me calling they came running from afar. These animals always became particularly tame and remained attached to

<sup>4</sup> Similar in meaning to the English phrase "to get knocked into shape."

me as long as they lived. In summer they were often taken to the grass or stubble fields to the south of the house, and there they had to be *getüdert*, that is, tethered to a peg in the ground on a rope measuring between twelve and sixteen feet. Then I had to move them three times daily to a fresh plot, and I also had to see to it that they always had water. On these occasions I sometimes brought them some special dainties; carrots they liked best of all, and the tamer and more intelligent animals would sometimes come and search my pockets for them.

Now and then I also had to herd the cows for some days, when the regular pasture threatened to become scarce. That was an easy time, and boredom was prevented by various occupations, especially as playmates were never far away. First of all we used to build a hut of fresh-cut strips of turf and wooden stakes, with a roof of sedges, affording protection against rain. Then we lit a fire and baked beans or potatoes, brewed coffee, and the like; needless to say, we also smoked. The implements for striking fire we always carried with us; in addition to steel and tinder we usually had a burning glass, by which the tinder could be ignited. As fuel we used dry cow dung and also dry grass and sedges.

When all the spring tasks had been completed, about the middle of May, there came a long lull in the field work, which lasted until the beginning of July. As there was hardly anything for me to do then, I went to school again for a while, where the attendance had usually fallen to a very low figure. From their twelfth year on or even earlier, both boys and girls either went into service after Easter for the duration of the summer, or they had to lend a helping hand at home. The children of poor people were usually hired out to herd cows or other animals, often far away in the villages on the *geest*, where the fields still were unfenced. The little flock which remained at school would then draw closer together, and the teacher was able to make more headway than in wintertime, when the school was overcrowded. For then he had to give his attention chiefly to those who had just come back, in order to freshen up or reinforce their knowledge of the elements.

Harvesting began in July—first haymaking and then the grain harvest; so I now had to resume my work in the fields. Those were beautiful days, which stand out in my memory in a golden light, especially the long summer days which we spent haymaking in the meadows. Mowing usually began in the first week of July. My part in this work was that of the so-called “foresweeper”; in other words, I had to turn over the swath of cut grass with the rake, so as to give the mower a clear field again for his next stroke. For it was not customary with us to mow “out of the grass,” as was the rule almost everywhere else. I think it must have been in my eighth or perhaps even in my seventh year that I began to do this work, and I continued to perform it regularly for two or three weeks each summer until my fifteenth year, at first for one mower, and later for two. We started from home every day at sunrise; for the early morning, when the grass is still wet with the dew, is the best time for mowing. At eight o'clock we stopped for breakfast, and at eleven for the noon hour. Stretched out on the freshly cut grass, we thoroughly enjoyed the provender we had brought with us—butter, bread, bacon, and cheese, with a drink of cool beer. Sometimes my mother had packed up a special surprise with the other things, especially on my birthday, which, as chance would have it, was nearly always celebrated on the same plot of fenland, called *Zwischenbrück*. After sharpening their scythes the mowers then lay down for their noontime nap. But I myself usually tried in vain to fall asleep, and so I mostly spent that hour roaming about. Especially the water had an irresistible attraction for me; I bathed in it, and I hunted for fish, often coming home with a good catch. Frequently I also gathered wild honey, ferreting out bumblebees' nests, above and below ground, and then extracting the honey bags. In years when the clover was abundant these bees were very numerous and their bags full of honey; I remember one year, when we had quite a surfeit of honey from the ground bumblebees. I simply followed the flight of an individual bee and thus found the entrance to the nest, which I then dug up; the pleasurable excitement was so great that one hardly felt the painful stings one had to endure. The afternoon

often seemed to drag on more slowly than the forenoon; it became hotter and hotter, and the workers were no longer so fresh as they had been. On very hot days we often had nothing more to drink before our time was up; then I was sent to get water either from the nearest house or from the nearest watercourse. In case of dire need we even drank the stagnant and lukewarm water in the boggy ditches, and it never did us any harm. At six o'clock, when the prayer bell rang, we left off; but then there still was the long walk home, although usually some cart came along which stopped for those who were tired out. Arriving at home we had our dinner, with a refreshing drink of beer, and after talking for another hour or strolling about the garden, where the currants and gooseberries were now ripe, we went to bed. Thus day followed day.

Meanwhile there came days when the hay, which was usually left lying in swaths from five to ten days, so as to dry out completely, was raked together and either put directly on the wagon or stacked in ricks (*ruk*), which were then gradually brought in, as opportunity served, sometimes not until late autumn. To assist in this work, which was called *schwälen*, or in Frisian *swalle*, as many girls and day-laborers' wives were engaged as could be found. Their bright dresses and "Heligoland" hats, standing out against the green of the meadows, made a bright picture, and everybody was very merry, though it must be admitted that the jokes were not always fit for sensitive ears.

In addition to the meadow hay we usually also harvested a certain amount of hay from outside the dike for winter use; the short grass growing there had a very briny taste, and the sheep were particularly fond of it. We fetched ours from the broad tide-covered foreshore in front of the *Louisenkoog*. It was divided into "numbers," that is, plots designated by stone markers, which in June were let out on an annual lease for mowing; as a rule several households combined and took one together. For this work we started from home about two o'clock in the morning, because that kind of grass is very tough and can be mowed only while it is wet. Three or four wagons full of mowers would make their ap-



pearance, and then for a brief time the exposed grass-covered sea floor became the scene of brisk and bustling activity. We boys found time to investigate the strange world out there, wading in the silt and hunting for crabs and shrimps or gathering blue mussels and white cockles. The curious littoral flora also claimed our attention, especially the strongly scented beach-wormwood and the bluish sea pinks. At about eight or nine o'clock the mowed grass was loaded onto the wagons, wet and green as it was—or as much of it as they would hold; for what had to be left behind was always exposed to the danger of being washed away by the high tide. It happened not so rarely even in summer that a strong west wind, coinciding with the spring tide, flooded the outer reaches of the entire meadowland, and then the high tide would wash away everything it encountered, especially the hay and the movable bridges (consisting of boards laid upon two beams), which were thrown across the *priele*, that is, the channels dug to facilitate the flow of the receding tidal waters. The outgoing tide, it is true, would deposit it all again on the beach nearby, but the hay, which was then distributed among those concerned, was always much the worse for its long immersion in that murky brine.

When haymaking was drawing to its close, the grain harvest began. We regularly grew rye, barley, and oats. Wheat was grown, together with rape and beans, on the newer marsh farms nearer the shore; but on the soil of the older farms these crops did not thrive so well. My father did own one plot of *feuland* in the *Louisenkoog*, adjoining the sea, but he farmed it only during the first few years; afterward he always leased it. Reaping was still done exclusively by hand. My father almost invariably had it done by a day laborer and his family, and that is the reason why I myself barely learned how to use a sickle and never did any real work with it. However, I always had to help in bringing in the crop. It was my duty to stow the sheaves on the wagon. Many hundreds of loads of hay and grain I stacked up in those years, with the pleasure that an expert hand takes in his work. It is not quite so simple as it may look to the outsider. One needs an eye for balance and internal structure if one is to feel sure that a piled-up load

will not be upset nor single sheaves slip off when the wagon is jolting on those deeply rutted roads. I well remember the day—we were getting in the rye crop—when, with Andres Niss, I had to build up my first load. No matter how I tried, the slippery sheaves would slide down sideways in whole rows, and his patience was not of the long-enduring kind. So I had to labor hard and shed many tears before we succeeded at last in getting the boom on our load. And then the same disaster happened again on our way home.

When the grain crop had been brought in, there came another time when there was nothing for me to do, so that I could go to school again from about the beginning or the middle of September. With the autumn plowing I had to help once more, but that took only a few days. And thus winter came nearer and nearer. At the beginning of November the cattle, which had spent the whole summer on the pasture, were brought into the stable. The pasturelands and also the roads leading to them were sometimes already half under water. For the heavy autumnal rainfalls often started as early as August and caused a temporary inundation of the lower marshlands. From the end of November until well into April a great part of the marshes was regularly under water. Many a time I had to wade knee-deep in the inundated roads, when I brought the cattle and sheep home: it was all in the day's work, and one had never known anything different.

During the winter I had practically nothing to do for the farm, unless occasionally taking someone else's place I fed and watered the cattle or after a heavy snowfall took something out for the sheep, which generally managed to fend for themselves. Since my father hardly ever bothered about the stable work, I had not much to do with it either, unless the hired man asked me now and then to take his place. So the day was generally spent at school, and in the evening I sat over my lessons and did some reading, or played with the neighbors' children once in a while.

When I began to grow up, I sometimes gave my father a hand with his writing and accounting. The amount of work of this sort which he used to do was rather unusual for a farmer. To begin with, he managed the financial affairs of his brothers and sisters;

for it came as easy to him to wield the pen as it was hard for them. Then he had undertaken various communal duties of an arduous nature, involving complicated accounting and frequently also correspondence of various sorts. In addition to all this he had not a few guardianships on his hands; sometimes he acted as guardian for as many as four different families at the same time, some of them with numerous children.

The most difficult task of this nature he ever had to deal with was the administration of the affairs of a relative of his, a ship's captain who had lost his life at sea. The deceased was the husband of his cousin, the only daughter of his father's sister. He used to sail his own ship, a trim brig, with which he visited English and sometimes also Russian and Mediterranean ports. Then, one day in December, 1862, there came a letter, written in Danish and mailed at Copenhagen. News had been received from Säby, in Jutland, to the effect that the ship "Victoria," whose master's name was Captain Nommensen, of Langenhorn, had foundered there during a blizzard and that several dead bodies had been washed ashore. It was terrible news; the captain had been sailing his ship with his two eldest sons acting as seamen, and now death had taken all three together. He had often been entreated not to have his sons on his own vessel, so that not all three of them might lose their lives in one disaster. But he always had his own way, and so he had paid no heed. Now it had happened, and the crushing blow fell heavily upon his family.

They really were in a very difficult situation. The widow had been left with five children unprovided for, the eldest surviving son being as old as I. The financial circumstances were complicated and not promising. The critical question was whether it would prove possible to collect the 10,000 *reichstaler* for which the ship had been insured. There was reason to doubt that the insurance premium had been paid up. Naturally enough they went straight to my father, who had managed such matters before. After prolonged correspondence and repeated journeys to Bredstedt and Flensburg he succeeded in setting things right. The death certificates came to hand from Säby, and the insurance company

acknowledged its obligation. In the following spring the full amount was paid to him at Flensburg. When the widow died a few years later, her children all emigrated to America, and when they came of age my father sent them their inheritance to Chicago.

So much concerning the house and home of my parents in which I grew up as a boy and almost from the first as an active member of the community of human life and work which it represented. I can only say that I look back with unbounded satisfaction on the years during which it sheltered me and provided me with an education. In saying this I am not thinking so much of the spoken word and the listening ear, but rather of the immediate active part I had to take in the abundance of life and industry which found a place within its narrow limits. I have to confess that when I compare a farmhouse like the one here described with the houses in which an ever-increasing proportion of our population is growing up in our large cities, I can only deplore the progressive impoverishment of our young people—impoverishment in educational possibilities as well as in real pleasures. The whole world which surrounded us in those days was a living, ever-present reality. Nature with all her wealth of forms and products was always within reach and quite familiar to us: acres and fields, meadows and pastures, heath and moorland, running brooks and stagnant ditches, lakes and beach ponds, dunes and hills, dams and dikes, *watten* and *priele*, high tide and low tide—we knew them all, not from occasional excursions on a Sunday afternoon, but from the most intimate daily intercourse. For there was not a ditch in which we had not waded and caught fish nor a river or pond in which we had not bathed; not a brook we had not dammed up nor a grain field we had not plowed; not a plot of fenland on which we had not worked; not a meadow where we had not made hay. Over every tract of heathland we had romped, picking berries and watching the lizards or chasing a snake; on every dune we had played, rolling down its slope in summer or dashing down from its height on a bobsled in winter. And the sky! We watched it by day and by night, seeing the stars grow pale in the morning and the horizon being lighted by the first flush of dawn; looking the

setting sun in the face at eventide; and trying to be the first who could see and count the earliest stars. We watched the thunder-clouds darken the sky and then saw the lightning flash down so close to us that it looked as if we could touch it with our hands. We let the rain pour down on us, and we lay naked on the sands under the burning sun. We galloped on horseback in many a wild scamper, without saddle and bridle, until the rider slipped off or was thrown headlong into the ditch. We gamboled with calves and with lambs and then lay down to rest on the pasture with horses and cows; or we ran races with sheep and oxen, when they did not want to go where we wanted them to. We spread nets and set snares to catch fish; we spied out where the birds had their nests and then robbed plovers and partridges of their eggs or helped wagtails and hedge sparrows feed their young with flies, whether they liked it or not. In a word: Nature was within reach not only of our eyes but also of our hands and feet; our whole life was bound up with it.

And like Nature, human life in all its aspects was also within our reach—easy to get at and to understand. All the elementary crafts of human civilization were carried on in the household, whereas the children of our large cities see only ready-made things and their consumption. We saw them all coming into existence, from their beginnings to the last stages of their completion: bread and beer, shirts and jackets—there was hardly anything coming within our ken the production of which was not familiar to us from our own observation. For even those things which we did not actually make ourselves we saw being made by others. The tailor came and on the extended folding table cut the cloth for the suit according to a large paper pattern; and then—wonder of wonders!—he sat down on the self-same table, with his legs folded under his body, and began to sew the pieces together. In spring and in autumn the carpenter came for a few days to repair things and make new ones, and while he was planing and sawing we always looked on and also lent a hand ourselves. The artisans who did not come to the house we watched at their own workshops. Especially at the old bootmaker's we were frequent visitors. Usu-

ally we had to wait an hour or so in order to take the repaired footwear home without delay; so we watched him manipulating his leather and his lasts, his awl and his cobbler's thread, or his hammer and his knife. After daylight he used a glass globe filled with water with which to focus the light of his wretched little oil lamp on one point.

The village smithy was another place we liked to visit. The smith, a jolly fellow, was always pleased to see us when we called on our way home from school, looking on while he took his tongs and pulled the white-hot iron from the flaming coal fire and then, striking it with his hammer, made the sparks fly into the farthest corners of the dark workshop, amid loud shrieks from the girls.

How abstract, superficial, and limited in comparison is the world of perceptions and ideas of the city dwellers' children! Nature exists for them only on paper; picture books and descriptions furnish their minds with pale images of fields and woods or of animals and plants. The real objects they see at most on a rare summer afternoon, and even then only from a distance, without being able to get at them because of the locks and bars which shut them out on every side. On the other hand, they are surrounded every day of their lives by a world of artificial objects and processes, the inner workings of which remain obscure to them: electric lamps and electric streetcars; telephones and automobiles; department stores with their countless commodities, appealing to the desire but not to the understanding; and museums, containing either works of art which they gaze at without comprehension or antiquities dating back to a remote past into which only the scholar's mind can penetrate. Thus they grow up in a world of things that remain mute to their questioning, until in the end they give it up altogether and rest satisfied with the surface aspect of things and with their uncomprehended utilization.

It is much the same with human relations, both public and private. In a large city people always seem to see one another only from a distance; their mutual acquaintance is quite superficial: the one knows the other's name and title, the position he occupies, and the political party to which he belongs, and other such ex-

ternals. But no one gets at the roots of the other's real being, and therefore the real depths of personal life remain almost unknown. I have often been surprised in reading the biography of a man with whom I had been acquainted for years, and whom I had seen almost every day, to find how little I had really known him. In a village, on the other hand, everyone knows everything about everybody, not only from yesterday or the day before, but from the days of his parents and grandparents; one knows how everybody came to be what he is, what his present circumstances are, and also all about his wife and his children, his home and his work, his prosperity or his failure. How much does one know in all these respects about one's colleague in a large city? One meets him every day and exchanges thoughts and opinions with him about everything under the sun, but of the things that make up his real life one knows next to nothing; one never gets beyond a shadowy knowledge of his utterances, opinions, and general demeanor.

It is very similar in the domain of public affairs. One reads about them in the paper and talks about them at a convivial gathering or perchance at a public meeting. But what "Society" and "the State" are really like and how they function, the boy growing up in a village is much better able to visualize. I knew the *Landvogt* and the *Aktuar*, at Bredstedt, and I knew to whom one had to apply about this or about that. I knew the officials of the village community and the members of the parish council and also what happened in the latter and what one or the other of them had to do; for my father had been a member for many years, and I had helped him and carried messages for him. I knew about legal matters: mortgages and stamped papers, bills of sale and lease contracts passed through my hands at a very early age. In the same way I knew about taxes and rates: the receipt books recording the payment of land taxes and *koog* taxes, of church rates and school rates, were kept in my father's strongbox, and he never forbade me to look through them. I also had very concrete ideas about the receipts and expenses of our own household. The cost of oxen and sheep, of rye and oats, of hay and straw, and on this basis

the profit that could be derived from them, formed the topic of daily conversation. But also wider questions—the rise and fall of land prices in accordance with the higher or lower prices of agricultural products; the changes in the cultivation of land resulting from changes in the general economic conditions, such as the decline in the production of grain when fattened cattle began to be exported to England in the sixties; or the rapid increase of sheep-raising following higher wool prices—even questions such as these presented themselves in practical form to the alert and attentive boy.

Thus I not only obtained an insight into the prevailing economic conditions, but I also came to understand what part they played in the general historical development. The years of my youth coincided with the vigorous advance of agricultural prosperity which slowly began in the forties and then proceeded by leaps and bounds in the fifties. The general rise of all prices, more especially of horses, barley, and meat, was attributed to the Crimean War, which rapidly increased the demand, for military purposes. Then came the sixties, heralding the progress of industry, and the boom following the war of 1870—years during which the value of land seemed to soar beyond all bounds. But these times of plenty had been preceded by times of want, which were still vivid in my parents' memory; they often referred to them in the course of conversation. During the twenties and thirties agricultural products had been almost without any monetary value and practically unsalable, 10–12 *taler hamburgisch* being offered for an ox of three years, 2 *mark lübsch* (that is, *lückebeckish*) for a ton of oats, and 2 shillings (less than four cents) for a pound of butter. No wonder that the scarcity of money became acute and that even the most attractive farmsteads had to be sold insolvent in great numbers at public auction. Anyone who had debts dating from better times in the past or who was not overcareful in his spending soon found himself separated from his property.

Of all these conditions I had vivid pictures in my mind long before I had probably even heard the words "State" and "Society,"



for which there are no equivalents in the Frisian language. Compared to such education by concrete examples and experience, what, I ask, does the instruction really amount to which city children receive at school—by the grace of God—concerning “the benefits conferred by the Hohenzollerns upon burghers and peasants,” or about “the pernicious effects of social-democratic doctrines”? Or the information which people living in a city gather from newspapers or conversations? In later years I devoted myself for a time with passionate interest to the study of political economy, my enthusiasm being inspired by the pleasure it gave me to find here presented on a large theoretical background what my own experience and observation had already taught me. For this reason, Roscher’s “Political Economy of Agriculture” has always been one of my favorite books; I even prevailed upon my father to let me give him lectures about it—not, of course, professorial lectures.

Similarly the social structure lay clear and transparent before one’s eyes. The village formed a community of life which one could take in as a whole. The supporting framework was furnished by the independent farmers. Then came the artisans, including representatives of all forms of skilled labor that were in demand. Each one of these tradesmen—the miller, the smith, the wheelwright, and the rest—had a number of farmers as his regular customers, whose commissions provided the foundation for his livelihood. A third group, comprising pastors, schoolmasters, physicians, and officials, stood more or less outside or above the social community, inasmuch as the services which they contributed were not based on native or indigenous arts and crafts. The primitive character of the division into social classes was equally instructive. First of all, there were the large farmers, most of them settled on the more recently diked marshlands along the shore, who did not personally take part in the farmwork. The next class, which was very extensive, was made up of the owners of medium-sized farms, who regularly did a share, to a greater or a lesser degree, of the agricultural labor. Then came a class of small landowners, whose farms were not large enough to provide work for

all the members of their families, and who therefore supplemented their income from that source by services of various kinds, either as carriers or storekeepers or artisans or by going out to work by the day. Next in order were the day laborers proper, who owned only a house with a garden and perhaps a piece of land large enough to keep a cow or a couple of sheep; if not, they would rent them. Most of them worked regularly for some farmer; their children were hired out to herd cows or other animals, and when they were older they went into regular service. Last of all, on the very edge of existence, there was a small number of poor people—families which either had been reduced through ill health and misfortune or had come to grief through their own fault, because of drinking or indolence. They subsisted by occasional work and by begging. At the bottom of the list were a few inmates of the poorhouse—old people who were no longer able to do any work; children left unprovided for, most of them illegitimate; and a few cripples and idiots.

Thus the division of Society into classes according to the amount of property owned was clearly visualized. One knew exactly how much land every farmer held and in what circumstances every family lived. And more than that, one also knew how the circumstances of this or that family had been brought about by their own habits of life; in other words, why one family prospered, while another could hardly make both ends meet. In a large city such matters remain obscure, or at least they are not so transparent, and this doubtless accounts for the strange opinions which so readily prevail among the inhabitants—for example, that the economic welfare of the individual is in no way dependent on his own conduct and that his circumstances are simply caused by other circumstances.

I must add, however, that this division into social classes in no way impaired the unity of the social community as a whole. There was no rift in the solidarity of this farming fraternity, no cleavage between different classes as there is in our eastern provinces, where the whole social order is built on such disparities, as witnessed by the insurmountable barriers between manorial landowners and

day laborers; between families visiting with the officer class and with the common people; between those who are "educated" and those who are not; between those who are addressed as "highly wellborn" and those one might almost suspect of not having been born at all. In our own community the transitions between the different levels of property holding were gradual, and the different classes held intercourse with one another and intermarried. I do not mean to say that no difference was made at all. But there they were, sitting together, not only at school, but also at church and in the inn. At school rich farmers' children sat next to those of day laborers, and even the children from the poorhouse were distributed among the others, each pupil's place being determined by his or her individual abilities and application. On the whole, of course, the children of wealthy parents had the advantage of the others, if only on account of their more regular attendance. But in the last analysis the personal capabilities were the decisive factor. The same rule also held good in our play, everyone's worth being measured by his abilities; no one was excluded, so long as he did not make himself impossible. This comradeship of our boyhood was carried on into our adult years. Differences in the financial circumstances, it is true, now made themselves felt rather more. But, even so, there remained the common meeting ground of the public ballroom and the skittle alley, the joint singing in the glee club, and the competitive horseback riding and tilting at the ring. Nor were the hired men and maids left out on such occasions. Inter marriages were therefore not so very rare; a hired man who had proved his competence and worth could ask the farmer for the hand of his daughter or propose to the farmer's widow without having to regard a refusal as a foregone conclusion. Unions of this sort were even more frequent the other way about, the farmers' sons marrying daughters of artisans or other people in small circumstances, who were in service.

This democratic spirit of the community also expressed itself in the daily habits and forms of oral intercourse. Everyone was on a footing of equality with everyone else, not only during working hours, but also at table; it went without saying that the serv-

ants took their meals with us. Especially the way in which we addressed one another made equals of us all in a most remarkable way. Without any regard to social standing, any two persons of the same age called each other "thou," whereas those of an older generation had to be addressed by name or in the case of one's parents as "father" and "mother," with the verb in the third person singular; on their part, they used the address "thou" in speaking to younger people. In other words: the only preferential treatment accorded to anyone was based on differences of age, which are common to all, not on social distinctions. The only exception to this rule was with regard to pastors, teachers, and officials, who were of course given the title belonging to their office, most of them not being natives and therefore not speaking Frisian anyway. Thus it happened in later years, when I came home on a visit as a university student or as a young doctor of philosophy, that the older people, not excepting my father's day laborer, would use the word "thou" in addressing me—perhaps occasionally excusing themselves after a fashion: "I suppose I ought not to address you like that any longer"—whereas I addressed them by their names.<sup>5</sup> It would have gone against my inborn feeling for the spirit of our Frisian language to do otherwise. In speaking to my parents I could never have gotten a "thou" from my lips. The only possible form of addressing them was: "Will father please do this or do that?" Nor could I have addressed any man twice my age in any other way than by his name: "How is Carsten today?"

<sup>5</sup> As most readers know, the pronoun "thou" (*du*), is generally used in Germany by members of the same family, by intimate friends, and also in speaking to children.

## *My Relatives*

TO THE foregoing pictures of our own household and home life I will now add a few words about our kinsfolk—my uncles and aunts, whose homes were always open to me.

A fifteen-minute walk from the house of my parents stood that of my father's three sisters and his brother, Uncle Ipke, the youngest of the family. I have already mentioned that when my father married they had remained on the farmstead where they had found refuge after the disastrous flood of 1825. It was no doubt mainly for the sake of his sisters that he left the property in the hands of his younger brother and went out to start on fresh lines for himself elsewhere: he did not want to deprive his sisters of their home. They never married, and they always lived together. To the end of their days they continued to feel like a colony of strangers on the mainland, just as the other people continued to speak of them as "the *hallig* people" (*halligleut*), even after they had been settled at Langenhorn for more than thirty years. This shows how indissoluble one's home ties were in those days.

My three aunts always treated me as if I were their own child. Indeed, I wonder whether they would have loved any children of their own as tenderly as they cherished me, the son of their eldest brother, under whose care and guidance they had been living for twenty years after their father's death. At any rate I enjoyed greater liberty and indulgence when I was with them than I did at home, where my mother, guided by her feeling of responsibility, kept me under a much stricter rule. Naturally enough, the little schemer was not long in taking note of that, and thus it happened not so rarely that I paid my aunts a visit even without my mother's knowledge and permission. There was an added incentive in that I found something else there which I did not have at home—a playmate. My three aunts' older sister, who was married and also lived in the

village, had been in poor health after giving birth to several children; so they had taken her eldest daughter to live with them at their own home. That was my Cousin Tine; she has just died in the very year (1907) in which I write these lines, deeply mourned by us all. For many years she was the nearest and dearest girl playmate I had. She was a few years older than I, and with her inborn tact and good nature always knew how to guide me and keep me occupied. "Tine, what shall we do next?"—that was, as I was often told in later years, my ever recurring question. The first school which I attended was only a few steps from the house of my aunts, and therefore I was a frequent and always welcome guest at their midday dinner; in winter, when the weather was too bad, I was allowed to stay overnight. Once, when my mother was passing through a long illness, I lived with them entirely for about a quarter of a year, and after that my mother had to put her foot down very firmly to make me return to my parental home for good.

The name of the oldest sister was Brodine—probably a loosely formed feminine derivative of *Broder* (brother), which was in general use as a first name, as was the more legitimate feminine form *Soster* (sister). If one considers these names with others such as *Poppe* (puppet, doll) or *Sanke* (son, sonny), one sees at once that they did not owe their origin to any wealth of imagination; they were the pet names by which the child had been called at home, and which had then remained in use, just as among the old Romans. Aunt Brodine was a remarkable woman. Outwardly aloof, she lived her own life within herself. Ordinarily she spoke only on rare occasions and then always with her eyes turned away. But to us children—we shared her large wall-bed—she always liked to talk about her own youth and also about her later experiences, especially about life on the *hallig*, sea voyages, and the disastrous flood. She also told us all sorts of stories she had treasured up in her faithful memory, which never failed her. The Bible especially she knew from the first page to the last; we sometimes played a game in which one was asked about Biblical names, and she always knew every one of them and all about their bearers, too, from Chedorlaomer to the three daughters of Job. Nor had she forgotten the secular

knowledge she had imbibed during her school days. Thus, when I came home for the vacation as a student at the University of Erlangen and looked her up, she had it quite pat: "Erlängen (that was how she pronounced it), Ansbach, and Baireuth." In the household she used to look after the kitchen, until in her latter days she retired for good to her little room in the bakehouse, henceforth to live in solitude and in the past. In winter she often sat motionless for hours in her old armchair, without a light, although she was always friendly and interested when one came to see her. It was just that she had no desire for conversation nor for occupation either. What really passed in her mind or formed the subject of her thoughts she never told a soul.

The second sister, next in age to my father, was Aunt Paulene. She was good-heartedness personified. I have never heard her utter a harsh or even an unkind word in speaking to anyone nor about anyone in his absence. Her whole heart and soul were given up to a deep and devout piety; she never talked much about it, but it filled her whole being. On the morning of the day on which she died she said to her brothers and sisters: "Today my Jesus is going to take me home." For a long time past she had been living in the Hereafter rather than on this earth. For me she always entertained the most affectionate devotion, and when I turned my back on the land of my birth there was perhaps no one who felt it so much as she did, even though she never breathed a word about it. It was not the custom in that house to try persuasion on anyone or to proffer any advice that was not wanted. Everyone has to look out for himself; that was the rule which they followed. Reserve and discretion were regarded as the best proof of rightmindedness; to interfere with the plans of others was not good form.

The youngest sister was Aunt Josine, whose name was probably derived from that of the Biblical King Josiah, a name which was often given in baptism, although perhaps not quite so frequently as that of old King Joachim. Aunt Josine did not impress one so much by her personality and her spiritual endowment. For many years she helped her brother with his agricultural work, until the frailties of old age began to make themselves felt. They never kept

a maid, as they did not care to have any strangers around; apart from day laborers they often employed only a boy to herd the cows. The consequence was that they were always overworked; for in addition to toiling in the fields they carried on a dairy business with six to eight cows, so that in summer their work began about four o'clock in the morning and continued until ten o'clock at night. But they never grumbled nor thought it too much. It has always been like that, they would have said, and one just has to put up with it. What is the use of complaining? We want it like that, and we have it just as we want it.

Uncle Ipke, the master of the household, I remember as a youthful and elastic figure; to the end of his days he retained his fresh complexion, and his hair never turned gray. He had taken charge of the farmstead against his own inclination; his wish had been to settle somewhere near the water and earn his living as a fisherman. But after he once started farming, he put his whole heart into it. He did a larger business than my father did; in addition to the other branches of farming, he raised horses and grazed large Jutish cows. For this reason he had to attend horse and cattle fairs much more frequently than did my father, who always evinced a strong distaste for them. I often accompanied my Uncle Ipke on such occasions. He was an unerring judge and a tough bargainer; he knew how to get what he wanted without wasting many words. On his farm he worked as hard as any laborer; nothing was too much for him or too arduous. "I never feel better," he used to say, "than when I am doing real hard work; sitting still does not agree with me." No doubt he often shook his head in silence about my father, who would sometimes sit over his papers the whole day long in winter, without ever stepping out of doors. Uncle Ipke read little and never wrote anything at all. The whole day long he was working in the stable and in the barn, and he even insisted on taking part in the threshing—hard labor, which most farmers shirked. In summer he continued to toil in the fields right into his old age. When he died as the last one of the brothers and sisters, he was living quite by himself, sorely lacking proper care; he could not bring himself to take a strange woman into his house, and so he managed to do his own



cooking as well or as badly as he could. His relatives often urged him to make other arrangements; but he continued to go his own way, declining any advice about his personal affairs in a quiet but determined manner. He had sold his farmstead and bought a wretched little house, in which he now lived. Anyone casting a glance through the door might have thought it was the home of some poor day laborer, while as a matter of fact Uncle Ipke could have afforded to buy a large manorial estate and would have had other investments or capital to spare. The strict economy which he and his sisters had practiced, together with the improvement in the general economic conditions, had enabled them to hoard this large fortune during the long stretch of years. The changes taking place around them had left their own tastes and requirements quite unaffected.

The old house in which they had been living together for more than sixty years was a stately home, much more pretentious than the house of my parents. Whoever built it must have had plenty of money. The spacious living room was wainscoted in the style of the eighteenth century, and its doors were decorated with paintings representing cities with towers and steeples, villages with mills, and similar scenes. Furnished with antique chairs and armchairs, whose spiral, columnar legs and hand-painted leather upholstery recalled the seventeenth century, it made an old-fashioned, aristocratic impression. In the spacious *pesel*, too, there was many a piece which appealed to my boyish imagination, such as a large bureau with a plaster-cast armed female figure on top—Minerva, as I was to find out later—a pair of old-fashioned bed curtains, embroidered in blue and white, with Biblical figures and scenes. The cupboards contained antiquities and curiosities of all sorts, which were sometimes shown to me, if I asked to see them: gaudy silk dresses with silver filigree ornaments; various objects of amber; jewelry and similar treasures. Some of these things are still in the possession of members of our family; but most of them were sold for a song to dealers who ravaged the neighborhood during the sixties and with terrifying perseverance bent the will even of those who had offered the most determined resistance—it was the only way to get rid of them.

But to me the chief attraction was the bookcase—a spacious cupboard let into the wall above one of the wall-beds in the living room. It contained the books and papers they had saved when they had to abandon their home on Oland. Most of them were books of a religious nature, especially collections of sermons, which filled many a ponderous tome. The traces of the flood were still visible everywhere; water-soaked and dissolving leaves spoke of what they had gone through. Here and there I found something that appealed to my taste. I especially recall numerous volumes containing missionary reports printed at Basle; also a stout book containing meditations for every day of the year. There was a woodcut printed at the head of each of these edifying contemplations—a compass-needle, a windmill, a beehive—which was made to serve as their starting point with greater or less ingenuity. I can still recall some of the woodcuts, although I have forgotten the title of the book. But above all there were numerous old family papers, especially notes and writings of all sorts by Ipke Petersen, my aunts' grandfather, who still lived in their memory. Earning his livelihood alternately as a shipmaster and as sexton on Oland, he had always felt an astonishing urge to render to himself an account of his inner life and to put it in writing. Many of these manuscripts are still in my possession. When I was a boy, I used to climb up to that cupboard and right into it; and then I would stay there for hours, browsing among all those treasures. My aunts, who often found it no easy task to make me come down again, used to say: "He's going to be a preacher some day; he'll never be any good as a farmer."

Then there was the house of my father's brother-in-law; I have already mentioned his daughter, my Cousin Tine, as living with my three aunts. The relations between her parents and my own were not very intimate, so I did not go there very often. But some impressions are still vivid in my memory; it was quite an interesting family in its way. The house itself attracted one's attention. It probably dated from the beginning of the seventeenth or even from the close of the sixteenth century. The rooms were low, the walls not being built to the height that was usual in later times, so that the windows were broader than high, their small panes being set in

lead. Right above the windows the roof rose obliquely; inside the rooms it was lined with a correspondingly oblique wooden paneling. On the northern side of the house the roof reached even farther down than on the south, so that the door leading outside had a height of scarcely five feet. There was an old saying that after winning a victory over the Frisians on some occasion or other the Danes had forbidden them to make their doors higher, so that every Frisian who stepped outside facing north should have to bow and thus be reminded of his state of subjection. In the living room there was a wooden bench running along the walls, or rather a continuous wooden chest, which served as seat; the walls were decorated with faïence and pewter dishes. The rooms devoted to the work of the household and the farm were also very low; but they had oaken beams such as were no longer to be found in our neighborhood.

Nor were the inmates of the house lacking in interest. The mother, my father's sister, it is true, was in poor health and greatly depressed by it; so she kept in the background until her early death, after which my Cousin Tine had to return home and keep house. Her father was known throughout that entire district as Sonke Horse-Doctor because he practiced the art of healing sick horses and cattle. He had not learned it at any school, but inherited it from his father, who had probably come by it in the same way. To what degree his treatment really deserved the extraordinary confidence which it everywhere enjoyed I do not know. He made no charge for his services, since only properly trained veterinaries were licensed to practice for pay. Nor had his customers to incur any expense at the apothecary's, for his remedies were of the simplest description, one of the most usual being bloodletting, which he administered personally with a quick and sure hand, often going on with it until the animal began to sway. His principal internal remedy was a concoction of beer and butter, boiled together; this potion was poured through the mouth or the nose of the animals by means of a bottle. He also employed clysters and ointments, in which green soap usually formed a large ingredient. Often the curative effects seem to have been quite astonishing. At any rate people frequently came from a long distance with their sick animals,

especially horses; or they sent a cart to fetch him, so that at times he hardly knew how to cope with all the demand. In appearance he was a sickly little man; he "had it on the chest," as people used to say. He attributed his illness to his having taken part in the winter campaign (1814) against Bernadotte. Nevertheless, despite many a hitch, he managed to reach the seventies. When he died, his children—another daughter besides Tine and a son—remained under the care of his unmarried brother Ketel, who had served him from time immemorial as his "first hired man" (*erster knecht*). I am not sure whether he received wages or not, but probably he did, in consonance with the generally accepted principle *Pflicht um Recht!*"<sup>1</sup> He was very well off, with a substantial capital of his own, but all he cared about was a place where he could live and work. In addition to the management of the household he also inherited his brother's veterinary art, having already practiced it upon occasion in his stead. But he was the last of the family to do so, since his brother did not want the boy to learn it; it entailed endless drudgery without any return. And thus this untutored art of healing sick animals died out, as a little earlier the equally untutored art of healing sick men had done, it, too, being of ancient heritage. As a little boy I once dislocated my arm by a fall into a deep dry ditch, while we were visiting friends. They got the cart out there and then and drove me to old Ginger Lasetter,<sup>2</sup> who reduced the dislocation without ceremony.

Another house which was very dear and familiar to me was that of my mother's parents in the village of Sande, forming part of the parish of Enge, about six miles from Langenhorn. When I was a little boy, my grandparents were still living; they shared the house with my mother's elder brother, Ketel Moritz, and her younger sister, Agathe Margarete. Uncle Ketel had been married since 1848 to the sister of my father's aunt, Naëmi Johanna, so that we were bound together by the ties of a twofold relationship. As they had three children growing up, the small rooms of the little house were

<sup>1</sup> "Duty in fairness bound!"—in the present sense a paraphrase of "The laborer is worthy of his hire."

<sup>2</sup> Lasetter, here used instead of a proper name, is the Frisian word for "bonesetter."

rather crowded. But the warm affection and sincere respect which united all the members of this family circle never allowed them for one moment to feel their confinement as an irksome restraint. I have never seen people living together in more serene, cordial, and harmonious relations than in that house.

Since my grandfather's death in 1854 Uncle Ketel had been the head of the whole family. He was a man unusually clear in his views and certain in his ways. Originally he was a carpenter by trade; he had made several pieces of furniture for my mother when she married. But he did less and less work of that kind and in the end devoted himself altogether to farming, the small piece of land owned by the family having gradually been added to. It was a farm of much the same kind as our own, only smaller. Uncle Ketel was a past master in the art of bringing up children. He had fathomed the secret of guidance and discipline; namely, the right mixture of seriousness and kindness or—to speak with Ernst Moritz Arndt—of love and necessity. But seriousness or necessity always kept the upper hand, so that love was never in danger of being misunderstood. With Aunt Johanna it was quite the reverse; in her case love predominated to such a degree that necessity was hard put to it to wrest even the narrowest strip of ground from indulgence. She vied with her sister Paulene in kindheartedness and found it quite impossible to deny anything to anybody or to oppose anyone. The father's firmness was therefore highly desirable as a corrective.

From my early childhood the "journeys" I undertook to Sande, or, as we always said, "to the Sands," were unforgettable days. I still have a dim recollection of sitting as a tiny mite beside my father on the front seat of the wagon, holding the whip in my hand, and then returning home again in the cool of the night underneath my mother's large cloak. "On the Sands" our chief attraction was the so-called "river," a stream called the Scholmerau, which flowed through my uncle's land, about a fifteen-minute walk from his home, necessitating the use of a boat. This crossing of the river figured large in my boyish imagination; it was the first flowing water of any importance with which I had formed a close acquaintance. Floating on its surface were the large round leaves of water lilies,

whose unbelievably long stalks descended into mysterious depths; we used to pick the white and yellow flowers and also the large seed capsules and take them home with us. Along the edge of the water grew a kind of reed (*bawelte*), attaining a height of six to ten feet and as thick as a man's thumb. By Easter time, when we usually resumed our regular expeditions after the long interval of winter, the low ground bordering on the water was already decked out in its golden splendor, the meadows along the turnings of the water-course being covered with the large yellow blossoms of the king-cup. When I was a little older, I was allowed to undertake the journey "to the Sands" on foot by myself; I may have been six or seven years old when I braved this adventure for the first time. In those days it was quite an undertaking. The highway had not yet been built, and one had to pass through three other villages, with many a chance of taking a wrong turn. Before I started, my mother gave me careful directions about the right way I must take and the wrong turns I must avoid; yet I was always doubtful when the time came to make the choice. And everywhere strange people and strange dogs which marked me as a stranger and barked at me. Yes, those strange dogs were no small matter! There were especially two shaggy black poodles, which I have not forgotten even yet. Lying in wait for the little wanderer at a lonely house near the dike, they pursued him ever so far, yapping and snarling. For a long time to come they were to remain a terror to me. But of course I felt all the prouder when I arrived at last, and in the safety of my grandparents' home could tell them all about the dangers I had passed through.

In the following years I made this journey "to the Sands" many a time—at all seasons and finally by all possible ways of my own seeking: over fens and ditches, across dikes and streams, in winter on skates, and always with the same enjoyment. I was usually allowed to stay for one or two nights, and the most enjoyable moment always came on awaking in the morning with the realization that I still had a whole day to look forward to. When the children, two sisters and a younger brother, gradually became old enough to be my playmates, I taught them all the games I had learned at home. We roamed over the fields together, picking blackberries which

we found growing here and there alongside the ditches; or the boat on the "river" fascinated us. The boat was made fast, it is true, but even so one could sit in it and move it a little this way or that; and the fact that we had been forbidden to do so only added to the zest of the adventure. But the best time of all came at Christmas. For then my mother crammed all my pockets with presents and filled a small round basket besides, so that I arrived on the scene as a donor of bountiful gifts—dolls and balls, wooden horses and cows, a whole stable even and a living room, and another time a picture book and a sewing basket, a kerchief and a cap, not counting cakes and pastries of every description, besides apples and nuts and what not. The children's eyes would grow larger and larger, and Aunt Johanna once said it was exactly like the wise men from the east opening their treasures and presenting their gifts: gold and frankincense and myrrh. And though this was not literally true it accurately described our sentiments; for the joy of those three blessed kings cannot have been any greater when they bestowed their gifts on the Child. The fact that my mother had become so prodigal was due to the changing times. When I was a child, it was quite impossible to buy any such treasures, at least in our neighborhood; but now they were offered by peddlers at every door for a few cents, and giving gifts was my mother's great joy.

Among our more distant relatives there were two families who lived, at least during part of my youth, at Langenhorn: Dr. Rickertsen's wife, with her four children and Captain Nommensen, of whom I have already spoken. Dr. Rickertsen was a cousin of my father and so was Captain Nommensen's wife, both of them being children of his father's only sister, Poppe Maria. She had been married to a Mr. Rickertsen, the owner of a large farm at Fahretoft, and had then spent the years of her widowhood at Langenhorn, Dr. Rickertsen, her son, had studied medicine; but after he had completed his studies, settled down, and married, he had gradually lost his mind. For a number of years he had continued to live at home; then my father had to take him to an insane asylum in Schleswig, where he remained many years. Later on he joined his family again at Flensburg, where they had gone to live.

My father looked after their affairs, having been appointed curator. While they lived at Langenhorn, I was frequently at Mrs. Rickertsen's house; there was no great difference in age between me and her four sons. But we never seemed to come to a really free and easy relationship; they were brought up as townspeople's children and spoke High German, like their mother, which was in itself enough to put a measurable distance between us. The one member of the family with whom I felt more at home was Mrs. Rickertsen's youngest sister, who had come to live with them. She spoke Low German to me and in every way showed herself very amiably disposed toward the farmer lad, who could not help feeling rather out of things. She also came to see my parents from time to time and interceded in various ways. It was she who brought and lighted for me the first and only Christmas tree I ever saw as a boy, the use of fir trees at Christmas still being unknown in those parts. When they left Langenhorn—I must have been about ten or twelve years old—she turned their dog, Zampa, over to us. After mourning his former mistress for weeks with fasting and howling, he presently became a very faithful member of our family. To my mother especially he was attached with singular devotion, and he regularly accompanied me whenever I went out. Many a time we spent a whole day together in the fields, where he disported himself as a passionate hunter, his prey being of course nothing more exciting than mice, weasels, water rats, and other such animals.

But even after they had left Langenhorn, we remained in contact with them, my father continuing to administer their estate, consisting of marshlands in the Fahretoft *koog*, which were let out on annual lease. Every year at Christmas they sent us a box containing all kinds of presents, and it was on one such occasion that we unpacked the first oranges we had ever seen; everyone admired them as "wonder apples." Once in a while we also received a visit either from Mrs. Rickertsen's sister, who was always warmly welcomed, or from her eldest boy, who attended the *gymnasium* of Plön. I remember how he once examined me in geography and, finding that I did not know the River Petchora, pointed it out to me on the map. We also paid them a return visit once; it must have



been in the summer of 1859. My father had to fetch lumber from Flensburg for a small extension to the barn. This induced my mother to respond to the repeated pressing invitations she had received, and I accompanied her. At three o'clock in the morning we started on our long journey, which took us over the entire ridge of the *geest*, and on that occasion I saw a wood for the first time in my life, or rather a small copse of fir trees. Outside Flensburg we passed soldiers exercising on the drill ground. We stayed until the following afternoon, and among our many other wonderful experiences I particularly remember the night, which we had to spend in a small movable bedstead. It creaked whenever one stirred, so that my mother could not get any sleep; how much safer one felt in a bed that was solidly built into a niche of the wall! Then there was the harbor with its many large ships and the pontoon bridge; at Ockholm one never saw anything larger than a one-masted sloop. An evening walk through the streets for the purpose of gazing at the brightly illuminated show windows was regarded by Mrs. Rickertsen as a high light of our visit; but my mother, who was completely tired out, had to muster her last strength to manage it. I remember a mishap at the harbor. I had been given a white straw hat as a present, which, unlike the customary cap, stubbornly refused to stay on my head, until finally the wind carried it off and blew it into the water; then a boatman fished it out and gave it back to me. Other lasting impressions were the large snails in the churchyard and the Danish flags on the graves of the soldiers. But what capped it all was my first railway journey. We had heard that a railroad had been built between Husum and Flensburg by an Englishman—I still remember his name: Sir Peto. And now we were to see it and even travel on it a little way! My father drove our wagon to the next station ahead of us, and we followed by rail, traveling second class instead of third, because we were in Mrs. Rickertsen's company. In a way I was disappointed that the train did not go much faster than it did, because I had thought or been told it went so fast that it was quite impossible to distinguish any objects outside. Then we had to find seats, not too comfortable, on our wagon, loaded up as it was with boards, and thus I came home

from my first journey into the wide world, asleep under a starry sky.

The building of the addition to the barn, by the way, afforded ample opportunities for acrobatic feats in the way of climbing. Taking hold of the rafters and laths, I would hoist myself on to the top ridge of the house, which was under the same roof with the barn, and there I performed equilibristic tricks, such as clambering up the chimney and startling the maids down in the kitchen. I spent many an hour sitting up there and gazing into the distance, or stretched out and reading a book.

At Captain Nommensen's house I was not a very frequent visitor. He was an unfriendly, gruff man, and when he was at home in winter his family was under such a sense of repression that they scarcely ventured to call their souls their own. The mother was a mere non-entity. Under such circumstances there was hardly any intercourse between our families, with the one exception that the captain came to see us once in a while, and over a cup of coffee, with his huge long pipe in his mouth, talked about his sea voyages and grumbled about bad times, maintaining that the gradually increasing steamships were ruining the business of the sailing vessels. It is the habit of men who do not face their own task in the right way to lay the blame at the door of Fate or bad times. The ship he owned was new and well built, and he probably could have earned a living, if he had gone about it in the right way. I suspect that his flair for the grand style was the main reason why he never succeeded in achieving comfortable circumstances instead of gradually using up his wife's money to finance his voyages, as my father saw him doing with growing dismay. My own interest was confined to his maritime adventures and his experiences at Archangel or at Messina, about which he could spin an impressive yarn. His sad end and the further experiences of his family I have already related.

In such ways my boyhood connections with those around me afforded occasional glimpses of the larger world outside.

## *Games and Playmates*

**I**T TOOK me only about thirty steps, from our own door to that of our nearest neighbor, to find my daily playmates. In the eyes of their parents the five children—three boys and two girls—hardly counted as an economic asset in those days, but rather as so many hungry little mouths that needed to be fed. The holding was very small, too small for a proper farm. Being unable to pay for any help, both parents were continually overworked. The mother moreover was in poor health and always complaining, although she herself came from very humble circumstances. So they were invariably on short commons, and I could not help noticing the difference. The butter was scraped on the bread ever so much more thinly than at home, and when dumplings were served at table they were counted out to everyone. But that did not prevent me from enjoying the bread and butter they offered me as if it had been something wonderful, so that my mother had to keep a sharp lookout to prevent me from sponging on them more frequently. Such is the attraction of anything different and the zest of good company! The house, whose threshold I crossed every day as a child, is no longer there; where it once stood the plow now cuts its furrow. When the children were grown up, the whole family emigrated to America, the final impetus being the prospect of three years' compulsory military service upon the advent of the Prussian administration. Their small holding was sold, and the proceeds proved sufficient to buy two large farms in Iowa. And now their children did become their most valuable economic assets: themselves providing all the necessary labor, the family was soon in comfortable circumstances.

But in the days of which I am now speaking, all this still rested in the lap of an unknown future. When we first heard the Mississippi mentioned at school and learned the names of the United

States by heart, we little dreamed of the part they were destined to play in the lives of some of us. If in later years our paths went far apart, at that time they ran closely side by side. There was not a day that we did not see each other, and my first thought always was to go and find Hans Peters, although my visit may not always have been so very welcome—what does a child know about that?—and although my mother was not always pleased to have me there. The two children who were nearest my age were both boys, one about a year and a half older than I, and the other a year younger. There could not have been two boys of more different dispositions. Heinrich, the younger one, was the most softhearted, docile, candid, and simple-minded little fellow that could be imagined. His elder brother, on the other hand, gave one an impression of being crafty and underhanded; his resourceful audacity in thought and deed always kept my mother on tenterhooks, and she tried to keep him away from me whenever possible, but could not prevent him on various occasions from getting me into all sorts of mischief. It was lucky for me that he was often away, staying with a grandmother, who had a great fondness for him, and that he left his parents' house at an early age, to be apprenticed to a merchant in the city, a calling for which he was eminently fitted by nature and inclination. Later on he preceded the other members of the family in their migration to America. Thus his younger brother remained my daily companion; he plays a part in almost all my recollections of my games and other doings as a boy. We were inseparable. Needless to say, we also quarreled now and then and had a fight; could any boys refrain from trying out which is the stronger one? There were times, too, when we were not on speaking terms for days and imagined that our friendship was at an end forever. But there always would come a day when we found ourselves together again, wondering how we could have done without each other so long.

The other near neighbors had no children, or at least none of our own age. We had to walk some distance to find more houses where there were children in greater numbers. With these we usually came together on Sunday afternoons, to arrange games on a

larger scale: bat-and-ball or another ball game called *kaak*,<sup>1</sup> foot races, hide-and-seek, and other sports and games. We also used to play games just before school hours, especially in the afternoon, arriving half an hour early for that purpose. Then we would play in larger groups, and we often appeared in the classroom with perspiring faces.

I will not attempt to describe the infinite variety of games which came down to us as a heritage of ancient traditions. They propagated themselves from one generation to the next, each succeeding one taking them over from its predecessors, to play them during its own day and then hand them on to the younger ones. Adults paid no attention to them; teachers would have thought it below their dignity to bother about children's and boys' games. Thus they grew wild and unheeded like the weeds along the hedges, and we had no idea what a treasure we had in our keeping, nor was there anyone to tell us. And who knows—perhaps our greatest treasures are those which we enjoy without being conscious of their value and without talking about it.

Like our games, our playthings were also of our own devising. No one taught us how to make them, and no one troubled how we got on; we were thrown on our own skill and initiative. Fortunately, there were no toy shops in those days, either at Langenhorn or at Bredstedt; nor were there any uncles and aunts racking their heads about presents. At most a toy trumpet or a little whip or a wooden animal or something of the sort was bought at a booth during the village fair or at Christmas time. But the things we actually played with we made ourselves. The girls made their own dolls and dressed them in bright colors. They also made their play-balls themselves. They took a cork as the core and wound it round with old woollen yarn into a ball; then the covering was stitched on in variegated colors, the gaudier the better. We boys made our own bows and arrows from willow twigs and reeds tipped with an iron nail shaped for the purpose. Although I might mention that when

<sup>1</sup> In the game called *kaak* the ball was thrust forward with the foot, the goal being a small pit in the ground.

I was a little older neighbor wheelright once made a real "flit-bow" with a barrel for me, for shooting marbles or feathered arrows.<sup>2</sup> By attaching two strings to a piece of leather we also contrived a dangerously effective sling, which may have cost a sheep its leg at some time. Another ballistic contrivance of great range, although of indifferent accuracy, consisted of a pliable switch, on the end of which we stuck a small potato and then flung it off. Needless to say, we had our popguns and our watersquirts, which we made by hollowing out elder branches. I was learning my first Latin words when I made my last "blow-pipe" and the feathered arrows belonging to it. Wind and water mills could be seen near every house and at any water that had a fall or could be made to flow by damming it. My Uncle Ketel made me a small wheelbarrow, which came in very handy for transporting stones and earth. Swings and seesaws were also in favor, the former being placed inside the barn and the latter across a bank of earth or the gate in a hedge. When autumn came, we constructed kites as tall as ourselves. The only thing we had to buy was the string; everything else we made ourselves, both the frame and its covering, including even the paste with which it was stuck on. A pack of cards we also managed to make, when we could not get one that had served its time from the neighboring innkeeper. The dice we played with were fashioned with our own knives; the black spots we burned in with a piece of red-hot wire. Besides the ordinary dice there was a special variety, so-called *punker*, consisting of a six-sided wooden prism, with symbols cut in on each of its faces. But the one thing in that line of which I was proudest was a homemade set of chessmen. I cut the figures out of soft linden branches, joining the parts together with sealing-wax and then coloring them with ink. A visitor from Flensburg had brought a chessboard with him and taught me the moves. In turn I taught them to my chum Heinrich, and so we played chess together almost every evening during that whole winter. After that I did not play again until I became a student at the University

<sup>2</sup> The *flitzbogen* consisted of a wooden tube, provided with a bow made of a willow branch and a piece of cord, which propelled a wooden stick fitting inside the tube.

of Berlin, where to my great satisfaction I was able to hold my own very creditably with my self-taught art.

Thus necessity taught us to use our hands in many ways—notwithstanding the total absence of any “manual training for boys.” Our principal tool was a knife, which could be bought at the fair for ten shillings. Then there were some carpenter’s tools which my father kept in a box. He, too, liked to get his jobs done with his own hands and even mixed the red paint himself with which he painted his wagons and plows as well as the gates and the walls of the barn.

Our games varied with the seasons. In spring we started playing ball in the open. From time to time we changed to marbles; the older ones of us organized this game on a large scale, and in some of its forms it came near to gambling. Indeed, it did pave the way to playing for money, which at times became quite a rage among us. We tried to hit a stone or a line we had drawn on the ground by throwing copper “bank shillings” at it, and whoever came nearest the goal then tossed for “heads-or-tails,” followed by the others in due turn. The amount of money thus changing hands was often considerable for our circumstances, and sometimes we contracted gambling debts. To us, too, such debts were “debts of honor” in a very special sense. With the advent of summer the water began to exert its attraction, and we amused ourselves wading in it and building dams or bathing or fishing. Our greatest enjoyment was boating, but that was a rare and almost always a stolen pleasure. These aquatic delights, which began in my childhood and never really came to an end, brought me in conflict with my mother more frequently than anything else. There was a little brook (*sill*) flowing past the house of Hans Peters’s parents, and there we were to be found almost every day in summer from the time we were five years old. We caught finger-length sticklebacks and now and then a small pike or black water beetles—cobblers, we called them—and then confined them in little pools we had dammed off. Or we built water mills in the brook. But above all we enjoyed wading in it, turning our trousers up to the knee or still higher and then mak-

ing for the deepest spots. There was no danger, for the depth of the water nowhere exceeded a foot and a half or so. But those pants! They were as fatal as one's bad conscience. No matter how we attempted to dry them by spreading them out in the sun before starting for home, they still betrayed us. And thus our wet pleasures were often followed at home by a briny after-flood of tears.

In the autumn kite flying was the order of the day, and our wind-mills began to clatter. Another favorite amusement of ours consisted in letting the wind drive the hoop (*houp*) of a tub in front of us. Once well under way, it would leap over ditches and hedges, for half an hour at a stretch, with us racing after it across country like a pack of hounds. In winter snow and ice claimed our interest above everything else. We erected snow forts in various forms and then defended them in snowball fights. We coasted down the dunes; but our most eagerly awaited delight was skating, for which the ditches by the house afforded the first opportunity. Later on we would skate for miles across the inundated meadows. On fine Sunday afternoons it was not unusual to see one or two hundred skating together and playing tag with all kinds of little tricks in skating forward and backward. But to us schoolboys the most irresistible attraction was always offered by a ditch when thaw had set in. After the melting had detached the ice from the edges, we cut it transversely with a hatchet into floes a foot and a half or so in length. The idea was to run along so quickly over these floes that with one foot pressing the last floe under water the other foot had already gained a hold on the next so as to get off dry shod. But of course Fate always turned against one sooner or later: one made a false step, or a floe would break in two, and that brought about another domestic crisis. The last thrashing my father gave me followed an accident of this nature. After the punishment I was put to bed, altogether the most suitable method, pedagogically as well as medically, of treating the case.

This may suffice to give an idea of the countless pleasures we found in our play and likewise of the sorrows, which like thorns on roses, were inseparable from those joys. But I must add a few words about the one passion which at times completely obsessed me—



fishing! Even today, fifty years after the event, I still relive the excitement of this sport in my dreams. We caught fish by any available means: with a net, with an eel sticker, with a snare, with a fishing rod, and last but not least with our hands. Net fishing I had learned from our hired man, Andres Niss. The net was stretched across a ditch or a drain leading to a sluice: it was weighted with small lumps of lead to keep its lower edge on the bottom, while its upper edge was kept on the surface by wooden floats. Then, starting about ten or twenty yards away from the net, we drove the fish toward it by thrusting jumping poles (*klotstöcke*) into the water,<sup>3</sup> and when the fish had got entangled in the net we lifted them out with it. When we had a good day, we used to come home with ten pounds or more of pike of all sizes. One of the pictures recurring most persistently in my dreams is that of the wooden floats bobbing on the surface of the water or disappearing beneath it altogether when a large fish had become enmeshed. The fishing rod we did not use so very often, but all the more frequently the snare. This we made of the long hairs from the tails of horses; it was fastened to a stick with a piece of strong cord. With the bright sunlight shining on the ditches, one could see the pike in the water, motionless as if asleep. So we crept up to them, gently lowered our snare, weighted with a tiny lump of lead, and slipping it cautiously over the head and the pectoral fin jerked the fish out on dry land. It was exciting sport, the success depending on sharp eyes and a steady hand. But I often caught a considerable number, weighing up to a pound or so apiece, within a short time.

The three dry summers of the years 1857-59 were very disastrous for the denizens of the water. The ditches and even many of the deeper watercourses dried up. In the few remaining shallow pools one could catch the fish with one's hands or lift them out with a rake, especially if one muddied the water; for then they came up to the surface to breathe and could be easily caught. Pike, tench, perch, and other kinds thus became ready prey. Eels I often pulled out of the mud with my fingers; their hiding places were betrayed

<sup>3</sup> They were used for leaping across broad ditches. At their lower end they had two large wooden prongs, which were thrust into the mud of the bottom.

by the breathing holes on the surface, so that one could easily take them with a firm grasp. My mother was often anything but pleased when I came home with my catch in the evening. She did not care to throw the fish away, of course, but on the other hand the work of cleaning and dressing them was more often than not a very unwelcome addition to her other and more necessary work.

Fishing was the only kind of hunting I practiced, unless I am to include catching birds. In severe winters we placed a sieve edgewise in an oblique position, and to the peg holding it up we attached a string which could be pulled from indoors. Then, when there were a number of sparrows, blue tits, and robin redbreasts <sup>4</sup> pecking at the food spread under the sieve, we pulled the peg away, and the sieve entombed the prisoners. Not that they suffered any harm beyond being kept indoors for a day or two. My mother always took good care that they were promptly released.

So much about our seasonal games and play. I have not much to report about feast days. The observance of the ecclesiastical festivals was almost purely spiritual in character, with abundant church-going, both in the morning and in the afternoon, at least in the earlier years, which by no means recommended them to the younger generation. It was not usual to give Christmas presents to the older boys and girls, once they had made that fateful discovery regarding the real origin of the presents bestowed by the *Kindjen*. With the disappearing of the fond illusion, the gift plate also disappeared, unless perhaps something which would have had to be bought anyway was presented on that occasion. The colored eggs at Eastertime were also intended only for the little ones. Birthdays and similar family anniversaries were hardly noticed, except that something special might be served at table. I rather think it is better to do too little in that respect than too much, which is likely to turn the giving of presents into a real plague to the recipient no less than to the giver, apart from the fact that as a rule a regular interchange of these roles is expected.

But one festive occasion to which we looked forward above all others every year must not remain unmentioned: the Langenhorn

<sup>4</sup> A very tame, tiny bird, not to be confused with the American robin.

fair toward the end of August. We began counting the days a long way ahead. A preliminary celebration took place on Saturday in the form of a procession through the village street: teams of horses with all sorts of decorations on their manes and tails; mysterious circus wagons with strange faces peeping out of the windows here and there; the merry-go-round and the horses and dragons and boats belonging to it stowed away on other vehicles; a few dressed-up circus riders on horseback, and so forth. Stretched out on the grass-covered bank screening our farmyard, we looked on while all these splendors passed before our eyes, waking our desire. On Sunday afternoon at four o'clock the fair was "rung in" by the church bell. We were already there, of course, inspecting the town of booths that had sprung up overnight on our usual playground, comparing prices, casting longing glances toward the fruit stalls, having a try on the merry-go-round, probing into the secrets of the booths containing wild animals, making sure in every way to get our money's worth. To the gruesome accounts of murderous deeds that were sung to the accompaniment of a barrel organ with demonstrations on a large oil-cloth tableau divided up into rectangular pictures, we listened until we knew them by heart; I still remember a ghastly melodrama with six murders, whose scene was laid in Spain. In the evening we came home half-dead with the noise, the crowd, the heat, the dust and the odors, but happy none the less in the thought that our pleasures had barely begun. For the great day was Monday. Then visitors came from other villages, relatives and friends, who put up their wagons and horses; and the table was spread in every house. For us there was a little windfall of "fair money," and thus we retraced our steps to the fairground feeling like a Croesus. There was no end to our planning and budgeting so that we might get the most for our money. There we bought the first apples and pears of the season—ten for a shilling; they were still quite green as a rule, and the peculiar odor of unripe fruit has remained indissolubly connected in my mind with my recollection of the Langenhorn fair. We admired the tightrope artist performing in front of the circus riders' tent, and we gaped at the fire-eater showing his tricks at the entrance leading to the wild animals. But the roaring

of the lions and the growling of the bears, which could be heard inside, was an even greater attraction, so we plucked up our courage and risked our few shillings. In still another booth an armless man exhibited his art of writing with his foot. I still have the piece of paper on which he drew the picture of a rose, surrounded by the motto: "No rose without thorns!" And so it went on, until the day drew to an end. With an empty purse and sick at heart, we had to start for home at last, and even after the hardest working day one never felt so completely tired out as after this day at the fair. But that did not prevent us from beginning there and then to look forward to its return another year. In addition to our own fair at Langenhorn we sometimes visited the Bredstedt fair in October and the Leck fair in the spring. At the latter the Jutish cows were purchased, which were then fattened during summer on the marshland pastures in order to be sold at the autumn fair in Husum.

# *My First Two Schools*

1851-1862

WHAT I have said so far might almost lead the reader to think that, like Rousseau's *Émile*, I grew up without going to school. Such, however, was by no means the case. On the contrary, I started school at an unusually early age; I was less than five years old when my mother placed me under my first teacher, the reason being that she found it too difficult to take care of me at home. No nurse-maid was available who could always accompany and watch over me, and my mother, who was frequently quite alone at home, especially in summer, had her hands full in the household and therefore could not always keep an eye on me—the less so since I invariably endeavored to elude her vigilance in order to devote the freedom thus gained to pleasures of various sorts and above all to those specially prohibited aquatic delights. My mother told me in later years that, although she took good care to close all doors of the house, I soon found a way to open them, difficult though this was because our doors were not divided lengthwise, but horizontally, into an upper and a lower half. She described how I used to lift up the upper half, which was not within reach of my hands, by means of a stick propped against my chest, and how I then took hold of the latch of the lower half with both hands, pulling with all my strength and thus forcing the entire door open, after which I quickly absconded and disappeared from sight in search of play-mates.

To obviate this, I was now sent to school, beginning with Easter, 1851, to be taken care of there for at least six hours daily. The idea that schooling should begin with a lesser number of hours had not dawned on anyone yet, just as no one had ever heard of such things as hygiene or the overburdening of the pupils. I never heard of

them during all the years I spent at school. Thus, the principle of intermissions for recreation was as yet so undeveloped that we had only one recess in the morning and one in the afternoon. Even at the Altona *gymnasium*, where instruction was frequently carried on for five consecutive hours in the morning, we had only one intermission of fifteen minutes. The idea of closing school on excessively hot days was entirely unheard of. If the power of resistance on the part of the pupils against any kind of strain or effort continues to decrease, generation after generation, at the same rate as during the last, it is not at all unlikely that by the end of the century we shall find ourselves making tests in the classrooms at fifteen-minute intervals, measuring the degree of fatigue with the ergograph and the blood and room temperature with the thermometer, while at the same time observing pulse and respiration and making diagrams of the resulting two curves. Quite an encouraging prospect for the medical profession, since the number of physicians needed at school will then at least equal that of the teachers.

Between my fifth and my sixteenth year I attended two elementary schools at Langenhorn, both less than a fifteen-minute walk from our house, the one to the east, and the other—the so-called “Sexton’s School” (*Küsterschule*)—to the west. Strictly speaking, we belonged to the latter, and our neighbors sent their children there. But my parents preferred that I should attend the “Eastern School” (*Osterschule*), even though they had to pay an extra fee, their reason being that the other school was in highly unsatisfactory condition at the time; the schoolmaster was a drunkard whose only outstanding achievement was flogging. My own schoolmaster, on the other hand, who had been appointed only recently, was regarded as a very able teacher. In a comparative sense that may have been true enough. But what heights of excellence a really efficient elementary school teacher can reach I did not discover until I was transferred, in my eleventh year, to the other school, where the newly appointed sexton, Brodersen by name, became my teacher.

My first school is still fresh in my memory. The whole crowd of pupils, ranging from little children to half-grown boys and girls, was assembled in one large room. It was the rule in Schleswig-

Holstein that girls should be confirmed and leave the school at the age of fifteen, and boys at the age of sixteen. The pupils were divided into an upper and a lower grade, and this division found its visible expression in a broad passage dividing the room into two parts. The upper grade comprised about forty to fifty boys and girls occupying separate benches, whereas in the lower form boys and girls sat on the same benches and numbered about sixty to eighty. These were the figures during the winter; in summer they were reduced to one-half or even less. In imparting instruction the teacher devoted himself alternately to the lower and to the upper grade, giving most of his time to the latter. The others were silently at work in the meantime, those of the upper grade doing sums perhaps or practicing writing, while those of the lower grade devoted their efforts mainly to the task of learning to read. For in those days that was still an extremely difficult accomplishment, which it took years to acquire by the old method still in use at the school. Quite a number of pupils, especially those whose attendance was irregular, never attained any degree of proficiency. The method was as follows. The desks had frames attached to them to hold large printed cards, one for every two or three pupils under a "sub-assistant," that is, an older pupil acting as instructor and using a stick as pointer. First came a card with the letters; then one with syllables for spelling: *a-b, ab; b-a, ba*, and so forth; and after that, cards with words: *a-p, ap, f-e-l, fel—apsel*. Pupils might succeed in working their way through these cards in one or two years, or maybe three or four or even more. Then they were set to work studying the catechism, first the shorter and then the longer, so that now at last they might enjoy the benefit of their proficiency in the art of reading—by committing to memory what they had read!

As I had already learned to read before I went to school, I soon became one of the "sub-assistants." Through many an hour I thus made boys of twice my age spell out the syllables and words I indicated with my pointer—by no means always a pleasant or grateful task, for it happened not infrequently that some resentment made itself felt against that little Mr. Know-It-All. Nor were things bettered by the fact that the schoolmaster, whose pedagogic wisdom

all too often left much to be desired, would praise me before the others as a model pupil.

A day at school would be spent as follows. It began in the morning with singing and prayer, the entire school joining in; and it ended in the same way in the late afternoon. We had to sing standing, often to the point of exhaustion, and this by no means only in a figurative sense; on more than one occasion I literally collapsed in a faint brought on by the heat, the exertion, and above all the strain caused by the uncomfortable posture; one had to stand with knees bent, and wedged in between the bench and the desk. Then followed religious instruction, in which again the entire school took part—the lower form in a rather passive way, although I should not describe the attitude of the upper form as particularly active either. We had to rehearse the set formulas of the catechism and to repeat the predigestive interpretations added by the teacher. In connection with this, pertinent Biblical passages had to be recited or looked up in the Bible and read aloud. This whole procedure we used to call *examel halten* (quizzing). I can still see the teacher, who had a short leg, hobbling up and down the wide central aisle, and I still seem to hear his booming voice as he made us repeat after him all those formulas defining sin and repentance, grace and salvation, everlasting bliss and eternal damnation. Everlasting bliss was described as a continuous and ever-increasing delight—ever-increasing because if it remained the same, one would become accustomed to it, and then the delight would wane.

The reading lesson came next—spelling syllables and words for the younger pupils and reading in the Bible for the older. If anyone succeeded in successfully tackling names such as Tubal-Cain or Nebuchadnezzar without stumbling, he had reason to feel pleased with himself. Special attention was given to practice in finding a place in the Bible—say, 2 Cor. 7.14 or 1 Macc. 5.18. The one who found it first was privileged to read it aloud. What the text said was quite immaterial, the only purpose of the exercise being to fix the order of the Biblical books in our memory.

After that came the recess, the girls being excused first and the boys afterward; and then followed the arithmetic lesson. Here again



different tasks were given to different groups of pupils according to the degree of their proficiency, the problems ranging from learning numbers and addition to the rule of three and the extraction of roots. Not only in the lower but also in the upper grade the solution was demonstrated in a purely mechanical way. In solving a given problem, one first had to state it in terms of figures in such and such a form; this initial statement must be followed by such and such further steps which would finally lead to the correct result. All one had to do was to fix the initial "statement" and the subsequent operations in one's memory, just as in learning the catechism. No attempt was ever made to show us the logical necessity for it. The natural consequence was that one kept forgetting again and again. In the rule of three, in operations with fractions, in extracting roots, one always found oneself baffled by the ever-recurring question: "How do I make the statement?" After the method had thus been shown, we had to practice it by working out forty or fifty problems from the primer; and that was all, as far as the teacher was concerned.

The longed-for dismissal came with the noonday prayer at eleven o'clock. We all hurried home as fast as our legs would carry us, for we had had nothing to eat since early breakfast. Happy those who found the table spread! But in some homes there had been no time as yet for doing any cooking, and then one could see long faces. Some few pupils, whose parents lived at too great a distance, stayed at school over noontime and made a meal of the bread and butter they had brought with them. I also used to do this once in a while on stormy winter days and always enjoyed it as a change. Such is the craving of youth for "something different."

The afternoon began with the writing lesson. The younger pupils had to practice on a slate while the more advanced were copying with pen and ink model specimens, distributed among them, into a book. Quill pens were the only kind permitted. Every day the teacher had to spend the first half hour of this lesson in cutting pens from goose quills which we had to bring from time to time together with a penny for ink. During the next half hour he inspected and corrected what we had written.

The second afternoon lesson was likely to be more exciting; it was the hour devoted to recitation. Once a week we had to recite either the hymns and Scriptural passages we had learned by heart or the catechism. Everyone's turn came; no one escaped. Nor did any one of us escape the periodic infliction of punishment, its greater or lesser frequency depending as much on one's natural gift for memorizing as on industry and application. For some pupils it was a foregone conclusion; they were bound to be among those who got a thrashing. With something like suspense—a mixture of dread, mischievous satisfaction, and excitement such as accompanies the witnessing of any painful operation—we used to look forward to the moment when we should see the "rope's end"—it was a length of stout ship's rope—put into action for the first time, after which it was rarely laid aside again until the lesson was over. I do not remember having ever observed that this universal instrument for the punishment of all sins aided the faculty of recollection or elicited the memorized passages. I am much more inclined to think that the lamentations and tears of the afflicted, together with the thought of a similar fate impending over one's own self, induced inhibitions which became fatal to many a one who could have said his piece quite easily in a more propitious atmosphere. The industrious and timid pupils were the greatest sufferers; the lazy ones soon became so hard-boiled that it meant no more to them than the passing of a cloud over the sun. As I was able to read quite early, I came under this discipline at an unusually early age. I do not remember the incident myself; but my mother told me later that once, when I was still a child, she heard me crying in bed at night. In answer to her question as to what ailed me I told her that I had to recite the Interpretation of the Second Article on the following day but had not succeeded in learning it, for which I had been warned to expect another flogging. Whereupon she called on the teacher and made him see how unfair it was to expect a five-year-old to perform what was normally done by boys of twice that age. In this way, she concluded, the calamity threatening my back was averted for that once.

Sometimes this second afternoon hour was devoted to practice

in singing, which we also used to dread. For after singing in chorus, which was painless enough, we always had to sing solo, and there again we had to stand up and perform, one after the other, whether or not God had given us a voice and courage withal. To many of us it was real torture to have to sing like that before the entire school and risk becoming a laughing stock because of one's croaking. It happened not so rarely that a pupil submitted to punishment rather than utter a sound.

Instruction in German was also given during that hour. We had to rehearse the paradigms of the declensions and conjugations and to memorize prepositions governing the genitive, dative, and accusative; but above all we had to form sentences in order to practice the use of the prepositions, such as: along the river lies a stone; through eating we are satisfied. We had no reader, nor did we ever read or learn a poem other than those fateful hymns. I only remember that the teacher once read to us a poem, entitled "John the Merry Soap-Boiler," which made quite an impression on us because of its cheerful mood, forming a relieving contrast to the gray-in-gray monotone of the hymnbook. We also had to write themes, but only three or four in the course of the whole year—either a letter or a story or an essay. After everyone had written down on his slate all he could think of or get out of his family at home, the teacher dictated his own masterpiece, and we had to enter it in a book which was exhibited during public examinations. From one such occasion a passage has remained in my memory; it occurred in a letter we were supposed to write to a friend, telling him about the church visitation which had just taken place and saying that the "visiting Bishop had instilled confidence into us by this beautiful name alone." The phrase must have been engraved in my memory either by the unfamiliar word "instill" or by the equally strange noun "bishop"—the visitor being the Danish bishop, not the German general superintendent.

The last hour was devoted to geography and natural science. The instruction in geography also consisted largely of memorizing names. In a set order the frontiers, mountains, rivers, provinces, and towns of each country had to be learned by heart and recited.

Denmark and Palestine received the greatest attention, whereas I do not remember anything about Germany. Not a word about the Harz and Giants' Mountains in Germany, although we had to know the Côte d'Or and the Cévennes in France. The ninety-six towns of the Kingdom of Denmark I think I could manage to enumerate even today. Physical geography was also taught, including subjects such as the spherical shape of the earth with the proofs for it, and the division of its surface by parallel circles and meridians. The latter we had to study by cutting rings into the skin of a potato, no globe being available. Also there was a scarcity of maps, and if my father had not had a few old ones in his possession, on which I hunted for all the names, a good many more of the latter would have remained mere words to me than actually did so. Instruction in science was restricted to definitions of some few properties of bodies, which we had to repeat after the teacher; "elasticity is that property of bodies by means of which"—and so on. Reproductive power was defined as the property by which living bodies are distinguished from dead ones. This was exemplified by a story about King Christian II of Denmark, who was imprisoned in Sonderburg Castle for twenty-two years. He was said to have been in the habit of walking around a stone table with his fingernail resting on its top and thus to have worn a groove in the stone surface. That was because the nail had reproductive power, but not the stone.

Once or twice in summer the school made an excursion. On these occasions we were allowed to bring flowers or plants to the teacher and ask him to name them. I would not be so sure that the names he gave us were always botanically correct. But what did it matter! Those that could concern us in any way—the cultivated plants and the weeds—we probably knew quite as well as the teacher.

I cannot recall at what time I was promoted to the upper grade; but it must have been fairly early. What I do remember very distinctly is the procedure that was followed. A sort of examination was held before the upper-grade pupils, who then voted concerning the examinee's fitness for admission. All the candidates' names were written down on the large blackboard, and then we were presented, one at a time. One's exercise book was shown; one had to

read a paragraph, do a sum, or something of the kind. In each subject one was given a mark, which was posted on the blackboard; suggestions for it were offered by pupils, after which the teacher wrote down what he thought right. The total result determined the order in which we had to sit. That ended the proceedings, and then one stepped across that broad passage.

And now one was numbered with those from whose ranks an "upper assistant" was appointed for each day. When the teacher was present, the principal task of the "upper assistant" was to superintend the lower form, enforcing silence and lending a helping hand when one of the sub-assistants found himself in difficulties. The training school where the teacher had received his education must in some way or other have come under the spell of Bell and Lancaster, who established the monitorial system. When the teacher was absent, the "upper assistant" had to take his place also in the upper grade—a task which was not without its drawbacks. He or she—for the girls of course were not excluded—had then to keep the entire school in order and to write the names of transgressors or malefactors on the blackboard for subsequent corporal punishment. It need hardly be told at length how this sometimes led not only to serious conflicts of duties but also to fisticuffs. And the teacher's absences were quite frequent. He often went home to refresh himself with a cup of coffee or a pipe of tobacco. Frequently he brought his pipe with him to school; it had a long stem of cherry wood and a silver-rimmed bowl. If it went out, during a thrashing, for example, he pulled flint and steel from his pocket and struck fire. And then he never failed to sing the praise of tinder as being far better and much more reliable than those abominable new-fangled matches, which were just then coming into vogue. He used to dish up an anecdote about a boy who upon being asked by the king what he would do if he were king replied, "Mr. King, I should always smoke tinder."

The great occasion of the year was the church visitation, for which the *Propst* and the *Amtmann* came over from Husum. Each of the four schools in our parish sent its most advanced pupils. After the sermon these marched up the wide central aisle of the church

to be given a Sunday-school lesson in public by the pastor. As a rule it was not long before Provost Caspers took charge himself, and with far greater skill than the pastor. After the church ceremony had been concluded with an address to the parishioners of Langenhorn, delivered by the Provost in a curiously strident voice—I still seem to hear that long-drawn-out last syllable of *Langenhorn*—the school examination followed. One after the other the four teachers took the field, each with his own host. In those earlier years we *Oster-Langenhorners* usually distinguished ourselves, being inspired by the unswerving confidence with which our teacher led us to battle. One of the other teachers was a white-haired old man whose voice and hands were subject to such fits of trembling that he sometimes was hardly able to utter a word. Later on, after younger teachers had been appointed, things began to look different, and our own teacher had no longer any reason to feel proud. He soon found himself outdistanced, especially by the newly appointed sexton, to whose school I came to be transferred later. The principal subject of the examination I am speaking of was, of course, religious instruction. We had been drilled for it weeks in advance, rehearsing hymns and Biblical passages and, needless to say, the catechism, with the longer and the shorter explanations. The other subjects in which we were examined included mental arithmetic and geography. The former was our weakest point, our teacher himself making a poor showing when confronted with a problem offhand. In comparison with arithmetic we were shining lights in geography with our ninety-six towns of Denmark or the twelve tribes of Israel and their territories.

That was my first school, to which I went for seven years. On the whole it was a pure example of the type of elementary school that had been created in the sixteenth century and slightly further developed in the eighteenth century. Learning to read and write constituted the principal goal of teaching, the subject matter being furnished largely by religious instruction and above all by the catechism, with endless memorizing. Our “larger” catechism still dated from the Age of Enlightenment. Its first question was: “What is mankind’s highest desire?” And the answer: “Mankind’s highest

desire is to be contented and happy." To which contentment and happiness the way was then pointed out in the subsequent articles, numbering 163 or thereabouts, with longer and shorter elucidations. I cannot remember that this instruction ever made any impression on me, aside from those "painful" impressions during the recitation hour. And this teaching of the catechism served as the model for the form of instruction also in the other subjects: memorizing answers to memorized questions. Quite evidently Pestalozzi had never yet been heard of in the training school where our teacher had acquired his pedagogic art.

It was high time for me to leave a school which had nothing further to give me. I had long since learned all that was to be learned there. Had I been required to hold out another four years, up to my confirmation, a fatal stagnation in my mental development would probably have been the result. That I was already the head boy of the school could only have made matters worse.

For me it was a great good fortune that just then the sexton's post fell vacant, and that there was appointed to it a teacher to whom possibly I owe more than to any other teacher I have ever had. Brodersen was his name.

I well remember how he was elected. The parochial board, whose business it was to take the necessary steps, presented three candidates to the parishioners. The post was regarded as a good one. Many applications had been received, which were then sent round, together with the testimonials, to the twelve members of the board, my father being one of them. There were also numerous personal presentations. After that the "characters" were examined, and three candidates bearing the "first character" were proposed for election. One of these was Brodersen. He hailed from the neighboring village of Bargum and had been teacher for some years at Oldensworth, in Eiderstedt. An excellent reputation preceded him, and his election was regarded as a foregone conclusion even before the public test took place. A man still young, with a pale, narrow, and serious face, framed by a full dark beard—that is how I remember him, as he stood before us during his trial lesson in the presence of the assembled parishioners. The test had begun with organ play-

ing in the church, followed by singing, which was not one of his strong points, one of his competitors greatly excelling him in that respect. But now, when it came to teaching, he showed his real mettle and soon had the school firmly in hand. He was elected by a large majority.

The four years during which he was my teacher were of decisive importance for my intellectual development. For during these years my yearning for knowledge was born, and my intellectual abilities grew to such a degree that my longing for a university education was but the natural consequence. I doubt that I should ever have arrived at such a decision, had not Brodersen become my teacher. For until then even the mere possibility had hardly entered my mind.

I will briefly outline his way of teaching and describe its effect on me. The external conditions of the new school were on the whole the same as before—the same type of pupils, the same subjects of instruction, the same schedule of hours. In one respect, however, there was an improvement: the division of the school into two grades was now marked by a physical partition as well; only a makeshift partition, it is true, with a door in it, so that the classroom of the lower grade could only be entered through that of the upper. But the lower grade now had a teacher of its own, a pupil-teacher, who instructed it independently under Brodersen's supervision. This also did away with the disturbances caused by teaching two classes in one and the same room, although we ourselves had hardly been aware of that. But above all, Brodersen thus belonged entirely to the higher division. Instead of having to devote himself partly to children and partly to half-grown youths and girls, he could give his whole time to the pupils of the upper grade, admission to which depended on passing an examination. There were between forty and eighty boys and girls, the difference between summer and winter attendance being again very considerable, though hardly as great as in the former school. For the higher value of Brodersen's teaching was soon reflected in the increasing appreciation of parents and pupils and in more regular attendance.

When Brodersen came to Langenhorn, he was in the prime of



life—around thirty. His health, it is true, at times left something to be desired; but his mental vigor and the pleasure he took in his work were at their best. His social relations helped to enhance his joyous frame of mind, for he was highly respected throughout the community. In any social gathering he met with a warm welcome and was made much of. He felt quite at home on such occasions and himself took the lead in organizing a glee club—a so-called *liedertafel*. His position as teacher in Fiderstedt had been rather difficult and trying because of the sharp line of social division between large farmers on the one hand and agricultural laborers on the other, to neither of which groups he belonged. Here at Langenhorn he found himself in a more or less homogeneous social environment, the same in which he had grown up himself. His wife had been a Miss Jensen; her brother later became General Superintendent of Holstein. She also found the change beneficial in every way, even as to her health. And indeed Brodersen himself soon began to enjoy new health and vigor.

The distinguishing feature of the new method of teaching was that it appealed not merely to the memory but also to the understanding. In every lesson the pupils were made to think for themselves; and by gaining an insight into the subject the mind retained it as a permanent possession. Take arithmetic, for example. Now we had the why and wherefore brought home to us instead of merely memorizing the "statement." I well remember how I began to see daylight when Brodersen explained to us the extraction of roots. How does the square of a number of two digits come into being? Or in other words: what elements are contained in it? Arithmetical and algebraic examples were used, together with a geometric demonstration in order to show that the total square is made up of the square of the tens, the square of the units and twice the product of tens and units; so that, in order to find the root, one has to extract these elements. In the same way we discovered the secret of decimal fractions, cubic roots, and so forth. Of course, here again the pupils were divided into more- and less-advanced groups, to whom the teacher devoted himself by turns while the others were occupied with the problems set them. The more proficient pupils

were also initiated into algebra and geometry. That began with the use of  $x$  to denote the unknown quantity which had to be found. I well remember our delight when we realized that this mysterious  $x$  enabled us to solve problems we could not tackle in any other way. One simply attacked them from behind, so to speak, by using this treacherous  $x$  as a weapon and regarding them as solved, whereupon their resistance was at an end. During my last year at the school I spent considerable time in solving problems contained in a textbook of algebra whose author's name was Sass. Had I not then learned how to solve algebraic equations, I should probably never have learned it at all, most certainly not at the *gymnasium*. My knowledge of the elements of geometry I also owe to Brodersen's teaching. I do not remember how far we progressed or how many took part; but there were a considerable number, including some girls. We had a book in which we entered our theorems and demonstrations together with neatly executed diagrams, and this was a possession of which we were proud. Many a geometrical figure drawn with chalk upon a wall bore witness to the joy and zeal with which the understanding began to take possession of a field that was its very own: the compelling force of conceptual and logical thought, brought to bear on the infinite variety of phenomena, imbued us with a sense of power and elation. No less delightful and stimulating were the lessons in mental arithmetic. Here we were taught how to render unwieldy masses of figures manageable, getting the better of them by all sorts of devices and tricks—by supplementations and transformations and what not. The cleverest one at it and the first to find the solution was privileged to demonstrate how he had done it. In this way our understanding was mobilized, so to speak. All we had done until then was to solve problems in a dull and mechanical way, following a given example, always afraid lest we should forget the initial "statement" or the whole scheme. But now we had a feeling that we had invented the method ourselves and thus were its masters.

It was the same with the other subjects: German, science, and geography. In the German lessons we had to do syntactic exercises, distinguishing between subject and predicate or between principal

and subordinate clauses. Soon we began to find pleasure in analyzing complicated constructions. Again we had no reader and never read anything. But the teacher read stories and poems to us, which we had to tell again, either orally or in writing. Written exercises were now set regularly every two weeks; we usually had to re-tell a story that had been read to us only once. This compelled us to concentrate on the thread of the narrative so as to retain it and be able to fit the details together again. I always enjoyed these exercises, especially the appreciative remarks written underneath by the teacher. Other themes were sometimes provided by other fields of instruction such as science, religion, and geography. And letters, of course, we had also to write. We always eagerly looked forward to the hour during which these essays were returned to us—a sure sign of the interest that had gone into their making. As a reward we were sometimes given riddles to solve during the remaining part of that hour. I still remember some of them and also how our minds were set in motion by this pastime. I regard it as an excellent means to rouse the pupil's interest and sharpen his wits.

Geography and science likewise took on an entirely different aspect. Everyone who could afford to buy an atlas was urged to do so. To me Schubert's atlas—no matter how short it may fall of the latest achievements in cartography—proved a veritable treasure. I still have those old maps, and the marks with which they are studded show how frequently they were consulted. Now for the first time we were given a solid foundation for the visualization of geographic facts. Of course even the atlas could not show us what mountains and rocks were like; so I suppose I continued to picture mountains in my mind as huge accumulations of sand and clay, these being the constituents of our own humble Mt. Stolberg. Nevertheless, our new teacher succeeded in giving us an idea of the interrelation between mountain ranges and river systems. I well remember how he showed the four principal mountain chains of central Germany as starting in opposite directions from the Fichtelgebirge as their pivot and then assigned to the four rivers rising there—the Main, the Saale, the Eger, and the Naab—their courses between those ranges. My natural predilection for geography was

greatly stimulated by such considerations. If once a pupil's eyes are opened to the light, even at a single point, he will, with a receptive mind, find his own way. Whatever geographical knowledge I gleaned from my school days I owe entirely to the village school of Langenhorn; nothing was added to it at the *gymnasium* of Altona, although in later years I read a good deal of geographical literature, not only travel descriptions, but also theoretical treatises.

In the field of science the instruction in physics, unpretentious as it was, took my special fancy. Botany and zoology were not taught, except that each week the picture of some animal was hung up, and we were encouraged to draw it. But those lessons in physics were stirring experiences. No apparatus—even of the simplest description—being available, experiments were never made at school. But the elementary truths of statics and mechanics, as well as of heat, were explained to us so lucidly that I forthwith proceeded to put them to the test by homemade experiments of my own, especially the principles of the lever and of the syphon. The latter attracted me especially as having something to do with water, my favorite element. Tubes of bent glass or rubber were not available; I doubt that anything of the sort could have been bought in the entire district of Bredstedt, most certainly not in our village. So I myself had to invent what I needed. Everywhere in the fields I saw dandelion plants growing, and by immersing their long, hollow stalks in water I succeeded in giving them the shape of a bent tube, the shorter arm of which I then dipped into a pail filled with water. And lo, the miracle happened: the water rose and flowed across the rim of the pail! A theoretical insight had thus been translated into actual experience, and even in later years I continued to turn this method to practical account for various domestic purposes. In many other similar attempts I was equally successful. The very fact that it was left to my own ingenuity and invention to devise such experiments and to provide what was necessary for them caused those elementary truths to be more indelibly impressed on my mind and imagination than they might have been if in our study of physics we had had the finest equipment available. Poverty stimulates invention, while abundance smothers one's energy. That also applies

in this instance: once everything has been demonstrated by beautiful experiments and accounted for theoretically there is nothing left for the pupil himself to do, and he can go to sleep with a feeling that all is well.

Curiously enough I have no recollection of any instruction in history, either in my first or in my second school. Gorm the Ancient and Ansgar are the only names that seem to have stuck in my memory. Whether they were the only ones we ever heard I cannot say. But as far as I remember we never heard a word about any kings of Denmark or any dukes of Holstein nor about any German emperors or Prussian kings. It may be that Gustavus Adolphus was mentioned in connection with the history of the Reformation, but I am not sure. Could it have been that any direct teaching of history had to be omitted on account of the difficult political situation? Or was the teaching such as to leave no trace in my memory? I cannot say.

Religious instruction differed least from that in the former school, both as regards the new teacher's method and the results achieved by him. Our "larger" catechism, it is true, was now replaced by a new one, its author being Bishop Balslev, of Ribe. As far as I remember, it adopted the scheme of neo-Lutheran orthodoxy and contained an epitome of the system of dogmatics, conceived in the spirit of that new faith and dealing at length with such matters as the doctrine of the two natures and the three offices of Jesus, the way of salvation leading through recognition and confession of our sins, through repentance and penance, faith and justification, to sanctification and eternal bliss. Of all these things we were able to give account in the form of forceful definitions. But I do not remember that any impression was ever made in this way either on our minds or on our hearts. No doubt the teaching was as satisfactory as can be expected in any elementary school. Not its method, but its subject matter was to blame for the fact that it fell on deaf ears. After all, what can a boy know about such things as sin and grace, or what does he care about a God-Man and the salvation achieved by him? To his healthy, youthful mind, happily busying itself with the concerns of this present world, they will al-

ways remain foreign words, which he learns to repeat, but which do not express anything that comes within the purview of his inner life. Somewhat more suitable for our years were the Biblical stories from the Old and the New Testament, which we had to learn by heart every week. Many a colorful picture of human life, many a well-coined expression, and many a pregnant phrase have remained in my mind and helped to mold my thought and speech. But I cannot say that at that time even these things roused any lively interest on my part, or that they provided food for reflection, as did the instruction in German, physics, or mental arithmetic. One accepted them without reflection or objection, but that was all. A very unwelcome feature was having to learn them by heart; for that, of course, continued all the time, even though it now was relegated a little more to the background.

I should like to say a few words about the instruction in writing, drawing, and singing. Its methods were quite different from those in use at the former school. Drawing was a new subject altogether; it gave me great pleasure, although on the whole it was restricted to mere copying, especially of ornamental designs. I might really have learned something if we had been taught to draw from life. In the writing lessons, in which we had hitherto copied printed models, the teacher now wrote on the blackboard, and we had to imitate his writing, counting aloud to keep in step—a method by which his own handwriting was drilled into the fingers of his pupils. The teaching of singing was now based on simple theoretic instruction. We were taught the musical notes and scales; we had a small book of music containing melodies of popular hymns; we practiced part singing, and even learned a few secular songs. All this enabled me to obtain at least a glimpse of a field which is on the whole rather unfamiliar to me. To some songs I took such a fancy that I not only sang them to myself out-of-doors (although I doubt that God ever intended me to be a singer), but even taught them to a girl cousin of mine, together with the notes. For a time I was passionately devoted to the singing of patriotic songs in praise of Schleswig-Holstein and of the German Fatherland. In some way or other I had got hold of a book containing such songs

with their melodies—it goes without saying that such a thing would have been impossible at school—and now I learned and practiced both words and music as best I could. Songs such as “*Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland?*”, the Blücher Song, “*Es war auf Jütlands Auen*,” and of course “*Schleswig-Holstein meerumschlungen*”—I knew them all from the first stanza to the last and sang them when I was in the fields alone. In this way a stimulating method of instruction yielded some fruit even from barren soil.

I had always been fond of reading; but only a few books had so far come my way. One or two titles I have already mentioned. The book to which I returned again and again was the Bible, especially the tales of the Old Testament—the Books of the Maccabees, Tobit, Esther, and others. But now my literary appetite was to find fresh pastures. My teacher installed a small school library, containing popular books for boys and girls by such authors as Nicritz, O. v. Horn, and others. For a fee of one “bank shilling” (less than one cent) we were allowed one book a week. I read many of these books and—be it said despite our present-day reformers of juvenile literature—I greatly enjoyed them, nor am I aware that either my soul or my good taste suffered any damage thereby. Some of these tales remained so dear to my memory that I later gave them to my own children to read—such as: “Fred and Nat,” “Under French Rule” (a patriotic novel dealing with smuggling at the time of Napoleon’s Continental System), “Prince Wolfgang of Anhalt,” “The Siege of Vienna (1683),” and other books. They enlarged my mental horizon, improved my German, both in speaking and in writing, and they enriched me in every way. As to the spirit of persecution now raging against these writers among our superintelligent Hamburg pedagogues, it seems to me but another instance of that inordinate craze for reformations and innovations which is on the rampage in these days—stalking about like a roaring lion, on the hunt for something it can devour. It is true that some of those books are of little or no value; but it is no less true that there are many good books among them, and that it is senseless to condemn juvenile literature as such. There have always been such books, and there always will be. To apply

adult standards of taste to them is a mistake. The harmless pleasure young people find in startling events, their natural predilection for a "happy ending"—why should anyone take it amiss or wish to abolish it? It is useless to give them books to read which they do not find worth while themselves, no matter how worthy they may be from other points of view. The assistant teacher sometimes lent me one of his own treasures—a volume of Oehlen-schläger or something of that sort; I sampled it, but did not find it to my taste. Indeed I must confess that I did not fare any better even with Schiller's works some years later, when I was at the *gymnasium* of Altona. I read "Don Carlos" and I read "The Maid of Orleans," but—to use the words of Gretchen in Goethe's *Faust*—I felt respect for them, but no desire.

A few words might be added here about a subject now frequently under discussion—the question of coeducation. During my ten years at our village school I had ample opportunity for observation and can only say that the companionship of boys and girls at school or elsewhere always seemed to us a matter of course. I doubt that the idea of any difference in the intellectual equipment of the two sexes ever entered our minds. Girls were expected to keep up with the boys, and they did. Stupid and clever pupils were to be found in both sexes. As regards the influence of coeducation on the more intimate relations between boys and girls, it was only toward the latter years that sex differences began to make themselves felt in a faint and indeterminate way. Now and then mutual attraction led to closer relations, outlasting the school days; I seem to remember that usually it was the girls who took the initiative by little attentions or harmless flirtations. I will not deny that in some few cases the intercourse was not quite so harmless, and here again it was the girls who led the way, the boys being more prudish or shy. But I should refuse to lay the blame for such occurrences on the school or on any contact between the sexes for which the school could be held responsible. There were plenty of opportunities for boys and girls to meet outside of school, if they wished to do so; and I rather think it was owing to the close and long-continued daily contacts at school that even in



those less harmless cases there were no real excesses. Of course it is quite a different question whether what was possible and fitting at a village school must also be feasible anywhere else—in large cities, for example, or under different social and moral conditions.

Owing to the fact that our teacher was the sexton of the parish, I was also drawn into the service of the Church; for the two boys at the head of the school were his assistants and substitutes. At that time the office of a sexton was in no way regarded as derogatory to the dignity of the teaching profession, at any rate where we lived. Quite the contrary; the sexton was regarded in his own person as the head schoolmaster of the parish. In earlier days he was often the only teacher who had been educated at a training-school; indeed, even in my time there still was one teacher in our parish who had had no such training. Formerly there had been a separate post for the organist at Langenhorn; but now the sexton had to perform the organist's duties as well, which also implied a further addition to his income. Thus we had our share in all the various activities of the Church—divine service on Sundays, celebrations of the Holy Communion, and above all, funeral processions.

Our Sunday duties began with a preliminary function on Saturday morning, when we had to call on the pastor, in order to "fetch the numbers"—the numbers, that is to say, of the hymns and verses to be sung on Sunday. We first brought these to the sexton and then went to the church, where we chalked the numbers in large figures on signboards distributed over the building and its four galleries. We also had to wind up the clock which stood on the pulpit by the side of an old hourglass, no longer in use, but still preserved. It goes without saying that on such occasions we explored every nook and cranny of the old church; for us it held no secrets. Sometimes we went up to the loft, where we leaped from one beam to another; one false step on the brittle old boards with nails driven through them from beneath might easily have resulted in a fatal fall from that giddy height. Occasionally I had to accompany the sexton when he went to tune the organ, in order to strike the keys for him. On Sundays our duties

began at nine or ten o'clock, according to the hour of divine service. First we had to call at the sexton's for the announcements to be posted on the main entrance gate of the churchyard, the so-called *stegel*. Then we had to nail these posters to wooden boards and affix the latter to the gate. Bell ringing (Frisian: *renge*) required stronger arms than ours; but we did have to pull the *klempe*, a rope attached to the clapper, just before and after the sermon, in order to make that event known throughout the community. We had to give six strokes, separated by fairly long intervals and followed by three further strokes in rapid succession. Apparently it was the prayer bell, intended to bring stay-at-homes in touch with the assembled congregation. This way of sounding the bell also served as a call to prayer on weekdays—at eight A.M. and four P.M. in winter and at six o'clock in summer. I wonder whether the number of strokes corresponds to some old prayer, for it does not quite fit the Lord's Prayer. On high festivals and for the celebration of Holy Communion we had to light the tall wax candles, as thick as an arm, which stood on the altar, and had to fetch the communion plate, together with wine and bread, from the pastor and take it back to him afterward. Another duty of ours was to set up the collection plates at the entrance gate and watch over the contributions—a service for which we were paid then and there right out of the collections the sum of twenty *pfennige* (five cents) each as our *praecipuum*.

But the most important and remunerative of all our services was in connection with funeral processions. A distinction was made between "silent" funerals (*stille leichen*) and those for which a religious service at the home of the deceased was requested, including the singing of hymns by schoolboys. Speaking generally, the latter form was still the rule, especially in the more remote and religious-minded sections of the parish. The stipulated number of boys, ranging from six to sixteen, was selected by the sexton, but the two church attendants (*kirchendiener*) were always included, so that in the course of a year I must have sung at twenty or thirty graves. We were due at the house of mourning half an hour or so before the religious service. Stand-

ing in the door of the *pesel*, where the dead body was laid out, the coffin being invariably left open, we softly said a prayer. Then we were taken to another room, where hot mulled beer with pieces of white bread in it stood on the table, each one of us finding by the side of his plate a large wheat roll into which had been inserted the gratuity for our forthcoming singing, ranging from a Danish quarter-shilling piece to one Danish *mark* (two to ten cents). We had to sing before and after the clergyman's address, which was called the *abdankung*. Meanwhile the coffin was closed and lifted onto a cart provided by one of the neighbors. Then the sexton or his substitute took his place at the head of the procession, walking in front of the boys. As the procession started from the homestead, we sang a verse of a hymn and thus again at intervals during our progress to the church. At the churchyard gate the procession halted. The bearers, who were neighbors of the deceased, now lifted the coffin onto a bier; they had also dug the grave under the sexton's directions. Preceded by the singing boys, the coffin was then carried twice around the church and thus to the open grave. As the coffin was being lowered, we sang the hymn "*Begrabt den Leib in seine Gruft*" (Bury the Body in Its Grave). After the clergyman's prayer and benediction we sang another verse and then proceeded to the church, to listen to the real "funeral sermon" (*leichenpredigt*), which invariably contained a brief account of the life of the deceased. Of course we had to sing again at the beginning and at the end of the sermon. Sometimes the distance of the house of mourning from the church was so considerable that the service kept us pretty late; and in such cases we used to fortify ourselves during the sermon by munching the large wheat roll we had pocketed.

That we were deeply moved on such occasions, grieving over the deceased or haunted by the fear of death and the grave, I cannot assert. On the contrary, these outings sometimes took rather a merry turn, and our conduct was perhaps not always calculated to add to the solemnity of the occasion. Thus I remember how on one occasion an apple cart, which had been driven along the same road before the funeral procession, had spilled a small

part of its load from time to time. The sight of the first apples and the prospect of more to come was so irresistible that our pace became faster and faster, until finally we lost sight of the hearse altogether. Another time we took special delight in the novelty of a water trip on a late autumn day to a distant homestead which could be reached only by boat. The coffin had also to be transported by boat, and I have no doubt that our voices rang out twice as lustily over the water. Thus we became in a measure hardened against the impressions generally associated with death and the grave. The dead body laid out in the house of mourning, the bones and skulls thrown up with the earth from the newly dug grave—sights such as these soon left us as cold as they did the gravediggers in *Hamlet*.

At Easter in 1862 I left the school, having attended it during the past six months only as a part-time pupil, as I had in the meantime started on my higher studies. It would be an overstatement to speak of painful feelings in bidding my teacher goodbye—I doubt that painful feelings ever predominate on such occasions—but I was deeply conscious of heartfelt gratitude for all that he had given me during those years. He was a teacher by the grace of God, if ever there was one. Clear-thinking and self-confident, giving himself wholeheartedly to his work, and therefore always cheerful and at ease, yet not lacking the needful gravity or even severity, when that was called for. I was made to feel the latter myself, more than once, when my youthful spirits got the better of me; but I do not think that anyone ever bore him a grudge for that reason. One always felt that the punishment was necessary, and one also felt how indignant he was to have to resort to such measures at all. He knew, as few others did, how to make his pupils, instead of learning mere words, grasp the realities for which they stand. All the more gifted ones followed his instruction with spontaneous enthusiasm such as I have never found again except among university students. It was one of the great pleasures of my life to be able to present myself to him as a professor of education and to tell him what his example had meant to me in this capacity.

# *The Beginning of My Higher Studies*

1861-1863

**M**Y PARENTS had naturally taken it for granted that I, their only son, was destined to succeed them on the farm and homestead. But it was easy to see that my own inclinations and talents did not point in that direction. Nor did my parents shut their eyes to this fact. For a considerable time I had been showing a more eager interest in books than seemed fitting for a farmer. On the other hand, my interest in oxen and sheep, or in the prices they fetched, as well as my ability to identify and recognize individual animals and appreciate their good points had often failed to come up to even very moderate expectations. More than once I had to hear the reproach: "You will never become a real farmer in all your life." This was particularly likely to happen when I had been calling on relatives or friends and then was quite unable to give a satisfactory account of what I had seen and heard—the condition of the growing grain, the progress of the harvest, the successful rearing or marketing of horses and cows. Conversation in those circles was restricted altogether to agricultural affairs, and these were dealt with from a narrowly practical point of view. My lack of interest in such things entailed a lack of memory, too, and thus I often found myself regarded as ignorant in comparison with other boys of my age, who were sometimes set up as examples for me to emulate. Experiences such as these did not make me like those things any better. Indeed, some of the agricultural tasks I had to perform became altogether hateful to me; harrowing, especially, which usually fell to my share, was a real torture. It certainly cannot be counted among the pleasures of rural life to stumble the whole day long over newly plowed land, with a sharp wind blowing, and to swallow the dust stirred up by the harrow.

I remember one such occasion when, thinking myself unobserved, I cried out with impatience, anger, and disgust, whereupon the wife of a neighbor, who had heard me, put me to confusion and shame by asking me what was the matter.

Thus it came about that one day—it must have been during my fourteenth year—as I was sitting with my parents over our evening tea, they once again reprovèd me, saying that I should never become a capable farmer. I quickly interrupted them with the unexpected, though by no means unpremeditated, retort: “Neither do I want to be a farmer!” Whereupon my mother asked me: “Well then, what do you want to be?”—“I want to go to the university!”

For a long time to come this remained the principal subject of our conversation. In their first surprise my parents had perhaps hardly taken my remark quite seriously. But when I brought the subject up again and again and was insistent with the obstinacy characteristic of young people, I met with equally determined opposition on their part. My mother especially, who had the readier tongue, advanced all possible reasons against my project. She was able to paint the advantages of a farmer’s life in vivid colors, and there was one point to which she recurred again and again. The farmer, she said, is the only really free man in the land; everyone else, especially all professional people, have to serve others. The farmer looks after his own affairs with no one to say him nay; he does what he thinks fit without having to listen to anyone else. Officials, clergymen, teachers, on the other hand, always have to conform to set rules; they have to submit their work to the judgment and control of others, and if they are reprovèd they cannot answer back.

In later years I have often recalled those words which my dear mother then spoke to me, and I fancy I should have done so even more frequently, had I not had the good fortune to find my vocation in the academic profession. In all seriousness, had I not become a professor I rather think a farmer’s life would have suited me best. But at that time such considerations were altogether beyond my ken and therefore failed to make any impression on me.

What I really had in mind for the moment was the pursuit of higher studies as such, rather than any profession. In countering my parents' objections my strongest argument was the following: Supposing, I would say, I were forced to become a farmer against my own inclination, what would be the consequence? Undoubtedly—and I had concrete examples by which to press the matter home—the consequence would be that, once I had become my own master, I should lead a life of idleness, reading newspapers and books and quaffing my long pipe, or at most strolling across the fields—just like Mr. H. or Mr. L., the shocking examples which vexed my parents every day. Could they, I would ask, being the hard-working people they were, wish to see me lead such a useless existence?

By slow degrees my parents became accustomed to the idea, and then the further question arose, "What did I want to study?" On one point my mother was firm: I was not to become a lawyer; for the lawyers, she insisted, were the worst of all, making a living from other people's misfortunes. When she found that I was not averse to the idea of studying theology, the prospect of seeing her son in the pulpit some day began to work its spell on her maternal heart. Her conscience also began to stir; supposing I was called to be a chosen vessel of the Lord, was it not their bounden duty to set their own wishes aside? What she herself owed to preachers was of transcendent import, such as her whole spiritual life and the salvation of her soul, and therefore she could not conceive of any earthly calling that was greater and more important and, of course, also more difficult than that of the "priest"—as he is still called in the Frisian language.

Once my mother had been won over and had been induced to see my wishes in a more favorable light, my father, who had been more reticent from the first and who had great respect, both in-born and acquired, not only for the clerical profession, but also for brainwork of any description, could not find it in his heart to oppose by a decisive "No" the determined will by which he found himself confronted. Some little persuasion on the part of my teacher Brodersen did the rest, and thus in the summer of

1861 my father conditionally consented to my request. He proposed to have a talk about me with Pastor Thomsen; if the latter were willing, he said, to undertake the experiment, he would raise no further objections, but let him put me to the test to see whether I had the necessary qualifications for academic studies. Pastor Thomsen had already prepared several boys from Langenhorn and neighboring villages for the *gymnasium*; he agreed to undertake the task, and it was arranged that my lessons were to begin early in the coming autumn.

At that time I did not realize the magnitude of the sacrifice which my parents made for me. My mind was filled with joy and gratitude and with thoughts about myself, now that I was free to follow my bent for books; but to my parents or to what all this meant for them I hardly gave a thought. This naïve selfishness is typical of young people: so long as they have their own way, all is right with the world. The abandonment of long-cherished hopes implied in my parents' consent; the protracted and anxious cares and worries they were about to take upon themselves, worries about the spiritual as well as the material welfare of their only son which were destined to continue for ten long years; the prospect of having to look forward to a lonely old age—all these were considerations which made no impression on me, if they entered my mind at all. Youth knows no pity. My father was getting on in age; he was fifty-six, and when he walked across the fields, following the plow with his steady, measured step, he now would no longer be comforted by the hope that after him his son and heir would enjoy the fruits of all the thought and labor he had bestowed upon the improvement of his soil. But in those days such thoughts seldom occurred to me. And he himself would have been the last to utter them—least of all in speaking to me. He was not a man of many words, especially not of futile words. "Having given my consent," he would have said, "I have to put up with the consequences; things are not made easier by useless complaints." To work—just because there is work to do and without engaging in any profound speculations concerning the ultimate purpose of such work—that was his way; he never deviated



from that practice, even in his ripe old age, and he found his happiness in it. I am not so sure whether what Nature thus taught him may not be Wisdom's ultimate conclusion. Goethe seems to have thought so: "To accomplish the tasks of the day"—that was his answer to the question about man's destination.

On October 5, 1861—it was my father's birthday—Pastor Thomsen gave me my first lesson in Latin from five to six o'clock in the afternoon. The windows of his study were open, and the autumnal odor of asters and mignonette was coming in from the garden; it is a fragrance which never fails to recall those bright autumn days to my mind. For a year and a half I thus walked day after day to the parsonage, a walk of about ten minutes. Not a single lesson was ever omitted, I think, although Pastor Thomsen was engaged to be married and celebrated his wedding during that time.

During the first six months Latin was the only subject he taught me, while I continued to attend Brodersen's school in the forenoon. His instruction fell on fertile soil. We used Kühner's "Shorter Latin Grammar" as textbook, in which my daily task was set, including the learning of words and exercises in composition. Within a few days I had mastered the declension and some rudiments of conjugation. I well remember how I once said to my father, as I was walking by his side, following the plow, that the old Romans called that: *agricola arat agrum*; and how at another time I was pacing up and down our garden and drilling the declension of *pugna acris*; and also how I felt baffled by the problem as to whether it could really be correct to say *rana magna* and not *magnus*, since there could surely be no doubt that *der frosch* (the frog) was a he, just as *die kröte* (the toad) was a she! We made rapid progress; by the end of those first six months I had got through the textbook grammar and was reading selected chapters from Curtius's "History of Alexander the Great," which were attached as an Appendix. When I once pointed out a printer's error in the text, suggesting how it ought to read, my teacher looked up in surprise: "Who says so?" To which I replied: "But surely this form is not right here?" That was my first "emendation"!

During that same winter I also attended the regular instruction provided for candidates for confirmation, which in that year was given by the other pastor. It made no impression on me that I can remember. To the same dogmatics which we had learned at school from the catechism were now added some further Biblical passages and once in a while an argumentation in the spirit of scholastic theology. The proof for the eternity and omnipresence of God may serve as an example: God has created Time and Space, and for that reason He cannot be enclosed in Time and Space. Nor did I receive any more lasting impressions from the confirmation itself or from the Confession of Sins and the Holy Communion which followed it. There is one incident, however, of which I have a very vivid recollection. I had received my first suit of broadcloth for the occasion, and the tailor had made some blunder in cutting the sleeves, with the consequence that he had to insert a wedge-shaped piece at the shoulder-seam. The thought of this defect was never out of my mind, as we marched up the center aisle and then stood in line to repeat the confession of faith, one after the other. I had a feeling that the eyes of the entire congregation were fixed on that patched hole in my coat.

From that time the entire day was devoted to my studies, which were now pushed forward with a vengeance. To Latin were added—almost at one and the same time—five other languages: Greek, Hebrew, French, English, and Danish. Mathematics and history were also included, and every four weeks I had to write a German essay. A whole library of dictionaries, grammars, and text editions had to be acquired, so that my mother threw up her hands in astonishment: "You have to read all those through?"

How was it possible? The question is bound to occur to many readers in these days, when one hesitates to add even one more language to the one begun the preceding year. The simple reason was that nobody ever asked whether it was possible or not. In the *sekunda*<sup>1</sup> of the *gymnasium* in Altona these five languages were all taught at the same time, and therefore they had to be included in my preparatory instruction. For it was understood that

<sup>1</sup> See p. 140.

this instruction was to prepare me for admission to the *sekunda*. Neither my teacher nor I ever questioned the possibility of it; I just regarded it as a matter of course. And "overburdening" was a word no one had ever heard in our happy village. I may, however, add some particulars which I heard from Pastor Thomsen long afterward; it was in 1889 when during a stay at Glücksburg I looked him up at Sterup, in Angeln, which was his parish at that time. When my father first called on him, Pastor Thomsen told me, and asked him to give me private lessons, he added: "*Herr Pastor*, please work him right hard from the very first, so that we can see whether he has really got it in him!" So the pastor promised that he would go ahead at such a pace that, if I could keep up with him, he could say for certain that I was fit to go in for a university education. I can bear testimony to the fact that my excellent teacher kept his word—he did work me right hard! But I never found the work too much. I doubt if I could recall any other time when I enjoyed my work more or was conscious of a more prosperous development than during that year.

Latin always remained the most important subject. I began to read Livy, Vergil, Cicero—not without some difficulty at first; in reading the Aeneid I found it rather hard for a time to get the transposed words into their proper order. But continuous exercise soon trained my eye, and I managed to get through the first two books of the Aeneid during that year. Pastor Thomsen did not hold with long explanations, either about linguistic questions or about the subject matter, and I entirely agree with the principle on which he based his method. Talking about a language, stating rules and exceptions, pointing out tropes and figures of speech, enlarging upon literary elegance and stylistic beauty—all this does not help a beginner to get anywhere. Practice in reading and imitating is all that is needed to give his mind a ready grasp; and then some theoretical reflections may put the finishing touch to his comprehension. Livy's first two books gave me great pleasure; the form attracted me no less than the content. His style and my efforts to imitate his periods gave me the first real taste of the peculiar character of the Latin language. For Cicero I did not

care so much; we first read his oration against Dejotarus and then his speeches against Catiline. Latin composition was diligently practiced; I had a special liking for it, and whenever I thought I had succeeded in skillfully paraphrasing a noun or transforming it into a sentence or writing a well-turned passage in the form of indirect speech, it gave me a feeling of intense satisfaction. I had to retranslate from a German version of Muretus's "Letters," while Pastor Thomsen held the Latin original in his hand, and then we compared my beginner's Latin from time to time with the elegant style of the well-known Humanist. It seems to me a very helpful exercise.

For the Greek lessons we again used Kühner's "Shorter Grammar." The mere fact that it was arranged exactly like the Latin grammar gave one a feeling that the language was already more or less familiar. We got through it no less speedily than through the Latin grammar, finishing it, like the latter, in half a year or so. Then we turned our attention to Homer and read selected parts of the *Odyssey*, including the beginning, the events on Ithaca, the scenes relating to the Goddess Calypso, and the descent into Hades—five books altogether. We also read two of Plutarch's biographies, whereas Xenophon, the customary fare, was quite passed over. As far as I remember, Homer did not impress me very greatly, although the events related in the *Odyssey* were quite new to me. I suppose the beginner's attention is so monopolized by the language that he is unable to give much thought to the contents. In the same way the *Iliad* failed to make any great impression on my blunted mind when I read it later at the *gymnasium*. Not until I re-read Homer's poems in my late twenties, after I had graduated from the university, did I come to appreciate their peculiar charm and beauty. I rather think the age at which Homer is usually read in Greek at school is about the most unreceptive age for that purpose. The boy revels in fabulous tales, and the man gladly returns to the world of fancy and imagination. But during the intervening years of adolescence the mind is perhaps more set on the world of reality and therefore less receptive to the harmless play of fancy than at any other time.

Is it not the same with the creations of the imagination which we find in the stories of the Old Testament? As soon as the mind becomes alive to the question as to whether things such as the Creation or the Flood really happened, the child's naïve interest is a thing of the past.

In French and English we also made haste to get through the elementary stages. I can hardly recall the instruction in grammar, for which we used the textbooks by Ahn. In English we read Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield*, without any response on my part to its naïve charm. I do not remember that we ever read a French author; perhaps we never did. But I had to do quite a lot of French composition. I have never looked again at any French or English grammar since those days; and what I added to my knowledge at the *gymnasium* was practically nil. It was not until in later years, when I had to read French and English books for the sake of their content, that I made any further progress.

Then there were the Danish lessons. The elements of the language I learned from a small booklet by Blichert, and the reader we used afforded so much practice that, when I entered the *sekunda* of the Altona *gymnasium*, where Ingemann's novels were read, I found myself able to read them quite easily at sight, as I still do today.

Since I was to study theology, the rudiments of Hebrew were also included in our program, our textbook being a grammar by Seffer. The declension and conjugation I mastered without any great difficulty; but I have always found it very hard to retain Hebrew words in my memory, there being no link whatsoever to connect them with any familiar words, both as regards etymology and word formation. None the less I was to shine as a Hebrew scholar among my fellow pupils at the Altona *gymnasium*.

History I learned from little notebooks which my teacher had written with his own hand and which I copied and memorized. Dealing with ancient, German, and Danish history, they contained the most indispensable facts within the narrowest possible limits—above all, lists of rulers, wherever there were any, with a brief statement of the most important events. At that time I think

I could have given the correct dates of the reign of any Roman or German emperor or Danish king—so incredibly willing was my memory in those days!

I have not much good to say about Pastor Thomsen's instruction in mathematics. I suppose I had been rather spoiled by Brodersen's exceptionally stimulating teaching. Finding myself expected to memorize endless series of theorems and demonstrations just as I had to memorize schemes of declension and conjugation in grammar or lists of rulers in history, I failed. And since later at the *gymnasium* the mathematical instruction was wholly negligible, my knowledge of this subject—notwithstanding later sporadic efforts—has remained more or less restricted to what that excellent sexton in my native village taught me for life.

In the summer of 1862 I made extensive additions to my library, which were occasioned by the death of the widow of our former head pastor. Their name was Speckhahn, and their two fat and squat figures did full justice to it. Her effects came under the hammer, including her late husband's books, of which I bought a goodly number, some of them of considerable value, especially Latin classics. For most of them I paid two *groschen* (less than five cents) apiece, I being the only bidder. Thus I acquired Döring's edition of Horace in two volumes, which has been my stand-by to this day. His explanations and transcriptions in Latin, obvious and sometimes trivial as they are, afforded very good practice in Latin diction in use among scholars. Sixteenth-century translations of Tacitus and Juvenal provided reading matter. A thick Hebrew Bible was to accompany me in later years to the University of Bonn, where it remained in the hands of a fellow student. A Syrian New Testament, with a glossary, which had also been among the old pastor's treasures, tempted me to identify the letters with the help of the proper names. There was also a short history of philosophy—by Socher, if I remember right—and I tried to read it, but without success. On some occasion or other, however, Pastor Thomsen gave me an account of the beginnings of Greek philosophy, which occupied my thoughts very intensively.

To come back to his instruction, I may say that it was strictly matter-of-fact, on the principle that we had no time to lose. There was no chance for any digressions or excursive explanations. The daily lesson was just long enough to allow him to go through my home work and to set new tasks. First I rapidly translated what I had prepared at home, the quantity being left to my own discretion, and then he went over my written exercises, pencil in hand; each mistake he underlined thereby became an unspoken question: how should it read? While thus occupied, we were sitting bent over my exercise book with our heads close together, and if I did not at once give the correct answer, he used to knock me pretty hard on my head with his pencil, as if to stimulate the nimbleness of my wits. Since the summer of 1862 I had been sharing most lessons with another pupil, whom the pastor had received into his house for board and tuition on the recommendation of a colleague in a neighboring parish. His head was often aching when the lesson was over; he had a slow mind, and I often pitied him when, despite all sincere efforts, he did not come up to our teacher's expectations and then vainly tried to dodge that merciless pencil. I may add, though, that the pastor did not treat me any more leniently when I made a mistake. I do not think I ever heard a word of praise from him during those eighteen months, although I cannot help thinking he sometimes must have been surprised by what I accomplished. But I do remember that he sharply reprimanded me more than once when I had fallen behind what in his opinion I might have achieved. On one occasion he even detained me after the lesson. I was studying the regular Greek verbs and had been set to learn the entire conjugation of the verb *βουλεύω* as my daily task—or was it only the medium and the passive voice, after I had learned the active voice the day before? Anyway, I became confused over the passive and could not go on, but came to a dead stop. So he kept me in after we had got through the other parts of our lesson, and with anything but a willing mind I had to go on learning it, until I knew I could satisfy him.

Never once did I hear him laugh or make a joke during our les-

sons, although in social conversation he was a good talker and not averse to jesting and banter. As a teacher he was stern and strict to the point of severity. My fellow pupil had to bear the brunt of it more than once; he provided me with the protection of a lightning-rod, so to speak. I cannot say that this strictness did me any harm, although in the case of my comrade some patience and helpful sympathy might have yielded better results than did that unfeeling pencil. When in later years I read John Stuart Mill's autobiography, I felt strongly reminded of Pastor Thomsen by the description Mill gives of his father and the instruction he received from him. In both cases, the same stern seriousness, unchanging and imperturbable; the same guiding principle that there is no time to lose; and also the same withholding of any praise or appreciation, not to say admiration, on the teacher's part, although surely in his heart of hearts the older Mill must often have paid the tribute of admiration to his son's accomplishments. For even at that time it could not have been an everyday occurrence for a boy of nine years to read Greek authors such as Plato and Plutarch at sight. John Stuart Mill concludes his description by remarking that "a pupil from whom nothing is ever expected which he cannot do never does all he can." That is a great truth, and I am convinced that being too lenient is a more dangerous fault on the teacher's part than being too strict. If he is too forbearing and patient and too ready to tone down his demands, the pupil is liable to become pampered and spoiled; he gets into the habit of never taking anything seriously, since apparently the teacher himself does not regard it as indispensable, until in the end he becomes an habitual slacker.

I said that I never heard Pastor Thomsen laugh during our lessons; but I have to record one exception. I was learning the conjugation of the Hebrew verb *katal*, and some of its forms sounded so funny to my ears that I had to laugh even while I was learning them at home. As a boy I was always very susceptible to the sound of comical word formations and often could not resist the temptation to laugh. My fellow pupils at the village school knew it only too well and earned me a thrashing thereby more



than once. They had only to whisper some meaningless gibberish into my ear to set my muscles of risibility in motion; no matter how hard I tried to control myself, in the end I always burst out all the louder. To come back to my recitation of the conjugation of the verb *katal*, my misfortune would have it that the pastor's fiancée was present, which added to the tension I was scarcely able to endure. But when I came to recite the forms of the future tense—*jiktol*, *tiktol*, *tiktoli*—I was done for and burst out laughing. The pastor's fiancée, who was quite a young girl, not much older than I, could not help herself either; she had probably been listening to those curious sounds for some time. And then even Pastor Thomsen could not maintain his imperturbable seriousness any longer; he had to join in our laughter, and the Hebrew conjugation had to be shelved for that once. But forever after those forms of the verb *katal* remained a ticklish subject, and we always endeavored to get over it with circumspection and dispatch.

So much about Pastor Thomsen's methods of instruction. Of all the teachers I ever had, it is to him and to the village school-master Brodersen that I owe the greatest debt of gratitude. He went to work with never-flagging zeal and determination, implanting in my mind the elements of learning, especially in the field of languages. I doubt that I could ever have obtained in any other way so sure a grasp of the fundamentals. Indeed, my later experiences at the *gymnasium* make me doubt that I should ever have reached my destination at all, had I been obliged to wend my weary way through its lower and middle forms. I fear I should soon have fallen into the dawdling ways of customary school routine; and then, lacking the necessary sustenance—I mean the needful hard work—I should have lost myself altogether in every sort of dissipation and been expelled as a hopeless failure. This rapid stride forward, with the reins held taut, was what suited my nature best. My teacher's unerring eye had taken that in at a glance; and, since this lively rate of progress was in keeping with his own ways, there resulted the happiest possible relation between teacher and pupil. I must not forget to mention that Pastor Thomsen's fee amounted to ten *speziesthaler* (M. 45) per quarter,

which I handed to him at the end of each term in the form of a small roll. The total cost of my secondary education, comprising the six annual courses from *sexta* to *untersekunda*, thus amounted to M. 270—about as much as is now frequently spent for private tuition during one semester. This shows how little was needed and expected in those days.

In the same connection I may also mention that my position at home remained unaffected in every way; I did not enjoy any special consideration. A private "study" of my own was out of the question for the simple reason that it was not to be had in our house, whereas today every boy in the lowest form must have it, so as not to be disturbed in his profound meditations. In summer, it is true, I usually had the living room to myself; but in winter that was the only room which was heated, and so I had to share it with the other inmates of the house, especially the women. In the evening the entire household gathered around the large table, lighted by one candle, and there I had to do my Vergil or Homer in the midst of this whole talkative company—all of them working, spinning, chattering. The idea never occurred to anyone that this could be otherwise, and that is the reason why there never was any hitch. It was also taken as a matter of course that in case of need, when an extra pair of hands was wanted for harvesting or other work, I should take my share in it. The idea that anyone could have no time for these, the most vital needs, would never have entered anyone's head. I also continued to amuse myself with my former schoolfellows and playmates, and neither to them nor to me would it have occurred that it might have been otherwise. Blessed old ways in which I thus wandered on—just as a matter of course!

And now, as I am about to bid goodbye to the house of my parents and to my home surroundings, stepping out into the world to meet an uncertain fortune, I cannot but thank God from my heart for all the blessings they have meant to me. I am not so sure that I should have found the strength to weather the storms of the following years and to regain my own true self again out of all sorts of defection and degradation, had it not been for

that fountain of robust strength and of sound convictions concerning the things which alone give life dignity and worth—convictions which I never lost sight of altogether, although they were sometimes almost blotted out. This thought of my parents' house and home was always kept fresh in my memory by my frequent returns to it and never ceased to accompany me as my mentor. It helped me more than anything else to find the right way again in the end.

## At the Gymnasium in Altona

1863-1866

AT EASTER in 1863 I went to Altona to attend the *gymnasium*. The three *gymnasien* in the Duchy of Schleswig—at Flensburg, Schleswig, and Hadersleben—were still under Danish management; there had once been an old grammar school at Husum, but it had ceased to exist.<sup>1</sup> Pastor Thomsen, several of whose former pupils had preceded me at the Altona *gymnasium*, had written to Dr. Lucht, the *Direktor* (headmaster), and entered my name, together with that of my fellow pupil, for admission to the *sekunda*. So we now called on Director Lucht, and he referred us to Dr. Henrichsen, the *Konrektor* (associate headmaster), who was the *Ordinarius* of the *sekunda*.<sup>2</sup> We found in him a pleasant and talkative little gentleman, who received us very kindly and named one of the following afternoons on which we were to appear for our entrance examination. Besides ourselves there were three other candidates from out of town, who also came at the appointed hour. The examination took place in the *Herr Konrektor's* sitting room. We sat down at a large round table, on which we found paper provided. He dictated a German text of moderate length, which we had to translate into Latin. All five of us passed the examination, and so we were admitted

<sup>1</sup> Altona was in the Duchy of Holstein.

<sup>2</sup> The names of the different forms at the *gymnasium*, beginning with the lowest (normal age of admission, nine years), are: *sexta*, *quinta*, *quarta*, *tertia*, *sekunda*, and *prima*. The latter three represent biennial courses, and, unless the number of pupils is very small, they are usually completely separated into an upper and a lower *prima*, *sekunda*, and *tertia*, with separate classrooms, curricula and teachers. At Altona this was not the case. Sometimes there is a preparatory division for younger boys, which at Altona was known as the *septima*. One of the teachers in each form exercises a general superintendence over it and is known as its *Klassenlehrer* (form master) or *Ordinarius*. It should be added that the *oberprima* has been abolished quite recently (1937).

to the *sekunda*, my Latin style having earned me first place among the newcomers. The fact that we were examined in no other subject but Latin shows how completely Latin still dominated the entire work of the school.

The *gymnasium* of Altona, which was generally regarded as the leading institution of its kind in the two duchies and probably had the largest number of pupils, was known as the *Christianeum* in commemoration of its foundation in the eighteenth century by Christian V of Denmark. Two years later I was to assist in the celebration of the 150th anniversary of its foundation by taking part in a procession through the town. The school had been established as an "academical" *gymnasium*, which implied that its two highest forms were to represent a transition stage, so to speak, between school and university, both as regards the method of instruction and the regulations governing the pupils' conduct. As to the latter, we have a description by a later headmaster in Husum, Schumacher by name, who was a native of Altona and had attended the *Christianeum* about the beginning of the nineteenth century. He relates how proud the pupils of the *prima* were of their prerogative to choose their own seats in the classroom. But the last vestiges of such lordly grandeur had disappeared before my time. The *Christianeum* had assumed the general forms of the neo-humanistic *gymnasium*, with curricula and other teaching regulations dating back to the reform of secondary education which had been carried out in Holstein in the late thirties by K. W. Nitzsch, Professor of Philology at the University of Kiel, who had been appointed Inspector of Secondary Education in the two duchies. On the whole it was the Prussian system as it had taken shape under the rule of Johannes Schulze, the instruction in Latin and Greek being supplemented by courses in science and modern subjects. But Nitzsch, who was a native of Wittenberg and had attended the University of Leipzig, had remained faithful to the opinions prevalent among educationists in Saxony that the teaching of science and modern subjects must be regarded as of secondary importance and that instruction in the classical humanities must remain the essential task of

higher education. In this respect therefore the *gymnasien* in the Duchy of Holstein resembled those in Saxony and Bavaria, instruction in mathematics and natural sciences being largely governed by the rule: if the pupil learns these things, it is all to the good; but if not, there is no harm either.

As a memento of the *Christianeum's* greater past, when more than one of its teachers had made his mark in the world of letters, there still stood its stately buildings, occupying almost one entire side of a whole street, which was named after it: the *Hohenschulstrasse*. Three large houses, the middle one set back about fifteen yards from the street, enclosed an outer court, to which a row of trimly pruned linden trees in front of the two-storied central building lent an old-fashioned and distinguished appearance. The two lateral buildings stood in line with the street. These three houses contained the classrooms and the dwellings of the teachers. The four classrooms of the higher forms—*prima*, *sekunda*, *tertia*, and *quarta*—were on the ground floor of the central building; on the upper floor was the private home of the *Direktor*. The building on the right contained the dwellings of three teachers, including that of the *Konrektor*, on whom we had already called; that on the left housed the Great Hall, in addition to the dwellings of two teachers. The basement was inhabited by the beadle, with whom two former pupils of Pastor Thomsen, including his own younger brother, lived as lodgers, which led to our frequent calls at the beadle's home. Behind this complex of buildings there was another court containing the handsome edifice of the library and some gymnastic apparatus.

In those days the architectural aspect of these buildings was decidedly impressive, not to say grand. In our own time the shelter they provided would scarcely be regarded as tolerable, the dwellings of the teachers no more than the classrooms. As regards the latter, there was none with special facilities for instruction in drawing, physics, and singing; there was not even a common room for the teachers. Before the beginning of their classes they met in the open vestibule, to the left of the main entrance, facing the *prima*. Here we found them standing, three, four, or five of them

at a time, whenever we entered the school building just before eight A.M. and two P.M. and also at ten A.M., after the intermission. They were generally engaged in a lively conversation and usually included the *Direktor*, who did not think it beneath his dignity to respond, by raising his hat, to the bow of each single *primaner* or *sekundaner* who passed. In doing so he had a habit of swaying from the hips, so that he was all the while in lively motion.

The number in attendance remained within easily manageable limits. There were eight regular teachers, seven forms, and 250–300 pupils. In the lower forms practically all the pupils came from homes in Altona. The *septima* formed a kind of preparatory school. The three lower forms of the *gymnasium* proper—*sexta*, *quinta*, and *quarta*—were not attended exclusively by pupils destined for academic studies. But from the *tertia* and still more definitely from the *sekunda*, the character of the school was determined throughout by the purpose of preparing the pupils for entrance to a university. Among those of the two highest forms there were scarcely any—unless it was a prospective apothecary or two—who did not think of themselves as future university students. At that time the *gymnasien* in the duchy of Holstein were not yet overrun by the “braid-aspirants” (*schmuraspiranten*), as Lagarde used to call them, who in later years were to flock to them for the sole purpose of qualifying for the privilege of performing their compulsory military service as “one-year volunteers.” Boys intended for commercial life generally preferred to attend one of the so-called higher middle-class schools (*höhere bürgerschulen*), of which there were a considerable number, both public and private, in the twin cities on the Elbe.<sup>3</sup> For these reasons the *gymnasien* in Holstein were much more exclusively devoted to the purpose of preparing students for the university than those in Prussia. Of the pupils in the two highest forms, a considerable part, perhaps half, were from out of town; many of these had received their earlier training elsewhere, from private tutors, and some of them were quite old. One, who had for-

<sup>3</sup> Hamburg and Altona.

merly attended a teachers' training school, was almost twenty years old when he entered the *sekunda* with me. We even had a bearded man among us, who had been sailing the seas for a number of years. Of the eight teachers six were *Ordinarien* or *Klassenlehrer* of the six forms—all of them classical philologists, as goes without saying. Then there was the mathematician and for the preparatory *septima* a teacher from a teachers' training school. Some of the French lessons were given by a Frenchman, who did not belong to the faculty—neither did the singing master. Drawing and gymnastic training did not form part of the teaching in the two highest forms, the only ones of which I can speak from my own observation. If anyone wanted to do so, he could use the gymnastic apparatus during recess, swinging on the horizontal bar, and doing other exercises, but the school as such took no cognizance of it. Games and common excursions were equally unknown. Physical care and training had not yet come within the purview of the school—undoubtedly a serious shortcoming. Most of us either took no exercise whatever or at most went for a walk, just an hour or two, or for a rowing trip on the River Elbe. This led to a certain indolence and slackness, which was further aggravated by the convivial life we led.

Our teachers were true to the type of the old-fashioned professor. We seldom saw them without their black frock coats. In those parts the entire teaching profession still bore a clerical stamp, so that a light-colored suit or a lounge coat or a soft hat would have seemed indecorous. Thus we should also have regarded it as absurd and impossible for a teacher to be seen taking an active interest in athletic exercises and games. I might mention here that in the two duchies it was still quite usual for a higher teacher to enter the clerical profession. In Prussia the declericalization of the higher teachers had already made greater progress, owing to the universal military service and the gymnastic training intended to prepare for it. The secular type, smacking of the officer of the reserve and of the gymnastic drillmaster, had thus gained the upper hand. This new type has come to the fore



since then throughout Germany, and unquestionably the schools and their pupils have profited thereby in various ways. But I regard it as open to doubt whether this holds good in every respect, especially as far as the social standing of the teachers is concerned. Their former association with the clerical profession, which was in keeping with the work and duties of an educator, exempted them on the one hand from all representative functions, while, on the other, they shared the dignity of the profession to which, above all others, the people were wont to look upon with respect and reverence. In its new association with the military and official classes, the teaching profession is bound to take second rank, considerably below the others. Among those five teachers in the *sekunda* and *prima* there was not one whose picture I do not recall as that of a unique and sharply defined personality. They were not instructors paid to give lessons; with the one exception of the teacher of mathematics, those five men were—every one of them in his own way—undisputed leaders of the pupils they taught.

Dr. Lucht, the head of the faculty, was a *primus inter pares* rather than a superior; or at any rate that was our impression. To all appearances the *Konrektor* and the *Subrektor* reigned as *Klassenlehrer* in the *sekunda* and in the *tertia*, respectively, no less absolutely than *Direktor* Lucht himself did in the *prima*. What their strictly legal standing was I do not know; but the relations actually obtaining between them and Dr. Lucht were those of colleagues on a footing of equality, although, quite naturally, as the head of the school he acted as its representative in dealings with the outside world. Dr. Lucht was between fifty and sixty years old. His tall, slender, and very supple figure was never at rest. A massive and high-domed head, framed rather than covered with white hair, lent him a venerable appearance. We regarded him as a great scholar, especially in the field of Roman antiquities. But his teaching was impaired by a certain lack of energy. He did not possess the dynamic spirit which carries young people away with it. His delivery, dragging along and patched up

with interposed discordant sounds, whole series of them at times, was in itself enough to beget a sleepy indolence during his lessons. I shall have more to say about this later.

His complete opposite was Dr. Siefert, the *Subrektor* and *Klassenlehrer* of the *tertia*. In the *sekunda* and *prima* he taught history and also gave an important part of the Greek lessons. Short and rather thickset and very deliberate in his movements, with an always impeccably shaven face, somewhat rigid in its expression (it was rumored that he had a glass eye, having lost his own in a students' duel) he was the very personification of energy. As a teacher he was of unflagging determination and never lost sight of his purpose. He gave one the impression that he was completely taken up with his work. Paraphrasing Goethe's lines, one might have said of him:

I do not speak to please you:  
You are here to learn!

His delivery, far from being fluent and engaging, was rather harsh and halting. But we saw in that only another manifestation of his determined will rather than any lack of graceful talent or versatility. His anger was never far off when he met with inattentiveness or thoughtlessness, and then his voice sounded like rumbling thunder. Whoever was thus made to feel his wrath resolved to do better the next time. Just before I graduated from the Altona *gymnasium*, Dr. Siefert was appointed by the new Prussian Administration to the headmastership of the *gymnasium* in Flensburg. Unfortunately he did not fill that post for any length of time; only a few years later he met with a fatal accident on a journey to Switzerland. He was deeply mourned by all who knew him. Of all my teachers at Altona it is to him that I feel most deeply indebted.

Another altogether unique personality was Dr. Henrichsen, the *Konrektor*, who was the ruler of the *sekunda* and thus became my first *Ordinarius*. I remember him as a man in the forties, short of figure and rather stout. His expressive face, lined with numerous little wrinkles and framed by a full brown beard and

brown hair, usually showed a pleasant smile; but there were those who doubted that it was quite genuine. His voice was unusually flexible and had a remarkable range of notes; from a tender and ingratiating whisper it would rise to loud, sonorous, thundering declamation. His gifts as an orator could not be denied. He enjoyed reading aloud and always read well; he knew how to achieve his effect with the rolling periods of Cicero's orations no less than with the magnificent hexameters of the Iliad or with an intimate passage from Goethe's "Hermann and Dorothea." He had a habit of addressing his pupils as "my dear young friends," and he liked to intersperse moral reflections and autobiographic reminiscences which lent themselves to practical application. It was quite obvious that he liked to hear himself talk; sometimes he made one think of the preacher in the pulpit, but it became him quite well. In his own *sekunda* he maintained proper discipline, and his authority was unquestioned. But in the *prima*, where he gave part of the Latin lessons, he was not quite so successful. His friendliness sometimes was so overdone that he seemed to court the favorable opinion of the pupils of the *prima* in an almost adulatory manner, and this undermined their respect. The pupils of the *sekunda* might be impressed by his talent for self-dramatization; to those of the *prima* it smacked a little of vanity. I deeply regretted to hear, long afterward, that with increasing old age, when personal failings are apt to come to the surface, he completely lost ground, even in his own *sekunda*. There is perhaps nothing a teacher is so well advised to fight shy of as excessive friendliness; it is bound to be misinterpreted and to be scorned sooner or later.

The fourth teacher was Mr. Kirchhoff, the *Ordinarius* of the *quarta*. In my time he gave the religious instruction and also taught English in the upper forms. In later years, after I had gone, he took charge of the instruction in Greek and also made a name for himself as the author of erudite treatises on the Greek theater and on music. Several epical or narrative poems which he published testify to his poetic vein. But all these attainments remained hidden from us. As a teacher he did not amount to

much. In religious instruction he occupied the entire hour with the dictation of an outline, which we had to review from time to time for a written examination. To escape from this tedious business of dictation, we resorted to all sorts of devices and tricks. Above all, we took advantage of Mr. Kirchhoff's great predilection for political harangues. Those were the years of Germany's reorganization under Bismarck's leadership, with the two duchies standing in the forefront of interest. Before the lesson began, we would arrange among ourselves that the one or the other was to interpellate Mr. Kirchhoff concerning some recent event, such as a political speech, reported in the daily paper; and that always served its purpose. In this way the instruction in dogmatics or church history or Pauline theology was curtailed of many an hour by a political speech, delivered by Beust or by Metz, of Darmstadt, both of whom Mr. Kirchhoff, who sided with Austria, greatly admired. Then, when the hour was gone, the good-natured man with his sunken eyes would administer a rebuke to himself for having neglected his duty. However, if the class voiced the opinion that the time had thus been spent much more interestingly and profitably, he usually let it go at that.

But now I come to the sorriest figure among all the teachers I have ever known—poor Dr. Scherenberg, mathematician, scientist and geographer of the *Christianeum*! A man of average height, always faultlessly dressed in a black frock coat with a high white collar and a stiff satin tie, his pale and beardless face bearing an expression of hopeless resignation; that is how I remember him. Whatever qualifications he may have had as a scientist, as a teacher he had less than none. His class in its entirety never took the slightest notice of his presence; at best there were three or four who paid attention to him once in a while. But, speaking generally, everyone occupied himself in his own way. Some were preparing their lesson for the next hour or getting a written exercise done that was falling due; others were reading a novel; the great majority were talking or engaged in tomfooleries of all sorts, often producing a din that must have been audible in the street. If it became too unbearable, Dr. Scherenberg would ad-

dress himself to one of the offenders with a pleading tone in his voice: "But really, So-and-so, you ought to pay a little more attention!" And then he would quite likely hear the insolent reply: "Il? But I am paying attention all the time!" And if the poor Doctor then answered in his timid voice: "But I can see very well that you are doing something else; you are not even at your desk," he would find himself set right amid peals of general laughter: "Surely you must be mistaken, *Herr Doktor*; don't you see that I am here at my desk, with the book before me?" Or again, when he could no longer hear his own voice in the general uproar, he would stop speaking altogether for a time and stand in silence behind his desk or at the blackboard, gazing with an indescribably woeful mien at the roaring sea that was the *sekunda*—waving, surging, scuffling, brawling. If his continued silence succeeded at last in restoring quiet for a moment, he would resume the thread of his demonstration in a low and trembling voice, only to have it drowned out again before long. I now can hardly bear to recall that expression of complete helplessness in his eyes, which in those days we saw fixed upon us without feeling any shame or pity.

*Monsieur* Demory, a Frenchman, completes the number of my teachers. He was not a member of the faculty and took pains to emphasize the fact. In the town he was popular as a private tutor, and that was also the spirit in which he dealt with his French lessons at the *gymnasium*—as if it were private tuition that had happened to come his way. His German was very poor, and he always spoke French during the lesson, addressing us either *Messieurs* or *Meine 'erren*. In the discipline and progress of his class he took no interest whatsoever—quite in accordance with the maxim of private teaching: you pay the bill; I give you lessons; see what you can make of it! Vanity was written large on his face. His elegant and carefully manicured hands, bedecked with rings, were always petting his pendulant long whiskers, reddish-fair in color, while he told us anecdotes in his native Paris accent, with a saccharine smile that exposed his faultless teeth. One could not help sharing the gusto with which he let his well-turned phrases glide

over his lips. His anecdotes did not do us any great harm; for most of us were not listening and would hardly have been able to follow him.

Proceeding now to give a brief account of my years at the *gymnasium*, I cannot but preface it by the confession that I am unable to look back on that period with the satisfaction with which my memory dwells on the days of my boyhood at Langenhorn. They were years of alienation from my true self—years in which I gave myself up to a wild and reckless life, for which I was to suffer the pangs of bitter self-reproach for a long time to come; even now an after-taste of disgust still lingers in my mind. The enthusiastic interest I had felt for my studies gradually grew less and was replaced by the indolent performance of the daily task for the school. The burning desire for knowledge which had torn me away from my father's house and calling was extinguished, not to be rekindled again until years later. Undoubtedly this untoward change was largely due to my being so suddenly transplanted into entirely unfamiliar surroundings. Bereft of the protective inhibitions and steadying influences surrounding me in the home of my parents, with all its demands and obligations, and thrown back on my own resources and discretion during the most critical period of my development, I lost that secure balance which had been safeguarded until then by my own blessed ignorance about myself. Not without long continued struggles and painful experiences did I succeed in regaining firm ground, with calm judgment and self-discipline now taking the place of that former spontaneous and unsophisticated clarity of life and purpose.

During my first year at Altona, while I was in the *sekunda*, my work and progress might still have passed muster. The industry and application to which I had been accustomed at Langenhorn was still holding out to some degree; and to come up to the requirements of the school was easy enough. I still regularly attended to my home work, with the exception of mathematics and French, which were completely passed over. I even engaged in some private studies, reading Plutarch's "Timoleon" (in Dr.

Siefert's edition) with a small circle of friends, and I also did some translating now and then. I spent most of my time during that year in the small circle just mentioned; its leader was the former pupil of a teachers' training school, of whom I have already spoken as one of the four candidates admitted with myself. His name was Schacht. He was far ahead of the rest of us, not only in years, but also in character and determination. It was he who kept the five of us together and guided us in all our doings. He always insisted on our taking a walk after school—either along the shore of the Elbe in the direction of Blankenese or to the "Thief's Pond," to the north of Altona. We also took our mid-day meal together at the home of a private family, not far from the school, where a considerable number of the older pupils went to satisfy their hunger—not always quite successfully, it must be admitted—at the moderate cost of six shillings or forty-five *pfennige*. Our supper we usually ate, each by himself, at home. We always kept bread and butter and cheese or sausage in our cupboards, and we usually drank a cup of tea with our meal or in summer a bottle of light beer. Quite frequently, too, we had eatables sent to us from home, and whenever one of us had received a fresh parcel, his comrades always showed a commendable willingness to assist him, especially when friend Schacht had received one of his delicious smoked goose breasts. Still more frequently we were brought together by our fondness for a game of cards, which gradually became a veritable passion. It was not unusual for us to play solo whist uninterruptedly for six or eight hours, until far into the night, during which our long pipes were, of course, never allowed to go out. One can easily imagine the condition of the air we had to breathe and in which the host had to sleep after the others had gone. I might add, however, that there was no drinking on these occasions; that did not begin until I was in the *prima*. So far I had been drunk only once, on the occasion of the *fuchskneipe* (freshmen's carousal) held with the permission of the school, and that first experience of a *katzenjammer* on the "morning after" had been horrible. Before that time I had never tasted Bavarian beer, or only a mouthful once

at a horse fair at Niebüll, which tasted abominable, I thought. So, naturally, when with suicidal courage I now endeavored to live up to the drinking rules embodied in the *komment*, which was carried out with an unbelievable show of importance, I was soon done for. The next morning saw me sitting at my desk in the classroom, a prey to such unutterable feelings that I despaired of my life; I could have sworn that I should never again let a single drop of that disgusting beverage pass my lips.

I have already mentioned that the *sekunda* was under the rule of Dr. Henrichsen, the *Konrektor*. He taught Latin, Greek, and German. Latin composition occupied by far the most important place; it was the center of interest for the pupils no less than for the teacher. Dr. Henrichsen spoke excellent Latin and wrote an elegant style—a little affected, perhaps. The great event of the week was the hour during which he returned our *exerzitien* to us.<sup>4</sup> These exercises in Latin composition constituted the chief business of our Saturdays and Sundays. We had to translate a chapter from Seiffert's *Materialien* (Exercises in Latin Composition), and our Latin version was expected not only to be free from grammatical mistakes but also to be written in a faultless style. The highest honor to which one could aspire was to have achieved the *color latinus*. The class was always at breathless attention while these exercises were being returned to us. Most of us kept a statistical record of all mistakes that had been made—divided according to their gravity into "wholes," "halves" and "quarters." Dr. Henrichsen treated this matter as of the utmost importance. To each of us he read out a list of his mistakes, pointing out the worst blunders and also any mistakes of special interest, giving occasion for some instructive comments or for a witty remark. If we had committed any grammatical blunders, we felt genuinely and deeply ashamed. But if anyone showed signs of exulting over his neighbor's grosser lapses, thus trying to find

<sup>4</sup> The *exerzitien* (plural of *exerzitium*) are exercises worked out by the pupil at home; the *extemporalien* (plural of *extemporale*) mentioned on a later page are exercises or test papers written in the class without the help of grammars, dictionaries, or other aids.



consolation for his own "halves" and "quarters," he was sternly set right. His own "halves," he was told, really were the more serious faults: syntactical mistakes, incorrect sequences of tenses, Germanisms, ill-chosen expressions, and so forth; a wrong grammatical form might just be a slip, while he himself had offended against the logic and spirit of the language of the Romans. There can be no doubt that these exercises greatly improved our understanding and our linguistic capacity, quite apart from adding to our mastery of the Latin idiom. I am also convinced that, on the whole, the assessment of a pupil's general ability on the basis of this particular performance was not so very far beside the mark. Speaking generally, the best Latin scholars were also in other respects the cleverest and ablest pupils. Leaving mathematics aside, I think that for measuring the general intellectual capacity these exercises in Latin composition afforded a fairly reliable standard.

As compared with these *exerzitien*, to which we devoted unstinted diligence, and of which many of us were genuinely fond (although there were others who regarded them as the worst terror of the week), the Latin *extemporalien* were of little account. If I remember right, all we did was to spend an hour once a week in going through Nägelsbach's *Stilistik* (Handbook of Composition); on that occasion illustrative German sentences and passages were read out which had to be written down in Latin. Then one of us had to read his Latin version aloud, to be criticized and corrected by other members of the class.

The Latin authors we read were also turned to account for practice in composition, without, however, losing sight of their own intrinsic value. Vergil, especially, had in Dr. Henrichsen a competent interpreter and tasteful translator. Cicero was also congenial to him, oratorical gifts being common to both. Livy we read with Dr. Lucht, the *Direktor*; but his lessons did not come up to the same level.

It stands to reason that this method of teaching Latin can meet with success only if the pupils themselves rate the ability to write Latin as the scholar's first and most essential art. For us this still

held good in every way, and Dr. Henrichsen saw to it that we remained true to our convictions. It is Latin, he used to insist, that makes the scholar; if he can write a good Latin style, the whole world is open to him. And there was nothing that could have raised a doubt about it in our minds. We therefore felt no qualm in despising the modern languages as being fit only for businessmen, not for scholars. Of mathematics we thought little, and of science we knew nothing. Technology and industry had not yet been heard of in those days—at least not in the circles here concerned. Nor did we ever hear anything about school reform or overburdening. There was nothing to disturb us in our neo-humanistic convictions—the same which had dominated education in general and secondary schools in particular at the beginning of the century. The world of classical antiquity was regarded as the haven of true refinement; to feel at home in it was the scholar's privilege, and his Latin style was the badge and hallmark, as it were, of his scholarly attainments.

In other parts of Germany these ideas had even then ceased to be valid in every respect. In Prussia the *gymnasium* had already abandoned the monopolistic prerogative of the classical studies by laying much greater stress on modern subjects. This had been necessitated by the totally different part it played in social life. In the two duchies the *gymnasium* served, as we have seen, almost exclusively the interests of pupils intended for the academical professions; to prepare them for the university was its first and, indeed, its only task. In Prussia, on the other hand, the system of privileges which had been established, more especially the privilege of serving only one year in the army—things of which we knew nothing—had made of the *gymnasium* at the same time a school for the higher middle classes in general. Up to the *tertia* and *sekunda* the greater part of its pupils were not intended for the university at all; they left the *gymnasium* as soon as they had obtained their military certificates,<sup>5</sup> in order to enter business life. It was this hybrid role, thus forced upon the *gymnasium*,

<sup>5</sup> That is, after passing through the *unter-sekunda*.

which baffled the endeavors of L. Wiese's educational policy and against which even Bonitz still struggled in vain.

A new world has emerged since then. The new political nationalism has swept over Germany like a huge tidal wave. New interests have been pushed into the foreground by industrial and commercial progress, advancing by leaps and bounds. The world is now interested in the present; interest in classical antiquity is declining. The school is following in the wake of these new developments, and here and there youthful spirits are even trying to steal a march on them. But it is certainly true that when I was attending the *gymnasium* at Altona I should never have dreamed that some day it would devolve upon me to interpret these far-reaching changes to the world of teachers and educators. For in those days writing Latin was what I enjoyed more than anything else.

Besides Latin and Homer, Dr. Henrichsen also taught German in the *sekunda*. During the first semester we read Schiller's "Don Carlos" and during the second, Goethe's "Hermann and Dorothea." It was my first acquaintance with Schiller and Goethe; I doubt that I had ever heard their names in my native village. I cannot say that they made any great impression on me. But I have a very pleasant recollection of the essays we had to write on themes referring to the two works just mentioned—on the friendship between Don Carlos and Marquis Posa, for example, and on the local surroundings in which the scene of Goethe's epic is laid. Those were my first literary attempts of the kind, and I found great pleasure in collecting and organizing the material and then adding my own reflections. When my very first essay earned me some friendly words of appreciation, I felt greatly elated.

In Greek we owed our successful progress largely to Dr. Siefert and to his energetic methods of teaching. His first aim was to give us a firm grasp of grammar. The irregular verbs were reviewed from time to time with the aid of a small synoptic list, until we had them at our fingers' ends. The syntactical rules and etymological forms were fixed in our memory by means of the

*exerzitien* we had to do at weekly intervals. All this helped to smooth the way for the reading of the Greek authors. We read Lysias's orations and Herodotus's account of the Persian wars; in connection with the latter we sometimes had to attempt a translation from Greek into Latin, the two languages thus being brought into a close relationship. Another subject which Dr. Siefert connected with the Greek authors we were reading was ancient history, which he also taught in the *sekunda*. Thus our minds were furnished with vivid pictures, if only of a rather narrowly circumscribed period of Greek history.

At the end of the first half year I was transferred, together with friend Schacht, to the higher division of the *sekunda*; and at Easter in 1864 we were promoted to the *prima*, thus again skipping a half year. Our advanced age and our Latin style probably constituted the principal reasons. Dr. Henrichsen dismissed us with cordial words and good wishes for our further progress in the *prima*.

Whether this exceptionally rapid promotion was altogether in my best interests is a question I dare not answer in the affirmative. For even though good reasons for it were not lacking and although I was equal to the demands of the *prima*, such conspicuous preferment was not without its great dangers. Any increase in one's self-estimation, even if it does not amount to conceit, is only too likely to result in a slackening of one's efforts. The advantage one has gained seems to justify one in taking things easy, which may go so far as to paralyze all energy. I did not escape any of these evil effects, and unfavorable external circumstances did the rest. The *prima* was overcrowded, there being thirty-six of us. The *Direktor* was not energetic enough to keep such numbers firmly in hand. As a rule he gave his whole attention to the upper division of the *prima*, to those of his pupils, that is to say, who were about to go in for the leaving examination.<sup>6</sup> The

<sup>6</sup> There is no entrance examination at the German universities. Instead, the curriculum of the higher secondary schools is terminated by a leaving examination—the *abiturientenexamen* or *abiturium*—which entitles the successful candidate to admission at any German university.

others, who were spending their first year in the *prima*, he almost treated as if they were mere auditors who were quite welcome to profit from their presence during his lessons as much as they could.

But the worst of it was that my promotion to the *prima* put an end to my association with my former chums and brought me into the company of some countrymen of mine, including a former school fellow from Langenhorn, who had so far treated me in a rather supercilious way. They had the advantage of me not only in years but also in personal experiences of various sorts, not always of a laudable nature, and they succeeded in making an impression upon me, so that I felt flattered by their more intimate intercourse. I regarded it as incumbent on me to court their respect by joining them in all sorts of doings in which they were more versed than I was. There were also shadows cast by our earlier days at Langenhorn. My parents' home had the reputation of being a "pious" house; I had often been teased about it in the village school. So now I deemed it necessary to ward off any suspicion of similar leanings on my own part, as if that would have been a disgrace.

The period of my life thus ushered in could not be summed up more fittingly than by St. Augustine's word: "I felt no shame in being shameless." My work came to a complete standstill, and I gave myself up to a wild life, largely devoted to convivial pleasures, which smothered all my nobler ambitions and honest endeavors. My teachers did not remain unaware of the change taking place within me; nor did they fail to admonish me on repeated occasions. Dr. Siefert once made me come to his room and appealed to my conscience. My parents, too, were deeply grieved to see how things had changed; but there was nothing they could do either. At one time there was some talk of transferring me to another school, but nothing came of it.

The blame for my thus going astray was my own. Nevertheless, I cannot entirely exonerate the school and more especially Dr. Lucht, the *Direktor*. Toward the pupils of the *prima*, "his" *prima*, as he called it, he observed an attitude of unconditional con-

fidence. No one could deny, of course, that confidence is an indispensable prerequisite of sound relations between the teacher and his pupils. But he must not let himself be blinded to what is actually going on, and that is what happened to Dr. Lucht. He did not see what was there for everyone to see, and quite likely he did not want to see it. He could not bring himself to believe that the pupils of his *prima* were after all only tender young plants—*cereus in vitium flecti*—every one of them, to speak with Horace. Our *stammkneipe*, that is, the restaurant where we regularly met, especially those of us who were from out of town, was next door to the *gymnasium*. We went in and out quite openly, with our colored caps on our heads, at all hours of the day and night. Not a few of us would step round during recess and gather new strength for the next lesson by consuming a sandwich and either beer or spirits. The din we made, playing at nine pins in the skittle alley, or singing with our anything but melodious voices during our nightly carousals, must have echoed through the halls of the *gymnasium*. By day we were usually sitting round a large table right under the front window, in full view of the street, playing at dice, round after round. It is quite true that it would have been futile to prohibit our frequenting the restaurants. The conditions of life in the populous city and also the pupils themselves being what they were, this would only have driven us to other public houses. What should have been done was to suppress manifest excesses; and if not only the pupils' work but also their faces had been scrutinized, either they would soon have had to mend their ways or they would have come to an open break with the school. But, of course, that would have meant public scandal, and this was to be avoided at any cost.

Fortunately for me, that older Langenhorn boy left the *gymnasium* after one year; he entered the university without passing the leaving examination, which at that time was still feasible in the two duchies. It was not to his benefit. Had he been required to pass the examination, he would have had to pull himself together and settle down to work; as it was, he never again

regained firm ground. After wasting long years at the university in a dissolute life, he emigrated to America, only to go to ruin and to his death. He was not without gifts or strength of mind. Wherever he happened to be, he exerted great influence on those around him, if only by a certain stateliness of his figure and demeanor. But he had no self-discipline and made his strong will subservient to misguided endeavors. That was the reason why his belated attempts to remodel his life could not avert his fate. In my personal relations with him I always felt a certain dissonance. While outwardly we were friends, there never was complete confidence between us. I could not get rid of an oppressive feeling, due to the fact that the qualities in which he excelled me were not altogether admirable ones. On his own part there was probably an awareness of the intrinsic incompatibility of our upbringing and disposition and a certain amount of envy, partly on account of my having outdistanced him at school. In the coming years we saw each other frequently at Langenhorn during vacations; and after I had found myself again I was able to face him in a spirit of complete independence, and we had some serious talks together. I remember saying to him on one such occasion: "Our choice now lies between working or going to ruin!" He did not deny it, but our ways went farther and farther apart.

For this reason my third and last year at the *gymnasium* took on a much more hopeful aspect than the second, which I regard as the time of my deepest degradation. My passing on to the upper division of the *prima* and the impending leaving examination supplied a salutary external stimulus to settle down to work, but, even so, what I accomplished remained a long way behind what I might and ought to have achieved. Nevertheless, I succeeded in re-establishing my reputation with the teachers to some degree, and the next six months were profitably spent in reviewing and adding to my knowledge, especially in the fields of history and literature. The teachers in the *prima* were the same as in the *sekunda* with the difference that the *Direktor* and the *Konrektor* had changed places. Dr. Lucht, being the *Ordinarius* of the

*prima*, now gave most of the instruction in Latin, Greek, and German; but Dr. Henrichsen and Dr. Siefert also had a share in it.

Latin composition, though again treated as the most important subject, did not dominate the interest of the pupils nor the appraisal of their achievements so exclusively as it had done in the *sekunda*. Forbiger's *Uebungsbuch* (Exercises in Latin Composition), which we now used for our *exerzitien*, did not in our opinion call for anything like the same effort and concentration of thought as Seiffert's book. In returning these exercises to us, Dr. Lucht neither classified nor even added up our mistakes and did not discuss them at all. He merely graded our work by numbers.<sup>7</sup> We always had the impression that these numbers tallied with the pupil's general standing rather than with the actual quality of his work, and this also held good for the German essays, the pupils of the upper division always receiving the higher marks, from No. 1 down. Nor did we ever feel sure if or when he would return our work to us. There can be no doubt that in the *sekunda* Dr. Henrichsen had been much more successful in holding our attention while he criticized our work, and in making us stand in awe of his marking. Once in a while we also had to write a Latin essay. But these essays were usually little more than a patchwork of such passages from our Latin authors as we happened to remember, and therefore their value remained far below that of the *exerzitien*.

If we had not read Plato's and Cicero's philosophical writings at too lagging a pace, I might have been interested in them and also in Dr. Lucht's interpretation. Through that entire year three hours were devoted every week to Plato's "Phaedon," the only work of his I read at school. This slow rate of progress made any concentration on the real content quite impossible—I do not know whether to say "in spite" or "on account" of the fact that Dr. Lucht always painstakingly resumed the thread of the discourse. It must, of course, be conceded that this particular work

<sup>7</sup> Nos. 1-5, corresponding to the first five letters of the English alphabet, as used at American colleges, or of the Greek alphabet, as used at some English colleges.



of Plato is unbelievably dull in places; probably the only way for a modern reader to get through these parts is by rapidly scanning them in translation. In addition to Plato we read the first book of Thucydides and some orations by Demosthenes, including that "On the Crown." Both these authors gave Dr. Lucht opportunities for instructive comments on a great variety of topics of antiquarian interest.

His instruction in German did not bear much fruit. Instead of reading more German authors with us in the *prima*, Dr. Lucht gave us lectures on the history of German literature, based on a short compendium by Pischon, which he supplemented by detailed biographical information—I remember especially some of the eighteenth-century writers: Gerstenberg, Hamann, Herder. In my opinion we did not profit much from these lectures; we ought to have read more of the poetical works themselves. Perhaps we were expected to do so; but the difficulty of procuring such books was in itself enough to deter us, for in those days there were no inexpensive popular series. Frequently, too, this lesson was omitted altogether, and then we usually spent the hour in the bowling alley of the adjoining restaurant. Thus our German essays lost all connection with the reading of literary works, and we were given themes of a reflective, moralizing, or philosophizing nature, which all too often lay beyond our mental horizon.

The teacher to whom I owed most in the *prima* was Dr. Siefert. In the subjects which he taught it was almost impossible for anyone to shirk work altogether. As far as the other teachers were concerned, we scarcely ever troubled to prepare our lessons at all. There being so many of us, one's turn for translating aloud came only once in a long while, especially in Dr. Lucht's lessons. He had a method, moreover, of calling our names which enabled us to figure out pretty exactly on what day everyone's turn would come. But that would never have done for Dr. Siefert in his Greek lessons, to which hardly anyone ever came quite unprepared. We read a number of Greek tragedies: the two Oedipus dramas by Sophocles, as well as his *Antigone* and Euripides's

*Iphigenia Taurica*. Dr. Siefert's interpretation was profound and instructive. He had traveled in Sicily and visited Athens, and he was well informed about the Greek theater. Otfried Müller had been his teacher, and he spoke with deep emotion of Müller's grave on the hill of Colonus, when the story of Oedipus took us there. Those were profitable hours. During the last half-year my interest was further stimulated by the fact that I had picked up an edition of Sophocles's *Antigone* by G. Hermann, from which I sometimes quoted variant readings. Frequently Dr. Siefert discussed these at some length. There is perhaps nothing more conducive to leading a student to a deeper understanding of an author than the discussion of a well-chosen *varietas lectionum* with the reasons for and against each version. I well remember how Dr. Henrichsen once made us discuss in this manner the disputed passage in Horace's first satire: *miles gravis annis* or *gravis armis*, with reasons pro and con.

Dr. Siefert also continued to give the instruction in Greek grammar with its accompanying exercises in composition, and he saw to it that we did not forget anything. Almost invariably, when he returned our exercises to us, he had to encounter the same malicious spite—whether it was intentional or not, I cannot say—to wit, wrong accents on the *enclitica*, especially the vexatious *τε*. This always annoyed him extremely, sometimes to the point of a violent explosion of temper.

In Dr. Siefert we also had an excellent and very thorough teacher of history. The curriculum of the *prima* comprised the Middle Ages and the modern era down to 1815. We used a textbook by Pütz; but on all the more important periods Dr. Siefert gave us lectures of his own, speaking without notes. If he could not boast of an elegant style, the contents were well thought out and based on independent researches, sometimes even on the original sources. We took notes on our own initiative as well as we could, which was in itself very useful practice. Then at home we arranged the subject matter in tabular form. In a stout exercise book of quarto size we provided two columns, one for domestic and one for foreign affairs, in which we then entered the

principal events with their respective dates—an excellent help to the memory. Every four weeks there was a review, in which questions and answers had to follow each other in rapid succession. Nor was there any omission condoned in the general review at the end of each semester. In this manner the way was prepared for the review of the entire history from the beginnings to the nineteenth century—one of the requirements for the leaving examination. For thus we had a brief outline of the principal events and dates, to which we could turn for information at a moment's notice. Even though many individual items of this survey may have slipped from my memory since those days, its main features have remained intact in my mind, and the recollection of the fading details can be revived at any time. I owe Dr. Siefert an everlasting debt of gratitude for his thoroughgoing method of teaching history: he provided me with a very reliable foundation for my own researches, most of which have been of an historical nature. Any skill I may have shown in defining and characterizing the successive periods of historical development has grown out of Dr. Siefert's teaching.

He also gave us a survey of the history of ancient literature, both Greek and Roman, and of the "antiquities," this latter term being more or less synonymous with "public law." He dictated to us brief outlines of these subjects, which were then explained and discussed at greater length, as opportunity served. All this was really an anticipation of university teaching, but we enjoyed it and profited by it. Needless to say, faithful study and review were strictly required in these subjects as well. Dr. Siefert's compact and comprehensive outlines have been of great service to me, and some of their contents I remember to this day.

I will not enlarge upon the other subjects of instruction, except to say a word of appreciation about Dr. Henrichsen's lessons on Horace. I think they explain the liking I have always had for this poet, especially for his Satires and Epistles. Though hardly poetry in the true sense, they are of great charm on account of their sparkling, witty, rambling discourse—a charm which is enhanced by the quaintly dislocated order of words incidental to

Latin versification. And after all there is many a golden grain of true wisdom scattered throughout his blithe and spirited lines. I cannot say as much about Tacitus, whom we also read; I learned to appreciate him only in later years.

The modern languages we regarded as a negligible quantity. The French lessons pursued their dreary way under *Monsieur* Demory—"Demo'ry," with the accent on the second syllable, as he insisted again and again, when, to his great annoyance, we pronounced it "De'mory." Nor did we make any substantial progress in English under Mr. Kirchhoff; Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra* was too difficult for most of us. The Danish lessons were devoted to Ingemann's novels; before the beginning of each lesson my advice and help in translating was always in demand. Mathematics, physics, and geography, both general and topical, dragged on their weary course under Dr. Scherenberg. At the approach of the leaving examination I tried to recover the lost ground in mathematics, but my efforts were futile, as was not to be wondered at under the circumstances. In physics and geography I did a little better, these being subjects that were by no means uninteresting to me; indeed, in geography I had been passionately interested in my earlier days. And thus, by studying the textbooks rather than by attending to Dr. Scherenberg's instruction, I managed to become one of the pupils for whom he entertained some hope. I might say that his teaching hardly went beyond reading, paraphrasing, and explaining what was printed in the textbooks. In physics the experiment did not serve as the starting point, bringing the phenomenon to be explained under the pupil's own observation, but came limping after the theoretical explanation, like a mere confirmation of the latter that might just as well have been dispensed with. The class met every four or six weeks in the Great Hall—ostensibly to witness physical experiments (which were by no means always successful), but actually for no other purpose than to use the ampler space and less familiar surrounding for perpetrating new and more preposterous tomfooleries.

Thus the time came at last for the *abiturientenexamen*. It

caused us no worry, for we knew on the whole how we stood. The verdict rested with our own teachers. For those were not yet the days of the visiting Royal Commissioner, furnished with authority to revise the marks given by the teachers and, on the basis of his own impressions, to reject any candidate, even though they had attested his maturity. The only visitors who attended the oral examination were a few prominent citizens of Altona, including the Mayor and the Provost. They posed as educational leaders, but the role which they actually played was that of silent observers. The written examination included a Latin and a German essay, an exercise in Latin composition and test papers in mathematics, physics, history, and German literature. In the two latter subjects these test papers also assumed the form of essays—that in German literature being on “Herder’s Life and Works” and that in history on “Frederick Barbarossa’s Relations to Italy”; I had all the details of his Italian expeditions at my fingers’ ends. The German essay proper was on the theme “Do Not Believe All You Hear Nor Tell All You Know Nor Do All You Can.” In solving our mathematical problems we unblushingly resorted to cribbing. Otherwise most of us would have had to hand in blank pages. The oral examination began early in the morning and lasted until late in the evening; its result was as satisfactory as that of the written examination. There were, I think, eleven of us, nine of whom, including myself, received the first note (“completely mature”), and two the second. That the standard by which our achievements were measured was not so very strict may be inferred from what has been said. There were, it is true, a considerable number of talented pupils that year. Some of them had intentionally prolonged their stay in the *prima* for the sake of a substantial scholarship, which was granted only every third year, and which was just about to be awarded again. But on the whole the “complete maturity” attested on our leaving certificates was of a rather modest description. In my own case, my attainments in the two classical languages and in history might have satisfied a fairly exacting judge. But what I knew in other subjects, German literature, for example, was little enough and in one or two

cases did not go beyond what I already knew when I first arrived at Kiel from Langenhorn.

I cannot say that it was with a heavy heart that we took our leave of the *Christianeum*, with its bleak old walls and its narrow classrooms, nor even when we bade goodbye to our teachers, grasping their hands for the last time. Gratitude toward the teachers of our school days is of tardy growth. For a long time I thought of those years with repugnance. But today I cannot recall the men who were my teachers at Altona without gratitude, to every one of them for their unstinting patience and good will, and to some of them for their sincere zeal in furthering my progress. If that furtherance was not all it might have been, I can only repeat: the blame was mine, not theirs. *In fine laus!*—this inscription over the portal of the central building of the *Christianeum* would form a fitting headline of the present chapter, inasmuch as it deals with my preparation for the university; and it would do equally well as a summing up of the work of my teachers.

Let me add a few words about the political happenings and developments, which naturally did not leave our own feelings and doings unaffected. When I first came to Altona during the reign of Frederick VII, the United State of Denmark was still intact in its entirety; but it was approaching its end. Political relations were strained: between Denmark and the two duchies, between the German Confederation and the Duke of Holstein, between the smaller states and the two great German powers, between Prussia and Austria, between the King of Prussia and his people—nothing anywhere but hostility and distrust! And therefore we pupils felt it our duty, as good Germans, to manifest our hostility toward anything Danish wherever we could. Thus we would annoy the Danish soldiers garrisoned at Altona by jostling them, so that they had to step down from the sidewalk. We also used to make fools of the Danish customhouse officers posted around the territory of the free port of Hamburg and Altona, whenever we passed their line, by making our overcoats bulge so as to arouse their suspicion that we were carrying dutiable articles.

Then, if they challenged us, we resented the charge with a great show of indignation. On October 18, 1863, the fiftieth anniversary of the Battle of Leipzig was celebrated throughout Germany, and we were in no mind to be found lagging behind, in spite or rather because of the order that had been issued forbidding our participation. In the dusk of the late evening, pupils of the *gymnasium*, intermingling with members of athletic clubs, could be seen wending their way by devious routes to the height of a hill near Bahrenfeld, about an hour's walk from Altona. They brought with them a large tub which had contained tar, and they now set fire to it, placing it on a heap of faggots while singing patriotic songs. Suddenly there was a commotion, and the rumor spread that the police were coming. At once the crowd scattered in all directions; it was late at night when my friend Schacht and I got safely home by roundabout ways.

In November, Frederick VII suddenly died. That he must remain the last king of Denmark who was at the same time Duke of Schleswig and Holstein was a matter so definitely settled in our minds that we felt no need for any inquiry into the legal and political aspects of the question. Events now followed one another in rapid succession. First of all the "Execution" decreed against Denmark by the German Diet was carried out in the Duchy of Holstein, with the result that the hated Danish uniforms disappeared, while Hanoverian and Saxon forces made their entry. There was a display of blue-white-red and black-red-gold flags from all windows, and we wore sashes and cockades in the same colors. We devoured the patriotic dailies and reveled in hopes and good resolutions. Prince Frederick VIII of Augustenburg, who had been proclaimed Duke of Holstein, had arrived at Kiel and was said to be coming to Altona. There was some talk that on such occasions it was the traditional privilege of the pupils of the *sekunda* and *prima* to wait on the Duke at table, and we were determined to insist on our rights, but fortunately our services were not required. Nor were we called upon to serve in the ducal army, steps for the formation of which were then being taken in Hamburg. I seem to remember that a list of volunteers was at

one time circulated among us and that we attached our names to it; but who started it or what became of it, I cannot say. We never failed to attend the patriotic lectures which Professor Aegidi delivered during that winter in the Great Hall of the *Johanneum*. His real subject was the history of the Wars of Liberation; but he frequently entered into questions of politics and public law with special reference to contemporaneous events. Thus I remember how once he made it clear to us that Frederick VIII's claim to the Duchy of Holstein had by no means been nullified by his father's renunciation of all rights on behalf of himself and his family. That might hold good, he pointed out, in private law, but on no account in public law, since the right of the Prince was limited by the right of the State to its dynasty.

In February, 1864, Prussia and Austria went to war against Denmark. I still seem to see the Austrian dragoons of the Liechtenstein regiment in their white mantles, which in the light of the flickering gas lamps contrasted effectively with the black walls of the time-worn houses, as they entered the town on their way from Hamburg. Another time I saw some regiments of the Prussian Guards marching through the streets, with the ornaments on their helmets glittering in the bright sunlight. It was not long before the news was received with great jubilation that the Danes had been expelled by the combined Austrian and Prussian forces from the formidable fortifications of the *Dannevirke*. After the storming of Düppel the King of Prussia paid his first visit to the duchies. If I did not see the king himself, at least I saw the plumes waving on the helmets as the royal party was driving through the town. The political developments to which this royal visit was incidental corresponded neither to the wishes of the inhabitants of the two duchies nor to those of the great majority of the German people. The Duke was not recognized; the German Confederation was ignored; the Hanoverian and Saxon troops were expelled. One day, as I was crossing the market place adjoining the town hall, I found a battalion of Prussian soldiers drawn up before the guardhouse, which was still occupied by Saxon troops. The tension was extreme. There was a rumor that the Prussians



had issued an ultimatum to the effect that the guardhouse would be stormed if it were not vacated by three o'clock. Fortunately it did not come to that; the Saxon troops received orders to withdraw. From that time Altona was garrisoned by Prussian soldiers. In the end the two duchies, instead of gaining their independence, were ceded by the Peace of Vienna to Prussia and Austria. The unstable conditions to which this joint rule of the two leading German powers gave rise foreshadowed a war between them. In Holstein there was an ever growing feeling of hostility toward Prussia. The character of Bismarck's rule in Prussia together with the hope that Austria might grant them independence under their own duke led the great majority of the people to embrace Austria's cause. Among the regular visitors of our favorite restaurant there was a red-haired little Jew, a Mr. May, who was regarded as the political oracle of Altona; I often saw him there. He nourished a passionate hatred against Prussia and wrote on the political situation in the daily *Altonaer Anzeiger* from the Austrian point of view. When, by the Treaty of Gastein, Holstein was placed exclusively under Austria's administration, the inhabitants of Altona hailed it as great good news. The Austrian garrison met with a very warm reception. Their military concerts were extremely popular, and their officers were lavishly entertained in all social circles, especially on the part of the fair sex, nor can it be gainsaid that they knew how to make themselves agreeable. Bohemian beer was also imported at their instigation: the *Leitmeritzer* brew, on tap in a large garden restaurant in one of the principal streets, found general favor. We went there on many an afternoon and liked it so much that we often stayed until late at night.

One day the *Christianeum* was honored by the visit of a high dignitary representing the new Austrian Administration. General Gablenz, the victor of Oversee—in the following year (1866) he was to add the victory of Trautenau to his laurels—had been installed as the Austrian governor of Holstein and came to Altona on a tour of inspection, in which he included our *gymnasium*. With his stately figure decked out in a gorgeous hussar uniform,

he came into our classroom and, having been introduced by the *Direktor* with deep obeisances, let his lively eyes rove over us. On the *Direktor's* question as to what subject of instruction would be most agreeable to His Excellency, he asked for the regular daily fare. We happened to be reading Thucydides, and I am quite sure that our august visitor did not understand a syllable of Greek. So he naturally cut matters short and proceeded to give us a brief address. After voicing his satisfaction with the condition of the school and with our achievements, he let his speech culminate in a formal exhortation. I specially remember one passage, delivered in his Austrian dialect, which might easily have shattered our enthusiasm both for Austria and for her representative. Having dwelt on the gratitude we owed to our teachers and above all to our parents for sending us to such a good school, he continued: "Out there in the *Reich* I saw children picking up horse-dung on the highway; they had not been taught anything and had never gone to school!" His placing us on a level with those "children" was probably the most outrageous insult that had ever been leveled at our dignity as members of the *prima*.

But even before then I had been transferring my sympathies more and more from the Ducal and Austrian to the Prussian side. I feel at a loss to give any exact reasons for it. A general spirit of opposition inborn in me may have had something to do with it; it has always made me side with those who have no advocates at all rather than with those who are in favor with everybody. As a native of Schleswig, I was probably guided also by the consideration that Prussia alone was able effectively to protect the two duchies and especially the more northern one against reversion to the Danish rule. A small independent state on the exposed border was really an impossibility. Thus, even before I left Altona, I had come to espouse the incorporation of Schleswig and Holstein in the Kingdom of Prussia and had stood up for that solution in many a heated debate.

# My University Studies

1866–1871

IN THE spring of 1866 I became a student at the University of Erlangen, together with two of my former schoolmates from the gymnasium at Altona, including my friend Schacht. I called for him at his native village, Neritz, near Oldesloe, and we made our southward journey together. It took us two days; we stopped at Leipzig and went to see the Fair on the Brühl. I still remember how I arrived at Erlangen with five different kinds of German currency—Hamburg and Mecklenburg *schillinge* (a Prussian *taler* being equal to forty of the former and forty-eight of the latter), Prussian and Saxon *groschen*, and Bavarian *kreuzer*. The banknotes which my parents had given me were probably of a similarly miscellaneous description. In this way one carried the whole German misery in one's pocket!

How did I come to choose the University of Erlangen? I really cannot say. Perhaps I had some indefinite notions of the German South and of its student life; possibly also some vague rumors about the Erlangen theologians, who enjoyed a great reputation at that time; but certainly the report that living was cheap in Erlangen played no small part. For I had debts to pay off which for my circumstances were quite considerable.

Following my original intentions I enrolled as a student in the Faculty of Theology, but without any inner urge, for my estrangement from religious life was almost complete. However, I consoled myself with the thought that it could do no harm to find out how all those things which had been brought so close to my mind since early childhood might look in the light of scientific investigation. That they did not appear quite the same from that point of view as from the standpoint of the traditional

faith had not remained unknown to me, for had I not, with some of my friends at the *gymnasium*, been a subscriber to the *Gartenlaube*?<sup>1</sup>

Of much greater influence on my life at Erlangen was my joining the *burschenschaft* Bubenruthia.<sup>2</sup> Again I am at a loss to say what motives guided me. The determining influence was probably a hazy notion that the *burschenschaft* stood for Germany's unity and greatness, together with a haunting feeling of the emptiness of my existence, especially since my friend Schacht had joined the *Uttenruthia*, another students' association. But of the real history of the *burschenschaft* and of its aims, its program, or its activities I knew little or nothing. And after all, what do young people really know about what they are doing? Not much more than a child does at its birth, knowing nothing of its parents or its people or the fate in store for it. How could life be lived otherwise? We are free to choose in little things; the great ones are foreordained.

Our *burschenschaft*, named "Bubenruthia" from the little village of Bubenreuth, a few miles to the north of Erlangen, in the valley of the Regnitz, where we had our beloved *exkneipe* (out-of-town resort) at the local inn, was one of the oldest *burschenschaften* in Germany. With some half-enforced interruptions due to political suppression, it dated back to the original German *burschenschaft* founded in 1817; the year of its own foundation was 1833. Another branch was the "Germania," which had seceded from the "Bubenruthia" in 1848, having previously formed its radical wing in politics. With a membership never falling below half a hundred or so, the Bubenruthia was one of the strongest among all so-called "color-wearing" (*farbentragend*) students' associations in Germany. All four faculties were represented in

<sup>1</sup> The *Gartenlaube* was an illustrated weekly magazine, founded in 1853, and disliked in reactionary circles on account of its progressive views.

<sup>2</sup> The *burschenschaften* at the various German universities were descended from the original *burschenschaft*, an association founded in 1817 at the University of Jena by students who had taken part in the wars of liberation against Napoleon. The members of the *burschenschaften* generally adhered to democratic or liberal principles, in contradistinction to the aristocratic and conservative *korps*.

its membership, theology being numerically the largest group, just as theological students preponderated in the university as a whole. The students of law and of medicine just about balanced each other, while those under the philosophical faculty fell behind: in our *burschenschaft* their number was restricted to a few classical philologists. All the semesters were represented, the *jungburschen* (junior members) in their second, third, or fourth semesters being the most numerous; but there were some in their seventh or eighth semester. Many of the latter had continued their studies at other universities and had returned to Erlangen for their examinations. Most of our members hailed from Central and Upper Franconia, more especially from the old principality of Ansbach-Bayreuth and from Nuremberg, although the other Bavarian territories, such as Lower Franconia and the Palatinate, Swabia and the Upper Palatinate, were also represented. Hardly anyone, however, came from Bavaria proper, the home of the dynasty; and the same was true of Central Germany. North Germany was usually represented rather sparingly by some few of our members, although sometimes there were quite a number. Two theological students, cousins by the name of Rehorn and Bunge-roth, from the Rhineland, became members with me; I met them frequently in later years. Among the older members there were none at all from North Germany, which made it rather difficult for me to feel at home.

Life in the *burschenschaft* was under very few restrictions. The large membership left the individual much freer to dispose of his time and activities than is possible in smaller, or at present even in larger, associations. In those days we should undoubtedly have considered it intolerable, if not undignified, had each individual member been obliged to give up his entire day. Two convivial evenings during the week in town, the Saturday afternoon and evening at Bubenruth, and the daily fencing lesson—those were our only official duties, apart from occasional courts-of-honor and, later on, the regular students' duels (*mensuren*). In all other respects we were free to dispose of our time as we chose. The lectures were attended fairly regularly by most of us,

and not a few, especially among the older students, also worked more or less diligently at home. To wind up one's university studies by passing a creditable examination at the proper time was regarded as a duty toward the *burschenschaft* itself; for it was proud of members who made their way in the world. Among my contemporaries at Erlangen there were several who attained to prominent and in some cases high positions in the civil service or in other vocations. Of course there were also those who devoted their days to drinking, cards, and loafing. But as regards drinking, there was on the whole no overindulgence; during our convivial evenings some restricted themselves to a few glasses of beer; others drank more, but serious drunkenness was not so very frequent, and outright rowdiness was hardly ever met with, nor would it have been tolerated. We cultivated a harmless gaiety, more or less of the vacuous variety known as *gemütlichkeit*. For general questions of a philosophical, scientific, or political nature there was little interest. Our conversation mostly concerned our doings as students. Sometimes it dropped to the level of banter and practical jokes; once in a while some members, especially medical students, would talk shop about their studies. Our external appearance we regarded as of small moment. Plain living was still the general rule among the students; indeed, one might say that the *burschenschaft* had adopted it as a principle, leaving dandyism to the *korps*.

The village of Bubenreuth we regarded as the real home of our *burschenschaft*. On Saturdays and Sundays the little village inn—our *exkneipe*—overflowed with our happiness and mirth. There was a spacious and attractive garden, containing a little summer house, known as the “salon,” and a large arbor, completely hidden under linden trees, which was called the *pferch*. Indoors, Madame, the landlady, held sway. We all observed a very peculiar attitude of respect toward her, and no one ever departed from the custom of shaking hands and exchanging greetings with her in her kitchen, both on arriving and before leaving. Having witnessed the first beginnings of the Bubenruthia, she had a vivid recollection of its ups and downs and its individual members.

Her opinion as to whether a newly admitted *fuchs* (freshman) would turn out all right was regarded as an oracle. Her husband, old man Mörsberger (usually shortened to "Mörsch"), had not much to say either in the management of the inn or in any dealings with us. Accidentally shot and crippled on some occasion or other by one of our members, he could usually be found sitting on a bench near the stove. He was widely known for his rudeness. With him and his two grown-up sons we used to thee-and-thou one another. In fine summer weather the walk to Bubenreuth, either through woods or along a shipping canal, was a favorite excursion among well-to-do Erlangen families. On such occasions the garden was gay with colors, and sometimes we arranged games for the young ladies to take part in. In winter we retired to the "salon" or in very cold weather to the taproom, where the local farmers were sitting in the corner near the stove. The narrow space would then be crowded to suffocation, and anyone coming in from outside was for some minutes quite unable to discern anything in all the smoke and smother filling the room, scantily illuminated by tallow candles. It was always late at night when we returned to Erlangen, walking in larger or smaller groups through the pitch-dark forest, with our torches flaring. We took a special pride in taking our way through the railway tunnel, which was prohibited, and it is surprising that no one ever met with an accident, although many were not too steady on their legs.

I spent three semesters at Erlangen. Although the conditions of my life there were on the whole pleasant enough, I cannot say, like so many others, that they are steeped in the roseate glamour of youthful memories. In part this was due to external circumstances; but in the main I myself was to blame. There was no rational purpose in my life, and even despite my apparent cheerfulness, which on occasion might assume the form of boisterous gaiety, I never felt really happy. In the last analysis, boredom and ill humor, hidden though they may have been from the observer, predominated. As a native of Schleswig-Holstein, I had been welcomed in the *burschenschaft* with open arms; for at Erlangen,

perhaps more than elsewhere, sympathy for the "forsaken kin" played an appreciable part in the prevailing mental attitude and outlook. Nevertheless it was a long time before I managed to feel at home; in fact I never really did.

During my first summer term the war between Prussia and Austria was going on, and Bavaria was allied with the latter. One evening we found our restaurant occupied almost entirely by Bavarian artillerymen. It was said that another students' association had instigated them to pick a quarrel with us and give us a thrashing, our *burschenschaft* being generally suspected of siding with Prussia. But there was no quarrel and no thrashing, for at that time the great majority of our members were as hostile to Prussia as anyone, and therefore we were soon on the best of terms with our guests. As I made no secret of my personal convictions, I occupied a lone post in political discussions; there were only one or two who did not altogether dissent from me, while others could find no words harsh enough and loud enough to voice their hatred of Prussia and of Bismarck. The first news of Austrian victories, afterward turning out to be false, were received with jubilation. But it was a short-lived joy, and when the real truth became known there soon ensued a sobering of the spirits, followed by a rapid change in the general attitude. With victory following upon victory, the Prussian army overwhelmed Austria's forces at the beginning of July and then proceeded to sweep the troops of her allies from the field. The Bavarians, defeated again and again, left Franconia unprotected, and one day toward the end of July the inhabitants of Erlangen were surprised to see a troop of Mecklenburg dragoons riding in. People thought it amazing to see this handful of horsemen, pistol in hand, ride straight through the town to the railway station and occupy it without asking anyone's leave. They were soon followed by infantry, and on the next Sunday afternoon at Bubenreuth we had to our surprise an "enemy" as guest in our midst. He was a member of the "Arminia" at the University of Jena and was just serving his one year in one of the Rhenish regiments. These events were followed by a rapid change in the sentiments of the



*burschenschaft* no less than of the general population. Admiration for the vigorous efficiency of the Prussians, hitherto held in low esteem; memories of old historical connections with their dynasty; the common heritage of our Protestant faith; and, looming up on the horizon, especially in the perspective of the *burschenschaft*, the realization of the dream of a united Germany under a German emperor—all these reflections led to a complete transformation of the prevailing political convictions.

But even after things had settled down, the South German continued to regard the North German as an outsider, as he still does today, to which the present members of the same association can bear witness. Differences in regard to dialect are in themselves enough to make matters difficult. At first it was not at all easy for me to understand students from Swabia or from the Palatinate, and it was the same with them. But even when this difficulty had been removed, there still remained a certain dislike for the North German speech. Being literary German, free from dialect, it sounded intentionally affected to southern ears, as if the North German meant to flaunt his higher education and his superiority in the face of the simpler ways of the South. This made it impossible to feel really free and easy. Another reason was that most of the others shared common recollections of home life and school days, often occasioning innocent chat and banter, in all of which the North German had no part. Each individual table was usually occupied by a group of former schoolmates, in an esoteric circle, as it were, where the outsider felt he was not wanted. Or if he did try to take part in the conversation, he would naturally divert it to more general topics and thus lend fresh color to the suspicion that he wanted to show off and play the snob. There was still another reason. In Bavaria leaving examinations were held at the *gymnasium* only once a year in the autumn, and therefore the new members of the *burschenschaft* made their appearance in annual batches, forming more or less self-contained groups, the so-called *konfuchsien*. Thus anyone entering, as I did, at Easter found himself standing between two such groups and not belonging to either. That in itself precluded

any possibility of his ever playing a prominent part in the association.

For all these reasons I could never quite get rid of a feeling that I was a foreigner in their midst. On some occasions, when hostile sentiments toward the North Germans found expression, especially during my second semester, when the Bubenruthia severed its ties with the Alemannia at the University of Bonn, my feelings rose to the height of bitter anger, and I seriously thought of resigning my membership. But it never came to that, and I went on as before, often drowning my ill humor in beer or trying to overcome the vacuity of my mind by joining in a game. No one frequented the bowling alley so assiduously and persistently as I did, and for lack of other entertainment I also spent endless hours of boredom playing cards, taroc being the most popular game. But all these were only efforts to get rid of my own self, and they met with scant success. The painful sense of the futility of life never really left me for one moment. I lacked all serious content in my intellectual life.

For that was the real trouble! I was studying theology, but to no purpose, and without any real interest in it. The aged Thomasius's lectures on dogmatics, which we wrote down verbatim from his dictation—interrupted at every turn by someone scraping his feet on the floor, to signify that he could not keep pace—did not essentially go beyond what we had been taught at the village school or during our preparation for confirmation. My mother found my lecture notes, which I gave her to read, quite intelligible and in agreement with her own faith. Delitzsch, whose lectures on Genesis I attended, did not succeed in gaining my confidence either. Quoting at length from treatises on biology, he would point out, for example, that snakes had invisible rudiments of legs under their skin, which in his opinion showed that not until the curse had deprived them of their organs of locomotion had they been condemned to crawl on their belly. Or he would figure out that the measurements of Noah's ark corresponded in length exactly to those of the Royal Castle in Berlin, which made it quite plausible, he thought, that there could have

been space for so many animals and forage for them. Plitt's lectures on the Acts of the Apostles I found equally unattractive. If my studies could have been directed by men like Strauss or Baur, theology might have roused my interest; but as it was I remained entirely indifferent to it.

An attempt to get acquainted with philosophy met with no better success. I had enrolled for Fischer's lectures on the History of Philosophy from Thales to Schopenhauer (*sic*), but I attended them only two or three times, and I do not think I missed anything I could have turned to any account. In what direction my own thoughts were moving may be gathered from a remark by another student of theology, with whom I once had a talk about such questions: "Really, Feuerbach has nothing on you!" Of Ludwig Feuerbach, who lived on the Bruckberg, in Nuremberg, at the time, I knew little more than the name; but I did not mind being compared to him, nor did I resent the reproach that I was a materialist. It was true enough: I was!—in so far as there was any unity in my thinking at that time.

Of real work there was none during these three semesters. I attended the theological lectures fairly regularly—either by force of habit or to pass the time or because I saw others doing it—and took notes for the same reasons; but there was never a word that kindled a spark of interest. I read a few books on literature, history, and medicine. A medical student from the Palatinate who had his lodgings in the same house lent me his copy of Hyrtl's "Anatomy" together with a human skull; I kept them a long time and gathered some knowledge from them. But there was no method and no purpose in such studies, and they could not give me any satisfaction.

During my third semester the Bubenruthia and the Germania, tired of their long-standing feud and eager to let the sword "take the place of the cudgel" again, resumed their dueling relations. We now had *mensuren* regularly once a week, and my participation introduced a new element into my life, which, if not exactly of an elevating nature, was an exciting novelty. I fought on three occasions, not without some luck and not without finding some

allurement in this sanguinary sport. But I never could boast of any great feats.

When I left Erlangen, in August, 1867, and my slow train was carrying me homeward through the valley of the Werra, I could not but confess to myself that my first three semesters at the university were a dead loss. My mind was brooding over bitter memories and over the anxious question: what next? If there had been at least some real enjoyment, even without any other gain, I might have let the matter rest there. But even of that there had been all too little. How smiling and promising this land of liberty had looked to me at Easter 1866, when my train was carrying me down the slope of this same inclined plain into Franconia, or a little later, when on one of the first balmy days of spring I was looking down into the valley of the Regnitz from the height of the Ratsberg! And now—all turned into ashes! I felt deeply depressed.

In October I went to Berlin to continue my studies there. What guided me in this decision was probably the renown of the university and the prospect of the life in the great city. What I was going to study there I did not know. Only one thing was certain—not theology! I enrolled as a student under the faculty of philosophy in a vague hope of finding some lectures that would appeal to me.<sup>3</sup> My parents gave their consent to the change; no doubt they saw that, as far as theology was concerned, I was a failure.

The next two semesters were a period of restless search, a time of bitter disappointments and harrowing feelings of aimless uncertainty. I was envisaging philosophy as the main subject of my studies: "love of wisdom"—was it not what had first started me on this whole quest? But how to find the right approach? Harms had just come to Berlin; I attended his lectures on logic, but with little profit and very irregularly. Steinthal's lectures on comparative philology I also gave up after a little while; they were too difficult for me. I read some part of Überweg's "History of Philosophy," but did not find it at all to my liking, nor did I fare any

<sup>3</sup> See the last sentence of the note on p. 295.

better with H. Ritter's "Encyclopedia." I tried to hear Haupt's lectures on Aristophanes's "Clouds," but he lectured in Latin, and I could not follow him. Feeling frustrated in everything I attempted and happening just then to fall in with some old acquaintances from Erlangen and Jena, I readily reverted to my former convivial habits. Not that I enjoyed this life in the least; its only purpose was, as Tolstoy once said, to dull my own mind. Vacation time at Langenhorn brought a beneficial interruption, but my unrest continued. I read a little in the old classics I found on my shelves, especially Horace, and also wrote some Latin once in a while, a diversion which had given me such pleasure in former times. But my depression persisted.

Nor did it improve on my return to Berlin. I attended some lectures by Harms and by Droysen, but without much profit. I tried to read Plato's works; but my Greek had become rusty during the long time of disuse. I found myself casting despairing glances at the row of eight volumes in Teubner's edition: how was I to get through all these? The external conditions of my life also left everything to be desired. It was an unusually hot summer, and my room, looking out on an enclosed court, was very hot and stuffy. Most of my former companions had left Berlin, and I felt very lonely.

It was by a lucky accident that just then I happened to come across F. A. Lange's recently published "History of Materialism." It was the first book which I read with passionate and consuming interest. It was just what I needed. On the one hand, it helped me to carry the trains of thought which I had spontaneously begun to form to their conclusion by acquainting me with the great systems of materialistic philosophy from the earliest down to those that were at that time the most recent. On the other hand, it pointed the way to a higher standpoint. For while the author gained my confidence by relentlessly insisting that a naturalistic conception of the universe was justified in a relative sense—in opposition, that is to say, to the antiscientific dogmatism of contemporary theology—he also left no doubt in my mind that it

was impossible to rest satisfied with this point of view as the ultimate conclusion. His book proclaimed the victory of Kantian idealism over dogmatic materialism: no "object" without "subject"—the world of the physicist being regarded as posited in the senses and the intellect of a thinking being. The lucid and lively discussion, not lacking in emotional and imaginative appeal nor disdaining the occasional use of a blunt and telling phrase, filled me with enthusiasm for the book and its author.

The result was that I continued to follow his lead. Among the contemporary authors quoted by him Überweg seemed to enjoy his special appreciation. So I bought Überweg's "System of Logic," which had just been published, and devoted the summer vacation, spent as usual at Langenhorn—it must have been in 1868—to a thorough study of this work. It engaged my interest and furthered my progress in many ways, not only by the able exposition of the system of logic, but also by the historical account of the terminology and the discussions concerning the theory of knowledge. My courage began to revive and with it the hope that I might yet find my way and learn and do something worth while after all. Along with these studies I read Humboldt's "Cosmos" in an inexpensive edition and thus added to my knowledge in various fields. Apart from its historical chapters, I was specially interested in what it had to offer in the field of geology and cosmogony. It is quite true, of course, that I could have had the same at a much smaller expenditure of time and labor if I had bought a short textbook. But the fact that I had to gather my information and organize it myself had a value of its own. And thus, when I returned to Berlin in the autumn of 1868, I was in a much more hopeful frame of mind and fully determined to go to work with a will. First of all I joined Trendelenburg's philosophical seminar. Along with these exercises I heard his lectures on psychology and those by Harms on "Encyclopedia." I also attended Steinthal's lectures on comparative philology a second time, together with his course on introduction to psychology and philology, and, further, Bonitz's lectures on Plato's life and works. In addition I went to hear various public lectures in

the evening, including those by Dubois on physical anthropology and those by Dühring on political parties.<sup>4</sup>

That was the first semester during which I made any real progress in my studies. I felt my mind reaching out in all directions, and now at last that feeling of unrest which had tortured me for years began to abate. The incentives furnished by the lectures and my own extensive reading happily combined in advancing my inner development and clarification.

Of great importance was my joining Trendelenburg's seminar on Aristotle. I had hesitated to apply for admission because I feared that as a beginner I should find the work too difficult. But I soon found myself pleasantly surprised; for I saw that what the others achieved, even members of longer standing, I could also manage and—so it presently seemed to me—perhaps a little more. Trendelenburg's attention was soon attracted by a solution I had worked out in writing of a problem he had set concerning a textual difficulty. Not that my solution met with his approval. The passage in question was in the Second Book of Aristotle's "Physics," and my idea was to emend it by eliminating some words which occurred a second time on another page. My suggestion was that these words had found their way first from the text of that other page to its margin and from there into the text of the page with which we had to deal. Trendelenburg thought this solution too arbitrary; in his opinion the difficulty could be met by an interpretation. But even so my name had been brought to his notice, and he had seen that I meant to join in the work of the class in good earnest. His attention may also have been attracted by my bulky text. I had immediately purchased the four huge volumes of Bekker's edition and now regularly carried my mighty tome to the University twice a week. Anyway, soon after Christmas, to my intense surprise, I received an invitation from him to an evening party. Apart from the social gatherings I had attended at Langenhorn, it was the first invitation of the kind I had ever received, and I felt very shy and awkward about it. I accepted it

<sup>4</sup> "Public" lectures in this sense are intended for students of all faculties, and no fee is charged for attendance.

solely for the reason that I did not know how to refuse and had not the courage to do so. That was the beginning of my social intercourse in the hospitable home of this kindly family—an intercourse from which other personal relations were soon to branch out in all directions.

During all the years in which Trendelenburg conducted his seminar, Aristotle's writings regularly formed the subject matter. To renew the Aristotelean philosophy and to elaborate it in accordance with modern ideas was the task he had set himself as the great work of his life. In Aristotle he had found a congenial thinker. He shared not only his teleologic idealism but also his predilection for detailed empirical research and more especially his habit of connecting his thoughts with those of earlier thinkers and with the language. Indeed, so completely did he feel at one with the thinker of his choice that in his lectures on the history of philosophy he never failed to extol Aristotle as the *philosophus perennis* with all the enthusiasm of a neo-scholastic. Aristotle's reign, he used to say, had lasted through two millennia—I still seem to hear his emphatic words: "down to our own days!"

This attitude was apparent also in the way in which he conducted his seminar, which I attended through three semesters. Aristotle's "Physics," "Metaphysics," and "Ethics," were read as if they were textbooks. The Greek was read, translated, and interpreted (by reference to the context and to other passages) in very small portions—much as a classical author is read at school. Critical comments on Aristotle's views and their value he avoided, nor did he encourage them on the part of his students. Not that he altogether refused to entertain them; but he always restricted himself to a brief defense of his philosopher and then called our attention back to the text in hand. At that time this method did not always find favor with me; I should often have preferred to hear and also to say something about the philosophical problems themselves. Nor can there be any doubt that such a more "philosophical" treatment of the text could be highly profitable; in the case of a modern philosopher it would quite automatically and inevitably become the method of choice. But, after all, Trendelenburg was



probably right in largely restricting himself to a "philological" treatment and interpretation of the text. The student is bound to find the Aristotelean concepts at first so foreign and difficult that it takes him a long time to learn how to handle them and think in them. It therefore was a sound pedagogical principle to take care that the steady practice needed to that end was not interrupted and thwarted, as it were, by a critical discussion of the philosophical contents. One has to learn things before one can criticize them; and since young people are always more ready to criticize, the teacher will do well to lay the stress on the learning.

In his personal intercourse with the members of his seminar Trendelenburg was urbanity personified. He did not treat them in a superior way or like pupils at all, but rather as co-workers and sharers of his thoughts. Sometimes, I think, he was almost too patient in the face of indolence and incompetence. As the group was usually small, a personal relation soon developed between the individual members, as well as between them and the teacher. It was here that I first met Christian Belger, with whom a long and intimate friendship was to unite me in the coming years. We also saw each other occasionally at Trendelenburg's house; he was obviously pleased at bringing young men together who in his opinion had something to give to each other.

I gladly admit that I owe a very great deal to those exercises in Trendelenburg's seminar—much more than I thought at moments when a discussion of the philosophical contents would have been more welcome than a philological interpretation. Above all, they helped me to regain assurance and perseverance in my work, for they provided me with a goal and with an inducement to strive for that goal: to master the concepts and terminology of the Aristotelean philosophy. Odd and unpalatable as his "Physics" appeared to me at first—especially his doctrine of the four causes in the Second Book, which we were reading—I gradually succeeded in penetrating far enough into its meaning to see that all these formulas have an inherent rationality of their own, however uncongenial they may seem to our modern way of thinking. To-day I regard it as a great gain that Trendelenburg made us study

Aristotle's works so thoroughly. Had I begun with modern philosophy, I probably should never have found the way back into the past to that prototype of philosophical thought in the Western world.

Among the lectures I attended during that winter I specially valued those by Bonitz, who lectured on Plato four times a week. He was the headmaster of the well-known *Gymnasium zum Grauen Kloster* and lectured at the University in his capacity as a member of the Academy of Sciences. If I am not mistaken, that was the first course of lectures he delivered at the university. In some respects they came nearer to perfection than any others I ever heard. He usually stood on the steps leading to his chair, leaning against the desk and remaining in that position for two hours without interruption—he lectured on Wednesdays and Saturdays from eleven A.M. to one P.M.—while he gave us, with some notes on a few loose pages as his only help, a fluent and elegant discourse on the contents of one of Plato's Dialogues. He could not have spoken with greater precision if the Dialogue had been enacted before his eyes while he graphically described its organization, its different parts, and the connection of the whole.

Steinthal's lectures were altogether different. He was in the years of his prime. Slender and small of stature, with his pale and narrow face framed by a full dark beard, he always delivered his lectures sitting on his chair. Sometimes he seemed to get confused and to lose himself in the multitude of papers spread out on the desk before him. He was a slow speaker, and there were often long pauses during which he seemed to search for his thread. Even when he lectured continuously, the words seemed to hesitate on his lips. But all that did not prevent me from following his lectures with rapt attention. His course on introduction to psychology and philology opened up a wide vista in all directions. The course began with the physiological aspects, then took up the psychological problems, and concluded with the theory of language. Especially the psychological part I found highly instructive. Steinthal's conception of the human mind centered in the idea of apperception, which he used especially in showing how in the

child's mind the language is gradually built up simultaneously with the system of concepts. His other course, on comparative philology, now also roused my interest to a high degree. The development of the various Indogermanic languages and the description of the civilization and culture of the original ancestral nation, as suggested by the words forming a common possession of the peoples descended from it—all this conjured up a dim but suggestive picture of the historical antecedents of this whole group of peoples and languages which made one's imagination roam over immeasurable distances.

The lectures I heard pointed the way to various other studies. Both Trendelenburg's and Steinthal's courses seemed to suggest a thorough study of physiology. So I bought Johannes Müller's handbook and diligently plowed my way through its five volumes with so much profit that I am glad I did not prefer the short cut of a compendium. During that same winter I also studied Beneke's philosophy. Überweg's high opinion of this author had drawn my attention to him. I first read his "Psychology," which had just appeared, and then his "Metaphysics" and other works. Again I have no regrets. His very intelligible interpretation of the problems of epistemology and metaphysics enabled me to find my own way in these subjects. Indeed, up to a certain point his ideas have had a lasting influence on my own, especially inasmuch as he rejected the phenomenalist character of our knowledge of our own mental life, thus transcending the standpoint of Kant and rejoining the tracks of objective idealism—more or less in agreement with practically the entire German philosophy of the nineteenth century. My study of his "Psychology" had preceded Trendelenburg's lectures on the same subject, which gave me a certain freedom in listening to the latter. For the definite categories with which my mind had thus been furnished enabled me to observe a critical attitude. What really helped me most was what today I should call the misleading imagery of Beneke's psycho-physical descriptions—a striking anticipation, by the way, of the physiological construction now in vogue, which accounts for the mental processes by the occupation or nonoccupation of certain brain

cells. More than once I have in later life made this same observation that the value of a certain book to a certain reader does not depend altogether on its intrinsic importance, but quite as much on the fact that he happens to come across it at the right time. No matter how valuable in itself, if read before the proper time a book may become a serious impediment to further progress. Kant's three Critiques have that effect, I fear, only too frequently. They are likely to repel the beginner, leaving in his mind nothing but the impression that he is unfit for philosophy. That is why I deem myself lucky in having come upon the books I mentioned—Lange's "History of Materialism," Überweg's "Logic," and Beneke's works—at just the right moment.

My personal intercourse during that winter remained within narrow limits. Having completely withdrawn from my former convivial life and finding no friends who shared my taste for philosophical studies, I was mostly thrown back on my own company—without, however, feeling unhappy about it. There was one pleasant exception, too, a friend from Erlangen, who was studying law, and in whose company I spent many an hour. We read three of Aristophanes's comedies together in Greek: "Clouds," "Knights," and "Frogs."

The summer semester of 1869 I decided to spend at the University of Bonn. When I called on Trendelenburg to say goodbye, he made no secret of it that he disapproved of the step I was taking. I think he was right: I ought to have gone on with the studies on which I had barely made a fair start. But that last hot summer in Berlin was too painful to recall, and I also felt an indefinite longing to see a little more of German lands and universities. So I persisted in my plans and I will not say that I regret it, even though the semester I spent at Bonn did not quite come up to my expectations.

That applies in the first place to the lectures, from which I gained but little. Jürgen Bona Meyer, who lectured on materialism, could not compare with F. A. Lange either in his exposition or in his critical comments. Nor were Usener's lectures on the history of Greek literature of any great value to me. He had

led us to expect an account of the "organic growth" of Greek literature but then forthwith proceeded to amputate several important members, including the development of philosophic and scientific thought. His enumerations of philological publications, already published or to be expected, may have been useful for philologists, but I should gladly have dispensed with them. His laborious way of lecturing without notes in a peripatetic, breathless manner also became painful to me. So there remained only one among the more important courses which I attended fairly regularly: Bernays's lectures on Lucretius. He lectured from three to four o'clock in the afternoon—hardly a propitious time in summer and at Bonn! The number of students attending the lectures, never very large from the first, dropped to four or five, both Lucretius and Bernays proving unable to compete with the attractions of the Rhine and the Seven Mountains. The decreasing attendance had an unfavorable effect on his lectures. It was easy to see that the distinguished and perhaps a little conceited scholar thought it below his dignity to cast the pearls of his beloved science before that handful of students who were not even the same at each lecture. Especially the way in which he broke off, when the hour was over, strengthened that impression. No sooner had the clock in the lecture-room begun to strike than he stopped right in the middle of his discourse and walked out, as if regretting to have wasted even that much time on us.

Sybel's lectures on the history of the eighteenth century, given before a large audience, were a much greater attraction to me. I admired his lucid account of the political situation at any given time and his pleasing and penetrating delineation of the characters of the leading personalities; I specially remember his account of Frederick the Great of Prussia and Catherine II of Russia. I also attended a course of lectures by Aegidi, whom I had heard at Altona, on the German Customs Union (the *Zollverein*). The amount of patriotic eloquence he expended seemed hardly warranted by the subject matter. Someone had given me an introduction to him, but to my loss I never called, because of my shyness and awkwardness. A public lecture course by Heimsoeth on Hor-

ace encouraged my predilection for that poet. Clausius's lectures on the theory of heat initiated me into the views of modern mechanistic physics, but I soon came to grief on the mathematical formulas. During that summer I also made a special effort to learn Sanscrit under Gildemeister, my interest in that language of the far-off East and the equally remote past having been roused by Steinthal. I got as far as to be able to read—to read the individual words, I mean. But then I realized that a serious study would cost more time and energy than I could afford for a hobby—for I never saw more in it than that; so I gave it up.

My principal efforts during that semester at Bonn were devoted to the study of Plato. Guided by the lecture notes I had taken in Bonitz's course and with the help of Schleiermacher's translation, Hermann's standard edition, and Überweg's prize essay on the "Authenticity of Plato's Dialogues," I carefully perused, pen in hand, the entire series of Plato's Dialogues, with great gain to my ability in reading. The dialogue form, unlike the systematic form of presentation, does not enable the reader to grasp the purport of the discussion and the organization of its contents without any further effort on his own part, but compels him to work it out for himself by paying close attention to the drift of the discourse and also to the little hints, which are not lacking, regarding the significance of the individual parts and their connection. There could be no better training in the art of intelligent reading. The Greek language, which had seemed an insurmountable obstacle barely a year ago, soon ceased to give me any trouble, so that I was able to read the text practically without the dictionary or other helps, to the great satisfaction of my philological ego.

My personal intercourse was largely determined by my old connection with the *burschenschaft*. I was a frequent visitor at the *Schänzchen* ("Little Redoubt"), delightfully situated on the Rhine, which was the *kneipe* of the *burschenschaft* Alcmannia. A small circle of guest members from other universities, including my two Rhinelanders from Erlangen, kept together and formed a particularly lively corner. Among these was a somewhat older

man, Dr. Carl Göring, who afterwards habilitated <sup>5</sup> at the University of Leipzig and became known as the author of a "System of Critical Philosophy." I spent many an evening with him debating profound philosophical problems; a student from Westphalia, Osthoff by name, at present Professor of Comparative Philology at Heidelberg, usually was the third. Göring had a peculiar manner, dry and somewhat sarcastic, which to his younger friends smacked a little of superiority. We always had the impression that he was of a melancholy turn of mind. Harmless gaiety was not for him; strong drink was more in his line. The last time I saw him was when he called on me as his colleague after my habilitation as a *privatdozent* at the University of Berlin. Not long afterward he ended his life by his own hand.

Of course we explored the beautiful countryside on many an outing. For ordinary everyday walks there was the choice between the Kreuzberg, Endenich, Kessenich, and Godesberg, while the Seven Mountains were the usual goal of our excursions on Sundays. On many a Sunday morning I set out quite by myself, walking to the Löwenburg, where I took my midday meal at the forester's house, returning either by way of the Wolkenburg or the Ölberg. On frequent occasions I hired a boat and took a plunge from it, and more than once I swam across the Rhine from one shore to the other, going partly with the stream and thus benefiting by my efforts at Erlangen, where I had learned to swim in the shallow waters of the Regnitz simply by keeping on trying.

It was at Bonn, too, that I gained a deeper understanding of the Catholic religion. Opportunities to see something of it had not been lacking at Erlangen, in the old episcopal town of Bamberg, and even nearer at hand in the villages lying to the north; but somehow I had failed to take any notice of it. Here in the Rhenish lands, however, my eyes were opened. The Jesuits had

<sup>5</sup> The "habilitation" of a *privatdozent* is his formal admission as academic lecturer by the faculty to which he attaches himself after satisfying the prescribed requirements and thus obtaining the *venia legendi*.

a settlement on the Kreuzberg, and the strange figures of the Fathers roused a peculiar interest, mingled with antipathy and dread. But when I heard one of them preach I could find nothing amiss with his discourse; it was clear, to the point, impressive, and of purely practical import. What surprised me most was the complete absence of stale dogmatics and stereotyped pulpit eloquence, both of which I had expected to find here in a heightened degree. Of course I also occasionally went to hear High Mass in the Cathedral. But the Catholic character of the whole surroundings made itself felt at every step. Opposite my room, which looked out on a garden, there was the Franciscan Convent, whose bells, rung at frequent intervals and often at an unearthly hour, sometimes became rather a nuisance. On the highways, to my astonishment, I saw women telling their beads; and the public and businesslike manner in which this was done was as surprising to my Protestant consciousness as had been the secular tone of that Jesuit's sermon. Protestantism is the religion of the individual; Catholicism that of the people. The former thrives in seclusion; the latter in publicity. In the Protestant Church even the public service has a private and world-estranged character, quite like the pulpit style of an old-fashioned Lutheran pastor. Holding itself completely aloof from the workaday world, it constitutes a world of its own. In the Catholic Church, on the other hand, divine service is more like a public festival. It takes place right in the midst of the world as something belonging there, not even shunning the streets. I was not a little astonished when on Corpus Christi Day I for the first time saw the streets adorned with improvised altars, all garlanded with flowers, and the processions, singing hymns and decked out in gaudy splendor. In my homeland all this would have been regarded as a profanation; the mere decoration of the altar with flowers would have been unthinkable. A stuffy atmosphere and a peculiar musty odor seemed to be an essential ingredient of ecclesiastical solemnity. It all goes to show how paradoxical this world of ours can be. Lutheranism, so often extolled for having brought religion back into the world and for having reconciled religious service with human affairs and daily



tasks, has as a matter of fact led to the complete alienation and isolation of the Church from the realities of life. The old Church, on the other hand, all its otherworldliness notwithstanding, has succeeded in making itself completely at home in this world, weaving a thousand threads into the very warp and woof of human life.

I might mention here two longer excursions I undertook from Bonn, the one to the mountainous district of the Eifel during the Whitsun holidays, the other to Heidelberg at the end of the semester. The trip to the Eifel I made with my friend Bungeroth. Over hill and dale we ascended through the valley of the Ahr up to Adenau—all the while busily debating multifarious intricate questions. He was developing into an orthodox theologian, and I advanced my own philosophical views, the outline of which was beginning to assume a more definite shape. Through the Brohl valley and by way of the Lake of Laach we then made our way down again—he going on foot to Altenkirchen to visit his parents, while I returned to Bonn to my studies. The other excursion, to Heidelberg, I had to make without a companion, one reason being that the anniversary of the Alemannia was just being celebrated. The festivities were in full swing at the little town of Oberwesel when I passed it on the steamer. At Bingen I went ashore, to continue on foot by way of Rüdesheim and through the fertile lands along the Rhine to Mayence. Having inspected the relics of Roman times, I continued my way to Frankfort, where the Paulskirche claimed my principal attention.<sup>6</sup> Its great days were still fresh in the memory of the *burschenschaft*, for Hans von Raumer had been a member of the Bubenruthia. Then walking along the Bergstrasse, skirting the Odenwald Mountains, I put up for the night at Auerbach; and I still remember how I grew sentimental over a glass of the local red wine, dreaming of a companion and of conversing with him—or with her—in the Platonic manner. At Worms I inspected the cathedral in passing and also the Luther monument with its peculiar enclosure. From

<sup>6</sup> St. Paul's Church, where the National Parliament met in 1848. Hans von Raumer, mentioned in the next line but one, was its representative at Paris.

Worms I took the train to Mannheim, which has left no other trace in my memory but the smug uniformity of its houses and streets and the voice of a Major from Baden, who dispensed his wisdom at the *table d'hôte* in broad dialect.

At Heidelberg I saw and heard Zeller and Treitschke for the first time, with both of whom I was to come in almost daily contact later, at Berlin. Zeller was giving a verbatim dictation of his psychology to a sleepy little crowd—the semester was drawing to its close. Treitschke carried his hearers away by the pompous force of his words. Hearing his monotonous and hollow voice for the first time, one could not help wondering why or how. I heard him lecture only once more, several years later, at Berlin. Unfortunately he was just speaking about England, and the invectives he poured out in his blind hatred of English philosophy and the whole English mode of thinking became so intolerable to me that I walked out of the lecture room. His ungovernable temperament rendered him peculiarly insusceptible to historical justice. He knew only two categories: for or against the good cause; and in order to put down anything that warred against the latter, he regarded any means as justified—the good cause being the cause of Prussia. I wonder how England had really managed to incur his undying hatred—a hatred that knew no bounds. I can still hear his voice in the professors' room at Berlin when, on hearing of the fall of Khartoum and Gordon's death, he gave vent to his feelings in loud jubilation. "Just what ought to have happened!" he exclaimed, "every one of them ought to meet with the same fate!" His deafness made it impossible to reply; his own voice was the only voice he ever heard, and that increased the intemperance of his emotions.

Returning home to Langenhorn, I visited Düsseldorf on my way (sharing a room at a lowly inn with a traveling artisan, as I had but little money left) and also Elberfeld-Barmen, where the Wupper Valley Festival was going on. The only thing I remember about the latter is the painful impression which the speakers' flow of oratory made on me. A night train carried me through the land of German big industry, with its flaring chimneys, to Altona,

where I arrived exhausted, reaching home on the following day after a tedious journey by train and stagecoach. And that was the end of my Bonn semester.

Of the following vacation I have no clear recollection. But I do remember that I read Plato's "Republic" with great interest, having been unable to get through it during the summer; and likewise Lucretius's six books *De rerum natura*, for which I had found no time at Bonn. I also read Aristotle's "Ethics," which was to form the subject of Trendelenburg's seminar. Bernhardt's "History of Greek Literature" which I had bought with numerous other books at the auction sale of Welcker's library, was also in my hands.<sup>7</sup>

For the winter semester of 1869-70 I returned to Berlin. The lectures from which I profited most were those by Bonitz on Aristotle; like his previous lectures on Plato, they pointed the way for me to an extensive study of Aristotle's works. The account he gave of the philosopher's life and writings enabled one to find one's bearings, and his occasional critical remarks were trenchant and stimulating. Unlike Trendelenburg, Bonitz was by no means an unqualified admirer of Aristotle; he had assimilated too many modern ideas, especially in the field of science and mathematics, to rest satisfied with a construction of all existence out of the two concepts of reality and possibility. Steinthal's lectures on "Encyclopedia of Philology" were instructive in many ways but did not come up to the suggestive and stimulating effect of his "Introduction." Droysen, in his lectures on recent history, did not, in my opinion, succeed in laying bare the ultimate forces and motives. He spoke with a great theatrical show of eloquence—theatrical in more senses than one; for he pretended to speak without notes, while in reality he read his words from small pieces of paper. What his lectures contained was little more than a survey of the more spectacular events during the wretched times of the Holy Alliance. As far as I remember, he never reached the latest period,

<sup>7</sup> Friedrich Gottlieb Welcker (1784-1868), the renowned classical philologist. Gottfried Bernhardt (1800-75) published widely used compendia of Greek and Roman Literature.

ushered in by Cavour and Bismarck and so portentous for the future. Erdmannsdörffer's public lectures on the French Revolution I found much more to my liking, on account of his sober delivery no less than his penetrating analytic treatment. It goes without saying that I again took part in Trendelenburg's seminar, this time on Aristotle's *Ethics*; I now felt quite at home in it. I also joined Harms's seminar on Kant's "*Critique of Pure Reason*"; but it did not amount to much. A chapter was assigned to each student, who then had to read a written report on it from the lecture desk. The professor being very hard of hearing, any discussion became practically impossible. It was in the course of these exercises, if I remember right, that I first met G. F. Müller, who has been a professor at the University of Göttingen for many years.

Aristotle's philosophy was the principal item of my intellectual fare during that semester. I got through a considerable number of his works and made careful excerpts from them, devoting my principal attention to the *Ethics* in the three forms in which it has been handed down. A very detailed résumé of the latter which I drew up in Latin is still in my possession. I was planning an annotated edition of the *Ethics* that was to take its place by the side of Trendelenburg's edition of the *Psychology* and Bonitz's edition of the *Metaphysics*. For this purpose I examined variant readings, collected the emendations of others with some of my own, and made observations concerning Aristotle's language. I never got around to turning all this material to practical account. Nevertheless, my intensive study of Aristotle's *Ethics* was not wasted; for I thus became familiar with one of the basic forms of interpreting the moral world, the form which I myself have come to regard as the only true solution: a teleological interpretation of human life. Besides Aristotle's *Ethics*, I read his *Politics*, his *Rhetoric*, and his *Poetics* with great care, and if I am not mistaken also his *Psychology* and his *Analytics*; the *Metaphysics* I read during the following Easter vacation. For a long time in the course of that semester I made a point of getting through at least one "book" a day of the work I was reading. Many a time I sat over this self-appointed task until all hours of the night, in a

room that had long become cold, trying to sustain the necessary heat of my body by any sort of wrappings I could devise.

In addition to Aristotle's works I read Kant's three Critiques and Schleiermacher's Ethics. My attention had been called to the latter by Bonitz's emphatic references to Schleiermacher's "Critical Remarks on Previous Systems of Ethics." I also read his Dialectics, remembering Überweg's good opinion of it. Kant's Critiques I studied from the first page to the last, trying hard to grasp their meaning; but in the absence of any real assistance I was unable to achieve more than a preliminary and superficial understanding. I well remember how in Harms's seminar I had to report on Kant's chapter on the "schematism," and how I accomplished this task to the entire satisfaction of the teacher, but not to my own, being only too painfully aware of the fact that I did not in the least comprehend the why and wherefore of all those formulas. Nor did I fare any better with the "Critique of Practical Reason." I understood the sense of the words; but I labored in vain to comprehend the real import of the book as a whole.

When I returned to Berlin, in April, 1870, having again devoted the intervening vacation largely to Aristotle, I found great disappointments in store for me. Both Trendelenburg and Steinthal, on whom I had counted above all others, were ill and absent on leave. Under these circumstances I could not see why I should spend the summer in Berlin—never an alluring prospect in any case. The furnished room I had taken also left much to be desired; so I bundled up my belongings and went to Kiel—some time in May, it must have been. What induced me to go to Kiel was not the university there, but the presence of a friend of mine, who was a teacher at the Kiel *gymnasium*, and whom I ought to have mentioned long ere this—Friedrich Reuter. I had first met him on my way home after my first semester at Erlangen, in the autumn of 1866, just after the war. I had come through Kassel, where the castle of Wilhelmshöhe, at that time vacant and closed, spoke of the great changes that had taken place in Germany. At Erlangen I had been told that Reuter, now living in Altona, had been a

member of the *burschenschaft* one year before me, and that I must not fail to look him up. I met him for the first time at the Reinkes' house, in the main street, and after that we spent a few evenings together at the old restaurant, once or twice in the company of former schoolmates of mine who had not yet graduated from the *gymnasium*. I still recall how short and sharp he was with them; to one, a little the worse for drink, who repeatedly insisted on being presented to him, he said: "Young man, would it not be much better for you, instead of being *presented*, to *absent* yourself?" I was quite taken with the way he had; it reminded one of the self-confidence of a student in his later semesters, and yet it had already got beyond that and reached the stage of manliness and maturity. At that time he was one of the younger teachers at a private boarding school attended largely by boys from abroad or at least born in foreign countries. The taming of these young cubs was an interesting task for a young teacher, and he proved himself fully equal to it.

It would be impossible to overrate the important effect which this meeting was to have on my life. Although excelling me in every respect, he for some reason or other felt attracted to me and decided to keep in touch, with the result that I found in him a mentor in the truest sense, to whom I owe an enormous debt of gratitude. On the one hand, his self-assured superiority, rooted in his outstanding character and scholarship, served to subdue the self-esteem which had been sticking to me since my school days. For, without in the least intending it, he made me conscious at every turn of my failings as a student, so that in order to escape a sense of shame I often felt tempted to avoid his company. On the other hand, he succeeded in rousing my sense of duty and restoring my self-confidence, which at times was at a very low ebb. Indeed, before I managed to gain firm ground again as a student at Berlin, there was a time when I thought of giving up my university studies, as leading nowhere, and returning to my parental home to take up farming after all. It is therefore only right and proper for me to speak at somewhat greater length of the first and closest friend I ever had.

Friedrich Reuter was born in 1843, the son of a clergyman at Martinsheim, in Franconia, not far from Marktbreit, situated on the first great southward loop of the River Main. His father had died young; but his courageous mother had made it possible nevertheless to send her two sons to the university. My friend, the older of the two, attended the *Alumneum* at Ansbach, whose headmaster or *Rektor*, Elsperger by name, took a special interest in him. So, having acquired a sound preparatory education, he matriculated in 1861 at the University of Erlangen, his mother going with him to live there. He joined the Bubenruthia, but was rusticated from the university after one semester, because he had given an insolent student a box on the ear; the other had fully deserved it, as everyone agreed, not excepting the judges. However, he obtained a scholarship and went to the University of Munich, where he continued his studies in philology and history during the following year. Returning to Erlangen, he began to play an important part in the *burschenschaft*, along with another member from Franconia, Renaud by name, the descendant of an emigrated French family in Bayreuth. In later years Renaud held a position on the provincial School Board, in which he devoted his best efforts to the spiritual reconquest of Alsace. Reuter and Renaud, those were the two names I heard most frequently when I joined the *burschenschaft* at Erlangen; they were the two last heroic figures of the Bubenruthia. Friends and competitors at the same time, they had always contended for first place, although neither ever dreamed of underrating or belittling the other's worth. Renaud, the born poet, inspired the greater love, and Reuter, the born fighter, the greater fear, also on account of his sharp tongue. Both of them were poor and had to earn their living.

Having obtained his Upper Teacher's Certificate, Reuter decided to go farther afield; he felt rather cramped in Bavaria and yearned for the larger and freer life of the North. Having won his spurs as an educator at Altona, he entered the service of the Prussian Government through L. Wiese's mediation. Gradually he came to feel completely at home in Holstein, teaching succes-

sively at the *gymnasien* of Kiel, Glückstadt, and Altona and sowing the seeds of love wherever he went. When he had to resign his last position in 1901 on account of almost total blindness, grateful pupils from all parts of the country and from all the classes he had taught banded together to present him with a valedictory donation. He had made it possible for many a poor boy to go through the school and the university; he always found someone or other to look after, giving him help and advice. His income largely went that way, for he never married. If his own means were not sufficient, he did not think it beneath his dignity to knock at the doors of the rich and suggest to them a fruitful way of investing their superabundance. Nor did his efforts cease after his pupils had left the school; indeed, he took a special delight in further assisting them during their university studies. He counseled them as to what profession or university they were to choose; he gave them introductions to university professors, always carefully selecting those to whom the students in question might look for special interest and assistance. For this purpose he had spun his threads over almost all the universities of Germany and rarely missed an opportunity to make an acquaintance which seemed to promise a future contact of this kind. Indeed, his helpful interest extended even beyond the academical years. The young teacher who was just starting on a career found in him a ready counselor and helper; many appealed to him, either in person or by letter, to get his advice in their troubles, and never was there a difficult or awkward situation in which they could not count on him. I doubt if there has ever lived another man with such a deep, imperative urge to help and to guide others. It became, in fact, the dominating passion of his life, and, like all passions, it was apt to become embarrassing at times.

His self-sacrificing spirit had its obverse aspect, too, in the exacting demands he made on others. He was not one of those amiable and soft-hearted persons who can never hurt anyone's feelings. He was not incapable of hardness and severity, and once his distrust had been aroused, he could be unmerciful and even unjust. In his anger he was as ruthless as he was gentle and considerate in



his benevolent moods. If he met with untruthfulness or insolence or meanness, a consuming hatred took possession of his passionate soul. Quite naturally therefore his colleagues did not always find him easy to get on with. Although always ready to render any assistance or to come to any fair understanding, he absolutely refused to consent to an indulgent *laissez-faire*, following the maxim: *veniam damus petimusque vicissim*. Nor did his superiors always find him easy to deal with. The headmasters of the first two *gymnasien* at which he taught, *Direktor* Bartelmann and *Direktor* Niemeyer, he almost worshiped; but there were others to whom he often caused great worry by utterly refusing to step softly and keep silent for the sake of avoiding unpleasantness. It was the same with the higher officials in the Department of Education. His attachment to L. Wiese ended only with his life, and he never could find sufficient words of praise for the calm assurance, the *mitis sapientia*, which had always impressed him in Wiese's dealings with pupils as visiting school inspector. But when he found himself face to face with puffed-up officialdom or with hollow and cocksure self-complacency, the old spirit of the *burschenschaft* flared up in him, and then he did not always mind what he said. Even in his later years, as an upper teacher, he more than once challenged men who had run foul of him to a duel.

In a word: the keynote of his personality was decision, either for or against, but never a wavering half-way stand; either warmth or coldness, but never lukewarmness. That was the way he was made. Whoever came in personal contact with him could not fail to be impressed by his intellectual caliber. When he had one of his good days, his conversation was witty and sparkling, abounding in striking and original phrases, his diction being extremely condensed and of a character all its own, so that it was not always easy to follow him. He was an unusually keen observer of the eccentricities and foibles of others, which did not always escape his ready wit. An astonishing memory made the past rise up before him in vivid colors, and whether he was relating reminiscences and experiences or stories and anecdotes, mostly about persons or personal matters, he described everything as if it were

just happening. His hunger for knowledge was insatiable. If he met someone who had any special information to dispense—it might be a scholar or an artisan, a farmer or a sailor, a fellow citizen or a stranger—he forthwith proceeded to question him about social and professional matters or about general and personal affairs. As a young teacher in Kiel he attended university lectures on a great variety of subjects, not only in the field of history and philology, but also in law and philosophy, his object being to fill up the gaps in his knowledge, for which he often blamed his wasted student days in passionate words. As a matter of fact he was well versed in an immense number of different subjects, and his excellent memory readily placed the rich stores of his mind at his disposal. With his capacity for comprehending personalities and for keen, untiring investigation, he might have become an eminent authority on literary history had he had more freedom and the gift of concentration. His qualities as an author are evident in his writings on the *burschenschaft* and on the German poets Rückert and Platen, but most of all perhaps in his first essay, that on *Direktor Bartelmann*, which appeared in three Kiel Programs.<sup>8</sup> One can feel the pleasure it gave him to see things and search for them and to follow them up at every point to the very end. Thus he was led from one subject to another, on and on, ever farther, and that is why his writings show a certain lack of delimitation and rounding out. His passionate devotion to the hobby of collecting books and letters was but another manifestation of the same trait. On his own part he used to complain about his lack of proper training in thinking and research at the university. In reality, however, the deficiency was not accidental at all, but directly due to his own saltatory turn of mind. To stroll placidly along the avenue of thought in tightly laced boots was not for him. His strength lay in swift divination, reaching conclusions by leaping over the middle terms. But if this was his strong point, it also was his weakness. From the most trivial and fortuitous symptoms he would draw the most far-fetched con-

<sup>8</sup> The annual programs of higher secondary schools in Germany often have a supplement containing a scholarly treatise by one of the teachers.

clusions, conjuring up connections between the most remote things. What his mind lacked was not acuteness and energy, but the sober spirit which takes things as they are, whereas he so often invested them with the most whimsical fancies. In the *burschenschaft* he had been known as "Don Quixote," and curiously enough his pupils at the Altona *gymnasium* soon hit upon that same nickname. His tall and lank figure, his pointed beard, and his wide-open eyes may have suggested it. But no less marked was the relationship in mind and spirit, as it appeared in his propensity for fantastic interpretations and in his heroic idealism, which scorned personal interests and considered none but the great things worth striving for. And thus he also shared the quality which is revealed as the most essential attribute of the ingenious Don's inmost nature when, bidding goodbye to his knighthood and his spirit of adventure, he says: "Call me no longer Don Quixote de la Mancha! Call me Don Alonzo the Good!"

But now I must return to the beginning of our acquaintance. How soon after that first meeting we saw each other again, I cannot say for certain; probably it was during the Easter vacation in 1868, when Reuter one evening turned up at Langenhorn, with another friend from Erlangen, to pay me a visit. Their unexpected arrival caused no little inconvenience and consternation in my parents' household, since there were no arrangements whatsoever for overnight guests. But it had to be made possible. On the following day we quickly made up our minds to undertake an excursion to the Isle of Föhr. We reached Dagebüll the same evening and, having to wait for high tide, consumed a considerable quantity of tea punch to pass the time. When, after a long nocturnal crossing in an open row boat, we arrived at Wyck, we were so chilled and drenched that the effects of the punch we had drunk at the Dagebüll inn had quite worn off. That, by the way, was my first sea voyage, although our house was but an hour's walk from the shore, and although my father hailed from the Halligen Islands! In the following winter (1868-69) began an exchange of letters which has been uninterrupted to this day. I

had to tell him all about the lectures I heard, and he even made me send him my lecture notes of Steinthal's course, which interested him no less than it did me. At Easter, 1869, he again came to Langenhorn, and we read Plato's *Timaeus* together; and so too at Easter, 1870, when we read Aeschylus's *Prometheus*. I am not sure when I first visited him at Kiel, but it probably was in the autumn of 1869. After that I regularly spent a few days at Kiel with him on my way home from Berlin, and I never said goodbye without feeling that I had been benefited in one way or another.

So it was only natural that, when I went away from Berlin in May, 1870, I betook myself to Kiel. I stayed until the following autumn, and there was hardly a day during that time when we did not see each other. We usually took our midday dinner together at the *Landhaus*, which was frequented by a small circle of young teachers and university students. Often we went for a cross-country walk in the direction of Düsternbrook, Holtenau, or Knoop and on such occasions spent many an hour stretched out on the grass and talking, with our eyes roving over the blue Baltic, or bathing in the sea near Düsternbrook in the evening. There was scarcely a subject in heaven or on earth that was not touched upon in the course of these communings. As I had gradually found my bearings in the domain of philosophy, I now had something to offer him in return for all that he gave me in the fields of history and philology, including access to his own steadily growing library.

At the university I did not find much to attract me, nor had I expected it; indeed, I had not even troubled to matriculate, but just dropped in occasionally to listen to a lecture by some professor or other—Thaulow, for example, the old Hegelian, who was generally regarded as a comic figure and lived up to that reputation. In a lecture on Aristotle—or was he only incidentally referring to him in a lecture course on theory of education?—he dealt with Aristotle's views about the right age for marriage, indorsing them with great verbosity. I really could not help feeling that we might quite well have exchanged our roles as lecturer and student;

apparently, his knowledge of Greek was not equal to the task of distinguishing between *αὐτοῦ* and *ἐαυτοῦ*.

Harms had given me an introduction to Dilthey, who had just come to Kiel from Basle. I called on him at his home and met with a very friendly reception. He invited me to take part in his seminar on Spinoza, and I attended it for some weeks. We met, four of us, at his bachelor quarters and over a cup of tea read and discussed Spinoza's Ethics. Each one of us in turn had to read and translate a *propositio* or two and then to recapitulate the *demonstratio*. I did not get much out of it, but must admit that the other members could hardly have contributed more. A penetrating study of the real purport of the book as a whole would have been beyond them. For a few weeks I also attended Dilthey's lectures on history of modern philosophy, but found them disappointing. Instead of throwing the great and lasting thoughts into bold relief, he was always pointing out contradictions in details. I remember how on one occasion he thus uncovered "a whole nest of contradictions" in Spinoza's *amor intellectualis Dei*. I have never been able to see that this is of the slightest use to a beginner, which also applies to Überweg's critical comments.

My principal efforts at Kiel were devoted to Lotze, along with whose works I also read Herbart's Ethics and Psychology. To Lotze my attention may have been drawn by G. E. Müller, who went from Berlin to Göttingen to attend Lotze's lectures. I studied his Microcosmus very painstakingly and still have the stout little notebook containing the excerpts I made from it, which I always carried in my pocket. Such a notebook now became my constant companion, the repository of any noteworthy thoughts of my own or of others. Lotze's influence on my own philosophy was not inconsiderable. It was he who first led me to accept metaphysical idealism as a real conviction. Until then I had merely regarded it as a possible view; but now this purely logical attitude found its complement in what Hume calls "belief." In Herbart, whom I read at the same time, I have always found something repellent, whereas I always felt greatly attracted by the much more

unified and illuminating views which Lotze had to offer. Herbart's fierce skepticism was as distasteful to me as the subsequent abrupt transition to the equally fierce dogmatism of his doctrine of reality.

In addition to philosophy I began the study of economics and sociology during that summer at Kiel. I first read Roscher's "Political Economy," my interest being attracted above all by the second volume, dealing with the economics of agriculture—a field in which I had an abundance of concrete observations and experiences to fall back upon. Schleiermacher's *Politics* served me as an introduction to modern political theories. I also tried to obtain a general idea of the constitution and administration of the Prussian State, but with no real help available I did not get very far. Many an hour was spent browsing about the stacks of the university library—to which old Professor Ratjen had most generously given me access—in order to get a general grasp of the literature by going to the books themselves; but it proved a cumbersome and rather unprofitable method. I further devoted considerable time to a study of the New Testament in conjunction with Hausrath's "History of New Testament Times"; and it was at that time that I first read the "Lay of the Nibelungs."

It may be worth mentioning that while I was at Kiel I gave up smoking. As I did not attend any lectures, I used to sit in my room working from early morning until noon; and, as I stuck to my old habit of smoking either a cigar or a pipe whenever I was at home, my room was soon filled with smoke. Becoming aware of a feeling of discomfort and a blunting of my attention, and recalling Aristotle's "Ethics" and the lawful rule of reason, I said to myself: this has to stop! It would probably be easier and therefore preferable, I reflected, to give up smoking altogether than merely to curtail its enjoyment. So I bought a dozen cigars and placed them on the table in front of me with the resolution not to smoke a single one during the next week; if at the end of that time I felt that I could no longer do without them—well and good: there they would be! When the week was over, I prolonged the period of abstention for another week, and thus again for a third week. After that I felt sufficiently master of the situation to

give up tobacco altogether. Some years later, when I served my year with the colors, I started smoking again; barracks and guard-rooms have a rather forcible way of suggesting it. But when that was over I gave it up for good.

When the school at which my friend Reuter was teaching closed for the summer vacation, we left Kiel and books behind and started northward on a pedestrian tour, passing through Sehestedt and reaching the Lake of Witten on the first day. The next morning we continued in the direction of Schleswig by way of Aschelfel and the Hills of Hütten. In the late afternoon, looking down from the height near Oberselk, we let our eyes roam over the ground where, six years earlier, the first encounters had taken place between the Austrians and the Danes. Right at our feet, extending along the River Schlei, was Schleswig, the storied capital of the former duchy, with the castle of Gottorp and the cathedral and, a little farther to the right, the ancient church of Haddeby. On the following afternoon we pursued our journey from Flensburg to Glücksborg and from there to Holnis, where we stayed overnight at the ferry house. The evening we spent drinking grog with the sailors of the revenue cutter, greatly amused by the swaggering stories of one of them, the son of a Pomeranian pastor. Having washed off the traces of that evening by an early morning dip in Homer's "holy brine," we wandered on to Broacker and then uphill to Düppel, where the numerous graves on both sides of the highway, running between the famous redoubts, called up somber memories of 1864. Then downhill again to Sonderburg, where we sat a long time on the shore of the Als-Sound in the evening, talking not only of the past, but also of the future. For it was here that the first rumors reached us that the political situation, which had seemed quite peaceful, had suddenly become very strained. On the following day, after a long and lonely tramp—it had been our intention to proceed to Apenrade—we returned to Sonderburg, arriving late at night, to find everyone talking about war. The next morning—it was my birthday—we were awakened by a great commotion in the street and learned that France had declared war. There was a steamer going to Kiel in

the afternoon, so we had time during the morning for another walk to the Düppel redoubts and found that the fortifications were actually being put in a state of defense—much too slowly, though, for our impatience, for we expected to see Danish men-of-war steam into the sound any moment. The feverish tension of the population, whose sympathies were on the Danish side, was infectious. On the steamer which took us to Kiel that afternoon we heard the "Watch on the Rhine" for the first time; it was sung by a reservist on the way to join his regiment. Until then both the words and the melody had been unknown to us.

The next day I went to Langenhorn to get my military papers and lay them before the district authorities at Bordesholm. It was a moving goodbye to my parents, for we naturally expected that I should be called to the colors, even though hardly anything was said about it. As no summons arrived, I went on one of the following afternoons with a friend from Jena by the name of Jess to the offices of the 36th Regiment, which was then stationed at Kiel, in order to volunteer. To the examining physician's question, whether I had any defect, I replied I did not know of any, apart from a tendency to develop sore feet, which had caused me many a painful hour on walking tours. He advised me to desist from my purpose; we should be sent to the front, he said, after very brief training, and no one was wanted there who was not fit to march; they might have use for me in the cavalry, he added. My friend was accepted, and when I met him the next morning he was already wearing his uniform and hurrying to the drill ground, with the rifle across his shoulder. On one of the next days I went to Schleswig, where dragoons were garrisoned. I started in the early morning for Eckernförde, where I scanned the bay in vain for Danish warships, remembering their defeat there in 1849. On my arrival at Schleswig I was told that the castle of Gottorp now served as barracks for the dragoons. So I went there and made my wishes known in the orderly room. The sergeant major replied with the brief question: "Have you a horse?" I said: "No!" "Then you can't enlist; volunteers have to bring a horse now." I left in a very dejected mood. To get a horse seemed a well-nigh



hopeless task at a time when all horses fit for war service were being requisitioned everywhere. And where could I have found the money on the spur of the moment? Go home and say to my parents: "I want to join as a volunteer; please give me money to buy a horse"? It seemed hardly fair, and the result, extremely doubtful. They would probably have replied: "You might just as well wait until they call you!"

Thus it came about that I did not take part in the Franco-Prussian war of 1870-71, in which so many of my Erlangen friends were to fight. I remained at Kiel with mixed feelings. On the one hand, I felt vexed that I was not to be there; but on the other, it was a very comforting thought that now I should not have to interrupt my studies, which I hoped shortly to complete. A few years earlier, when peace was threatened by the Luxemburg affair, I should have been only too glad if war had broken out and relieved me at least for the time being from the weariness and despair I felt about my studies; for that had happened during my deep despondency after the three wasted Erlangen semesters. But just now an interruption of my studies, with the somewhat doubtful prospect of continuing and completing them later on, seemed highly undesirable, not only on account of my parents, to whom I felt I owed some return, but also for my own sake. For by that time I had regained my faith that I still had a task to accomplish in the world.

Having stayed at Kiel until October, I began the autumn vacation with a short walking tour in the company of my friend Reuter. By way of Gremsmühlen—it was my first sight of that hospitable spot, which we were to revisit on many a later day—we proceeded to Neustadt and then around the bay to Niendorf, wending our long and toilsome way always close along the shore. We were completely exhausted when we arrived in the late afternoon, having had nothing to eat all day but a few acorns we had picked up under some magnificent oak trees on the beach. After some refreshments we set out for Travemünde and, not liking the look of the inn there, walked on again, despite the late hour, until we reached Lübeck about midnight. I treasure a me-

mento of that day. When I came to Langenhorn, I found in my pocket some of those acorns we had picked up, and planted them in the garden. One of the seedlings survived, and I later transplanted it to where it now stands near the well—a mighty tree, grown long since to a height overshadowing the house.

When, on my return to Kiel, I told my friend, while out on a walk with him, that I had not come to stay, but only to say good-bye, he grasped my hand and said: "I knew it all the time! Of course you have to go to Berlin; I feel very sad about it, but I cannot keep you." In Berlin I at once made a determined start on my doctor's dissertation. In the winter of 1869-70 Trendelenburg had suggested several themes connected with Aristotle's "Ethics," one of them being: "The Method of Aristotle's Ethics." The problems here concerned had been occupying my mind for some time. I had instituted comparisons with Herbart's, Kant's, and Schleiermacher's ethics, both as regards the form and the method. So I now began to set my thoughts down and found it a task which gave me all the thrill of original conception; I felt that I had mastered my subject. And thus I completed my treatise within the comparatively short time of three months; I think it bore the title: *De forma ac principiis systematum ethicorum*. After reading it Trendelenburg suggested another title for it: *Symbolae ad systemata ethica historicae et criticae*. I adopted it, though not without reluctance. My dissertation was not altogether to his liking; he would have preferred a historico-philological inquiry within a narrower limit. But he did not let this little disappointment count against me. After the oral examination, which I passed *magna cum laude*, I called on him and told him that I could not help feeling that the description of my dissertation on my doctor's diploma as *idoneum doctrinae et intelligentiae documentum* suggested a rather low estimation. But he denied this most emphatically, fetching the Latin dictionary and pointing out that the term *idoneum* indicated quite handsome appraisement, being by no means equivalent to "sufficient," but rather to terms such as "able," "competent," "fit."

The oral examination, which took place in February, has left

only pleasant memories. Especially with Trendelenburg I got on very well. He asked me about the cardinal differences between philosophical systems, and, as I had quite recently read his own treatise on that very subject, my answer satisfied him at once and completely. After that we leisurely reviewed some of the most important systems, bringing those principles to bear on them. Harms asked me about Schleiermacher, whom I knew well enough; his hardness of hearing made progress very slow. I had chosen history and Greek as minor subjects. Droysen asked me principally about the political theories of the Greeks, with which I was sufficiently familiar; indeed, I was prepared for ever so much more. During the winter I had read Curtius's "Greek History," Mommsen's "Roman History," Ranke's "History of the Reformation in Germany," and Sybel's "History of the French Revolution." In addition I had diligently reviewed general history, using Pütz's manual. Kirchhoff made me translate some verses from Homer's "Odyssey," which I did without faltering. There was a catch in one of the questions he asked me; I was to tell him the difference between the particles *δι* and *κεν* in Homer's use. I replied I did not know and had never given the matter a thought. He smiled and said: "Well, you needn't worry; I don't know either!" The public graduation did not take place until the 27th of May, in 1871. The intervening vacation I spent at home, where I found my parents overjoyed at the successful termination of my studies: so I had managed it after all, just as Pastor Thomsen had foretold!

One other event during that last semester stands out in my memory: the founding of a Students' Philosophical Club. One day in the early winter I saw a notice posted on the bulletin board in the vestibule of the university, calling a meeting for that purpose. I went there at the appointed hour and found a considerable number of students already present. When the assembly came to order, a young student in his first or second semester took the chair and introduced himself as the convener of the meeting. It was Benno Erdmann, who made a name for himself in philosophy both as teacher and as author, and who is now Professor of Philosophy at the University of Bonn. In a very able speech he showed

how necessary it was for students of philosophy to get together for a regular exchange of views. His words found favor, and the philosophical club which thus came into being remained in existence for about three years. We met once a week to listen to a lecture, followed by a general discussion. At one of the first meetings I spoke on the Concept of Truth, I think, and afterward on various other subjects. The first president was a Dr. Mayet, if my memory is correct; later, Erdmann filled that post himself. Dr. Avenarius, afterward Professor of Philosophy at the University of Zürich, must also have been present now and then; I still have the curious nasal sound of his Saxon sing-song voice in my ears. Another member with whom I became more intimate was H. Jakobi, at present Professor of Sanscrit at the University of Bonn. I had met him before, probably in Steinthal's lectures or seminar, but now we saw each other frequently and became great friends. A lovable, childlike frankness was the keynote of his inner nature as well as of his outward bearing. In the public disputation at my graduation he was one of my three opponents. The others were Fritz Rehorn, my old friend of Erlangen days, and Z. Bruns—the old salt who had been my schoolmate at Altona; he was studying medicine at Berlin. For many years to come my friendship with Jakobi was maintained by regular correspondence and occasional visits. With Erdmann, too, I soon struck up more intimate terms, and the resulting regular exchange of our ideas on philosophical subjects was profitable to us in many ways. Until he was called to Kiel, in 1878, we enjoyed frequent personal intercourse.

## *Preparing for an Academic Career*

1871-1875

AFTER I had given up the idea of becoming a clergyman, the question of my future profession had remained in abeyance. While devoting my efforts chiefly to philosophy, I had simultaneously pursued historical and philological studies, partly because I was interested in these subjects, but also with a view to the possibility of taking the examination for the Upper Teacher's Certificate. So now, on my graduation as a doctor of philosophy, I was confronted by the question whether I had not better go in without delay for the other examination, too. Trendelenburg recommended it to me as being in any event a very desirable safeguard of my economic security. But I decided against it. Above all, there remained no doubt in my mind that the academic profession was my true vocation. Filled once more with unlimited courage and energy, I was eager to take up my work as a scholar. The urge for productive activity had been tremendously stimulated by my first attempts—the doctor's dissertation and the lectures at the philosophical club. I told myself that the preparation for the Upper Teacher's examination would make it necessary to devote an entire year, if not more, to the consolidation and extension of my knowledge in subjects that were not indispensable to a teacher of philosophy. Moreover, my military service, postponed again and again, could not be deferred much longer. So I decided to forego the Upper Teacher's Certificate and to make my habilitation as a *privatdozent* of philosophy my next objective. My parents gave their consent on my explaining to them that this was really the nearest approach to the destination they had originally planned for me—in spirit at least, if not in outward

form, the academic teacher being a minister in the free service of truth.

In pursuance of this decision I devoted the summer of 1871 to the extension of my knowledge in a direction I had hitherto neglected. Convinced that I ought to cultivate at least some acquaintance with the natural sciences, I attended a course on experimental physics by Helmholtz, who had recently accepted a call to Berlin. His lectures did not help me much, although zeal and application were not lacking on my part, either in or outside the lecture room. His delivery left much to be desired, and what I was out for—fundamental concepts and comprehensive ideas—he did not dispense. In that respect I found myself much better off in Dr. Wichelhaus's lectures on cardinal problems of chemistry; for he had a knack of making the theoretic principles of modern chemistry very lucid to his hearers. By means of demonstrations with wooden balls of various colors, which could be joined together by pegs in an endless variety of ways, he made it possible for us to form concrete ideas of the combination and separation of the atoms and their arrangement in the molecules. Munk's lectures on physiology of the nervous system, with experiments on living frogs—the first and only experiments of the kind I ever witnessed—also provided concrete observations. I should have liked to hear lectures on geography, but in those days the equipment of the university was extremely unsatisfactory in that respect. I tried to attend a course on German geography by one of the older professors, Müller, but I found his lectures insufferably tedious, without any apparatus for purposes of demonstration—nothing but a bare enumeration of names. Nor were those by Kiepert, the learned historical geographer and designer of admirable maps, on a higher level. As an academic teacher he, too, was intolerable; his disjointed statements, continually interrupted by little coughs, stutterings, and false starts, were enough to make the hearer despair. Had I found at my disposal all that is now available in the way of geographical lectures and seminars or in institutions such as the Institute of Oceanography, I should have pursued these studies with passionate zeal. Generally speaking, the equipment of the

university was still far behind what it now has to offer. There were no lectures on history of modern art, which in later years Herman Grimm was to teach to such excellent purpose, nor even on modern German literature, which was not introduced until Scherer came to Berlin. The only exception was a course of lectures by the philosopher Althaus on Goethe's *Faust*. He invariably lectured in evening dress, and the cut of his tailcoat, together with his long and sharply pointed nose, imparted to him a striking resemblance to a marabou stork. Of the contents of his impassioned discourse I particularly remember the trenchant emphasis he laid on the "principle of Evil" as incarnated in Mephistopheles. The other modern languages and literatures were no better off; it was not until the later seventies that chairs began to be established for them. In those earlier days they were left to "lectors" as lying outside the limits of strictly scientific work, Greek and Roman literature being alone regarded as amenable to scientific treatment and worthy of it. Again there was one exception: Werder's course of public lectures on Shakespeare's *Hamlet*. With his heated eloquence, mustering all the resources of theatrical declamation, he, too, appealed to the nerves and the imagination rather than to the understanding.

In taking leave of the years I spent at the university as a learner—although I heard many a lecture in the years to follow—let me add a few words about some other professors whose courses I attended for a longer or a shorter time.

In addition to Trendelenburg and Harms, the two full professors of philosophy, there was a group of Hegelians. They had been appointed to unsalaried<sup>1</sup> associate professorships while Hegelianism still held sway and had then been left high and dry, since the younger generation now looked elsewhere for guidance and regarded them as old fossils, to be listened to on occasion. Besides Althaus and Werder, both of whom I have already mentioned, this group included Michelet, whom I heard lecture on

<sup>1</sup> Like the *privatdozenten*, they received fees from the students attending their lectures, but no additional fixed salary from the government such as is received by the full and some of the associate professors.

natural philosophy in the true Hegelian spirit of conceptual schematization. With fierce eloquence he strove to convince his hearers of the truth and importance of philosophy—his own philosophy, that is to say—not disdaining to resort to comic effects and ridicule. His success, I fear, was not commensurate with his violent efforts. Althaus I only heard in his course on *Faust*, and Werder's philosophical lectures I attended only now and then. Finally, there was Professor Gruppe, part philosopher and part poet, lecturing on the history of Greek philosophy. Whenever he quoted any verses by one of the older Greek philosophers, he never failed to add: "The translation is my own."

In the field of anthropology A. Bastian habilitated as a *privat-dozent* in those years, and I went to hear his first lecture. Speaking at a breathless pace, he read off a survey of all the different races of mankind, including the names of all their hybrids, down to the third and fourth generations—nothing but intellectual chaff without any nutritive value. He never got beyond the second lecture of the course.<sup>2</sup> Among the celebrities I went to hear I might mention Raumer, Ranke, and Mommsen. Ranke spoke in so low a voice that he remained unintelligible to all but a few of his students, who either had specially trained themselves or were gifted with an abnormally acute sense of hearing; they always crowded close around his chair. I was unable to catch a single word; nor did I fare much better when I tried to hear Mommsen during one of my earlier semesters. In Müllenhoff's opening lecture on the "Lay of the Nibelungs" he regaled us with an account of the extant manuscripts, together with violent, clumsy, and coarse vituperations of all who did not subscribe to his orthodox views concerning them. That one lecture was enough for me. But I frequently attended Haupt's seminar on Lucretius. Although he, too, indulged his righteous indignation against the followers of false gods, I could at least find compensation in his comments on Lucretius's style and diction. Lepsius delivered a course of public lectures on Egypt and Egyptian civilization, which I attended, not without some profit. To Curtius I owe my introduction to the

<sup>2</sup> In other words, the students ceased to attend it.



world of Greek art; I always enjoyed being one of the party when he met his students at the museum to explain to them the Greek works of art. I was attracted no less by his courteous and obliging manner, so very different from the boorish or bristling attitude which seemed to belong to the professional equipment of most Berlin philologists,<sup>3</sup> than by his illuminating comments on Greek art, to the beauty of which he opened our eyes. I also attended his lectures on the history of the City of Athens and was glad of this opportunity to acquaint myself with its topography. In after years I was to become a frequent guest at his home. High-minded and without guile, urbane in the best sense of the word, he communicated to all about him a sense of well-being. His intellectual interests, which he shared with his family, soon cast their spell also on the larger circle of those who came as guests to his hospitable home.

In the domain of jurisprudence I heard lectures by Gneist, Beseler, and Boretius. Among Gneist's regular courses were his public lectures on English constitution and administration, which I must have attended during the winter of 1869-70. They proved important to me, because they gave me my first insight into the relation between State and Society, the differences between English and Prussian conditions serving admirably to bring out the peculiar features of both. I did not find much to interest me in Beseler's lectures on the American Constitution, but I have a pleasant recollection of a course by Boretius on the Constitution of Prussia. He explained its articles one by one and gave an historical account of its origin. A little incident which happened after one of these lectures may be worth mentioning. Among the students in the small lecture room was a black-haired little Jew, who had the habit of making himself comfortable by leaning his back against the wall and stretching out his legs on the bench. It struck me as bad manners, and as he remained impervious to my glances, I went up to him one day after the lecture and told him it was unseemly. Bowing politely, he replied: "I thank you!" And

<sup>3</sup> The term *philologen* includes the professors (and students) of all languages and literatures, ancient and modern.

henceforth his behavior left nothing to be desired. Occasionally I also visited the lecture rooms of the theologians Dorner, Hengstenberg, and Vatke; but they have left no impressions which I could record.

In closing these reminiscences about my university teachers, I will anticipate a sad event which happened a little later: the death of Professor Trendelenburg at the beginning of 1872. His strength had been broken by a stroke he suffered in 1870, and his death occurred after a brief illness at a sanatorium near Pankow. He had made an attempt to conduct seminar exercises at his home, but was unable to go on with them. I had seen him repeatedly during the winter and knew only by hearsay that he had become seriously ill, so that the sad news grieved me all the more. Among all my university teachers I have to name Trendelenburg as the one to whom I owe most; above all else, it was he who taught me to work. Of his system of philosophy I probably adopted very little; the courses of Steinthal and Bonitz meant more to me than Trendelenburg's lectures on psychology and history of philosophy. But he was an exemplary teacher and a well-rounded and humane personality. The kindly patience and indulgence with which he bore with beginners was as beneficial to me as his quiet firmness in insisting on close attention and exactitude. Anyone trying to hurry over a difficulty would find himself called back by his: "Excuse me, I don't think that is quite in order yet," while a friendly glance of acknowledgment or a brief "Right!" was both a reward for work well done and a spur to further efforts. Many an incidental remark he made has stuck in my memory. Thus he once pointed out Aristotle's method of quoting, or rather of *not* quoting, himself and then added: "That crude '*vide me* page so-and-so,' which is so common with us, was not known in those days." More than once in later years that "*vide me*" tweaked my ear for a reminder. And what a privilege it was to enjoy the hospitality of his home! It was as a guest at his house that I had my first experience in refined social intercourse, my first polishing in social manners. His excellent wife and his amiable and unassuming daughters did not let the uncouth young

barbarian feel how much he still lacked as a desirable and serviceable member of such a social circle. It was only by very slow degrees that under their indulgent tutelage I overcame some of my shyness and awkwardness. I wonder whether the daughters still remembered that bashful student when it fell to my lot to propose the toast to Trendelenburg's family in the course of the celebration of the centenary of his birth at Eutin, where he was born. It was a great pleasure to me, and I spoke with gratitude in my heart. And if in the long years in which university students have come as guests to my own house they have felt at home with us, they too have reason gratefully to remember that hospitable house in the *Charlottenstrasse*, where Frau Ferdinande was the *Hausfrau* and Trendelenburg the host.

The first of October, 1871, marked the beginning of my military year. I had reported early in the summer at the office of the field artillery regiment of the guards, my choice being largely determined by the very convenient location of the barracks—*am Kupfergraben*, quite close to the university and the other academic institutes. For at that time the one-year volunteer could still count on having some time for himself during the day. The medical examination did not take long; it seemed rather superficial to me. I was declared fit for service, whereas about half the others who were examined at the same time were rejected either temporarily or permanently on account of some physical defect or other. The training of the one-year volunteers—there were about forty of us—occupied three hours in the morning and two in the afternoon, and neither the service nor the unaccustomed discipline was a hardship to me. With the noncommissioned officers we were on excellent terms from the first. They were competent men who knew their duties and took them seriously, but never bedeviled a man without reason. The only thing I resented was the time wasted in waiting, in unnecessarily standing around, and it was my greatest trial throughout the entire year. But I dare say that, too, is one of the things a soldier has to learn: to stand idle and hold himself in readiness without grumbling. About the middle of November we were presented to the colonel and then de-

tailed to our respective batteries. Together with two others I was assigned to the second heavy battery under Captain Weinberger. Of the two lieutenants, Schmidt and Cretius, I already knew the latter, a son of the well-known painter, as he had had a hand in our training. They were capable officers and educated men, reaching the rank of general in later years—all three of them. The non-commissioned officers, too, were honest and decent fellows; the sergeant major did not belong to the tribe of bribe hunters, although he deigned to accept a modest "gratification" on suitable occasions. The demands of the service were not very exacting, and Captain Weinberger soon excused us one-year volunteers from all nonessential service, such as inspection, so that we had practically the whole afternoon to ourselves, unless it so happened that the riding lesson, which from the beginning he had made us take with the drivers, came in the afternoon. Thus I had plenty of time for my own affairs during that entire winter, and with rare exceptions was able to attend lectures during two hours on four afternoons each week. From four to five P.M. Professor Wagner lectured on political economy; he had just been called to Berlin and was still a young man. During the following hour Professor Boretius lectured on the history of German law, public and private. Wagner roused my liveliest interest; I found his youthful ardor and the rich and well-organized contents of his lectures so attractive that I scarcely ever missed one of them. During the following hour, when Boretius lectured, I fell asleep more than once, especially when I had been on guard duty. Professor Boretius's health had already begun to fail, and one could often see by his attitude and his movements that he was suffering from severe headache. Apart from these lectures I also visited the museum whenever I could get a chance; the barracks were quite close to it. Especially the collection of paintings I studied more or less systematically. When I set out for the barracks in the early morning, I often took the catalogue with me and also Waagen's "History of Painting," which I had purchased, so that I could take them to the museum with me the moment service was over. For a long time my free hours or days at home were devoted to the

study of Shakespeare; it was my first acquaintance with him. I read most of his plays during that year, making skeleton outlines of the action, and also the books on Shakespeare by Ulrici and Gervinus. I must confess that I was never able to rise to the height of the unqualified admiration which they ask for the poet. I also read Schopenhauer for the first time during that year.

At the beginning of April I was promoted to the rank of lance corporal—I alone among the one-year volunteers of that battery. Being now frequently employed as acting noncommissioned officer, I had less leisure for my studies. But I found great pleasure in my new duties: practicing with the horse-drawn guns on the training ground in the *Tempelhofer Feld*; divisional and regimental drill; and above all firing practice on the artillery ground near Tegel, which I always attended on horseback. Firing with live shells at a target of uncertain or variable distance I found extraordinarily exciting. One sees the missile strike the ground, an airy little cloudlet indicating whether in front of or behind the target. If one is posted behind the battery, as I often was when I acted as noncommissioned officer bringing up the rear, one can follow the entire course of the projectile, provided one succeeds in spotting it at the outset. The maneuvers were held in September in the vicinity of Nauen and Grossbehnitz, beyond Spandau. I shall never forget my first night in bivouac, not far from Ruhleben, near Spandau. It was bitter cold, with intermittent showers, which soon extinguished the fire; the windscreens made of straw were no good at all. I got up long before daylight and tried to get warm by moving about. Only those who have experienced such nights themselves, camping out in the open, can understand the eagerness with which one welcomes the coming dawn and then the rising sun and at last the approach of a sutler, or the supreme satisfaction with which one sips the blackish beverage sold in earthenware pots under the name of coffee. The next day began with a long-drawn-out engagement of the corps of the guards behind Spandau with an enemy approaching from the west. Then we had to pass in review before the three emperors, and after that we had to march for hours right across country to the manor

of Schwanebeck, where we reveled in a hot supper consisting of boiled mutton and carrots dished up in large milk tubs, while the floor of the sheep barn, freshly spread with straw, promised a wonderful night's rest in comparison with that of the previous night. On the following days we were usually quartered with farmers, who always gave us a friendly welcome and as a rule fed us well enough, the standard supper being potatoes boiled in their skins and salt herrings, while the hayloft invariably served as a dormitory. More than once I got the farmer's wife to sell me a piece of streaky bacon; kept in the ammunition box, it came in handy as a marvelous lunch with a piece of the regimental black rye bread. It is incredible how quickly the requirements of civilization, napkins, knives, forks, even cleanliness, go by the board. The primitive in man is still just under the skin, and the moment our animal needs are in jeopardy, those sophisticated ones are forgotten.

At the end of my military year I passed the officer's examination. In addition to various test papers, I had to draw up reports, plans, and dispositions for marching and fighting and also to answer some technical questions about guns, powder, and other such matters. After that I had to take the field in command of a battery for various evolutions, concluding with a fight; and I must admit that it gave me great satisfaction to find myself, with the trumpeter at my side, controlling the movements of such a multitude of horses and men. I was discharged with the qualification to serve as an officer with the field artillery of the guards.

As I now look back on that year, I cannot say that I would rather not have lived it, although it sometimes seemed long in passing. Military service gives one an insight into an organism of unique character and significance. Nowhere else is the individual brought face to face with the power of an organized collective will in such an impressive and intelligible way. Things that seem impossible to the individual as such become a mere matter of course the moment he has become a functioning member within that organism. After I had served for a few weeks, I had a talk with Trendelenburg about the army and social democracy. He

looked with grave misgivings into the future, seeing the bonds of authority loosened everywhere. My answer was: "The Prussian army will always do its duty!" I am of the same opinion today. It is astonishing how promptly convictions change with the coat. The brother of a maid we had in later years—he was a Brandenburg and, needless to say, a social democrat—was about to begin his military service. He swore that he would hold his own and show his teeth to his noncommissioned officers and to militarism in all its forms. But he had been a soldier for only a few months when I heard him speaking proudly of his captain; that was a man, he said, who knew how to command! He added that he found soldiering so much to his liking that he intended to enlist for more permanent service when the first year was over. The force of reality had dissipated his dreams and fancies like mist. I am convinced that this asset of dependable power in support of the organized will of the Prussian State could be destroyed only by outrageous misgovernment or by ignominious defeat at the hands of an external enemy.

My military year brought me a new and dear friend in the person of Johannes Heller. We had originally become acquainted as lodgers in the same family, when he had already completed the first half of his year with the second regiment of the guards. He was five years younger than I and had come straight from the *gymnasium*, the *Katharineum* in Lübeck, his father being a clergyman in Travemünde. His honest face, his cheerful disposition, and his frank, sincere, and "uncalculating" ways conquered all hearts wherever he went. I soon became very fond of him, and he attached himself to me with confidence and affection. When his military year drew to a close, I prevailed upon him to go to the University of Göttingen, rather against his own inclination, since he had intended to go to a South German university and join one of the students' associations. At that time my animosity toward the latter was still unabated, and I dissuaded him from it, both for his own sake and because of his circumstances. As a student of history, I told him, he ought to go to Göttingen and join Waitz's seminar as soon as possible, and there he would also find a con-

genial environment. He followed my advice and was thankful for it, for he soon became one of Waitz's favorite pupils. After he had taken his doctor's degree, Waitz first sent him to Vienna, to study half a year under Sickel, and then to France and Italy, to do some work for the *Monumenta Germaniae Historica*. Soon afterward Waitz became editor-in-chief of the *Monumenta*. Whereupon Heller returned to Berlin, to spend there the few remaining years he had to live. His untimely death in 1880 prostrated me with grief; my sorrow could not have been greater if I had lost a brother.

I have already mentioned another intimate friend—Benno Erdmann. He had made me acquainted with his mother, and it was always a pleasure to call at her home. She was a widow, her husband, a preacher of the Free Religious Community in Berlin, having died when a young man. Notwithstanding the straitened circumstances in which she had been left with her two sons, this remarkable woman, with her cheerful disposition and her sound common sense in practical matters, had bravely held her own and maintained her complete independence. Benno, the elder son, born in 1851, had a good deal of his mother's amiable and cheerful disposition. At first intended for the book trade, he had afterward re-entered the *Gymnasium zum Grauen Kloster* and passed the leaving examination under Bonitz, in order to go to the university. There he devoted himself to philosophy from the first, and having acquired at the *gymnasium* a sound knowledge of mathematics and science, he continued to study these subjects at the university. My own studies having been largely in the field of philology, history, and political science, we supplemented each other. When I first met him, he was still thinking in terms of that radical naturalism of my own student days at Erlangen, which I had left far behind. Now, under the influence of the older friend, the views of the younger underwent a corresponding change; and when he began to study Kant and Lotze, he soon discarded what still remained of his former materialistic ideas. We shared many a delightful hour during the following years and often spent a



whole day together, exploring the country around Berlin and discussing philosophy, history, and politics.

Through Erdmann and the Philosophical Club I also came to know two Hungarian students during that year: Bernhard Alexander and Josef Weiss, who later changed his name to Banoczi; both of them are now teaching philosophy at the University of Budapest. They had come to Berlin with a scholarship from their government, but, judging by their way of living and by their general equipment, it cannot have amounted to much, for they practiced the utmost frugality. Both of them were Jews, and this, together with certain other exotic traits, gave them an added interest in my eyes, for they were the first Jews with whom I had ever had close intercourse. Among my schoolmates at Altona there had been only one Jew, who was very pleasant and generally liked, but who shunned all personal intercourse outside school hours. He later died as a rabbi of the strictly orthodox persuasion. My present friends, on the contrary, were Jews in search of contact with the world, who had come to Berlin for the express purpose of steeping their minds in the culture of western Europe. We saw a good deal of each other and frequently discussed philosophical questions; and after they had gone to Göttingen in the autumn of 1872 to hear Lotze, we continued these discussions by letter. I had Weiss send me his lecture notes of Lotze's "*Metaphysics*," and I copied them. I should have liked to join them at Paris, where they spent the summer of 1873, but did not venture to broach the matter to my parents. They would have seen no sense in my going abroad and might even have suspected that I only wanted to shirk my more immediate tasks.

Among the older friends whose intercourse I enjoyed during these next years in Berlin, Christian Belger was the closest. After surviving a severe strain on one occasion, our personal relations developed more and more into an intimate friendship, and after my marriage our house was like a second home to him. As already mentioned, I had first met him at the seminar and also at the home of Professor Trendelenburg. In his studies he roamed far

afield in the domain of classical antiquity; his interests centered in philology and archeology, but he was also extremely well versed in Greek philosophy, as was first evidenced by his doctor's dissertation, entitled: *De Aristotele etiam in arte poetica componenda Platonis discipulo*. In later years, at the request of the professor's family, he brought out a revised new issue of Trendelenburg's edition of Aristotle's Psychology. He also had been commissioned to collaborate in an edition of Aristotle's commentators and was engaged in that task for a considerable time, only to give it up in the end as fruitless toil. Archeology predominated more and more in his work, especially after he had spent a year (1875) in Greece. Henceforth he devoted his attention mainly to the excavations and regularly reported on them in the *Philologische Wochenschrift*, of which he was the editor. But he was at home not only in the world of classical antiquity but also in that of German art and literature. Here his main interest was Goethe, whom he read constantly, and whose writings he knew as did few others. He never was at a loss for a verse by Goethe or for one of his sayings or aphorisms when he wanted to express a mood or to clothe a comment in words. He was also well versed in medieval German poetry, emulating his teacher Moritz Haupt, to whom he raised a handsome monument in his book entitled "Moritz Haupt as an Academic Teacher."

He was the son of a tanner at Löbau, in Saxony, and had attended the *gymnasium* at Bautzen. His early years had been rather sad, as his father was subject to attacks of mental derangement and at such times was strongly addicted to drink, to the great grief of his dearly beloved mother. In her numerous letters to her son, which came into my possession after his death, she appears as a woman of unusual gifts and great mental alertness, not unlike Goethe's mother or, I might say, my own mother. Of a cheerful disposition by nature and not averse to the world and its pleasures, she had been led by her experiences to embrace a religious view of existence, deriving its form from the piety of the Moravians, with whom she had manifold personal contacts. Together with her talents and some other traits her son had inherited

this mental attitude; both of them thought very highly of Fräulein von Klettenberg, the friend of Goethe. But on the other hand his disposition also showed some of the unfortunate bias of his father's mentality. He was addicted to moods of deep melancholia and sometimes hinted that he was afraid that his father's fate—he had died by his own hand—would also be his own. That is why he often appeared undecided and vacillating. After being quite cheerful and merry he would suddenly withdraw into solitude in deep despondency and dejection. Connected with this trait was his inability to make up his mind, sometimes reaching the degree of morbid abulia. The most trivial decision often caused him endless difficulty. On receiving an invitation, he might accept it, then ask to be excused, then accept it a second time, only to make fresh excuses at the last moment; and in the end he would turn up after all, perhaps quite cheerful and ready for a good talk. I have not known many people who could give themselves up in a happy hour to such harmless and childlike gaiety as did our friend Belger. Taking it all in all, he was a lovable man, utterly frank and devoted to those who enjoyed his confidence.

To resume the account of my own experiences, I was discharged from the army on the first of October, 1872, thus finding myself cast ashore on the strand of civil life. Much as this moment had been looked forward to, it caused me considerable embarrassment and a certain feeling of emptiness. Having had to relinquish control of one's life and time for an entire year, the task of each tomorrow being laid down day after day by command, one finds considerable difficulty in gathering up the reins in one's own hands again. In my own case this embarrassment made itself felt all the more because I had no settled profession or external objective to direct me; all that still remained to be worked out in my own mind. Moreover, sustained concentration on intellectual effort is for the time being greatly reduced by the long-continued diversion of one's interest to external and often trivial matters. This was my experience after every period of military training in the following years; one has to become reacclimatized,

as it were, to the other atmosphere. Laboring under these difficulties I spent a rather distressful autumn.

By slow degrees my mind began to adjust itself to a new task. To arrive at an independent position regarding the problems of philosophy it was indispensable, I told myself, to be familiar with the theory of knowledge in all its aspects. This was in accord with the general trend of the time, for those were the years of the Kantian revival. Ethics and politics, which had hitherto claimed the greater part of my time, were therefore laid aside, while I took up the study of epistemology. I cannot say exactly how I began; but no doubt I reread Kant's works in those days, still without real satisfaction either in the subject matter or even in my comprehension of it. Locke's *Essay* I probably also read for the first time on that occasion. And again it was a lucky accident that came to my aid: I happened to light on John Stuart Mill's *Logic*. Here at last was what I had been looking for: a theory completely worked out in the manner that was most congenial to me just then; for here I found all the thoughts I had begun to think carried to their ultimate conclusion. I studied the book thoroughly and with great satisfaction and then gradually read the rest of the author's works.

Gradually there emerged in my mind the idea of a history of the theory of knowledge. It seemed to me that in the standard works on history of philosophy so much attention was given to metaphysics that epistemology received scant justice and that a coherent account of its history would be helpful also in furthering its progress. During the next few years I therefore devoted my efforts mainly to studies in that field, until in 1877 my attention began to be diverted to pedagogics. For a time these studies went hand-in-hand with a special piece of research touching them at many points for a prize essay on the "Influence of English on German Philosophy," which had been proposed by the Royal Academy of Sciences. Voluminous excerpts which had been intended for that purpose are still among my papers. There are extracts from Descartes, Spinoza, Hobbes, Pufendorf, Thomasius,

Leibniz, Locke, and Berkeley, all of which probably date from the winter of 1872-73.

Meanwhile I did not altogether give up my studies in law and political science. In that same winter I attended a course of lectures by Gneist on German public law and benefited especially from the introductory lectures dealing at some length with the cardinal concepts—State, Society, Kingship, Constitutional Monarchy. Gneist's views were based on the idea that the State represented the administration of law, and Society the organization of selfish interests. On these premises he showed that Kingship was necessary as providing a representative of the authority of the State who was not dependent on Society, while popular representation and self-government were equally necessary as being Society's indispensable contribution to the life of the State. Those were the days of the *Kulturkampf*.<sup>4</sup> Gneist was a member of the Prussian House of Representatives, and he often had to omit his lecture or break off before the end of the hour, because his presence was needed for conferences. On such occasions I frequently went to the chamber of deputies and listened to a considerable part of the debates. I often saw Bismarck and heard him speak and also the leaders of the Catholic Center Party—Windthorst, Mallinkrodt, and the two Reichenspergers. In this as in all other questions I began as a convinced adherent of Bismarck's policy, and it was only by slow degrees that doubts began to arise in my mind.

To base my studies on a sound historic foundation, I also applied myself to the original sources of the old German tribal laws. I still have extracts from the *lex Salica* and from the laws of the Ripuarian Franks, the Lombards, and the Frisians, which I made at that time. I also read Waitz's "Constitutional History" and attended a course of lectures by Berendt on the *Sachsenspiegel*.<sup>5</sup> My study of the old tribal laws aroused my interest in the history of

<sup>4</sup> That is, the struggle between the Prussian State and the Church of Rome arising out of the May Laws of 1872, restricting the activities of the Jesuits.

<sup>5</sup> A treatise on the Law of the Saxons, originally written in Latin and dating from the 13th century.

my own North-Frisian homeland, and I turned eagerly to books such as Heimreich's "Chronicles" and Schröder's "Topography." During the summer vacations in the following years I usually spent the afternoons on shorter or longer excursions, to get some first-hand impressions of the history of the country and its inhabitants.

In the spring of 1873 (April 28-June 15) I was called up for military practice, to qualify as vice-color-sergeant, serving this time with the first heavy battery of my regiment. Here I had an opportunity to appreciate the difference between good and bad commanding. The captain of this battery had only recently been placed in command, his services having hitherto been required for court functions rather than in the field. Neither his knowledge of service regulations nor his voice was equal to the task of controlling the movements of a battery, which often gave rise to the strangest confusion. He was an educated and pleasant man and well disposed toward me; but I should have given anything to serve under my former captain, Weinberger, again. There can be nothing more annoying than playing at cross purposes in battery drill, especially in evolutions with the horse-drawn guns, whereas on the other hand everyone feels electrified by the prompt and unfaltering execution of a well-given command. After three weeks I was promoted to the rank of vice-color-sergeant and felt very proud of my silver sword knot. In the spring of 1874 I presented myself for election to the officers' corps and, the decision being favorable, was named second lieutenant. That remained the summit of my military distinction.

In the following year (1874) I was called up for practice in my new rank under Captain von Ihlefeld, the same who had superintended my first training as a one-year volunteer. Although I was on excellent terms with him, I got little pleasure out of it. The personal intercourse with my fellow officers, which was expected and more or less exacted even outside service hours, offered me all too little. Their discussions of public affairs or questions of morality, especially in the sexual sphere, and the way in which they gossiped about the men of the rank and file and held forth

about their private affairs were often very distasteful to me. Convinced though I was of the necessity of monarchical rule and military authority, at heart my sentiments were democratic, or rather in sympathy with the people, and I was often incensed by such contemptuous talk about the common people. The service itself did not cause me any difficulty, except stable service, which I found troublesome, not on its own account, but because I knew nothing whatever about it. When I served my first year, Captain Weinberger had altogether exempted us one-year volunteers from stable duties, and that omission now revenged itself, when I was expected to superintend what I had never learned to perform—grooming, harnessing, and feeding the horses. On one occasion I had to take over a load of oats, which gave me a better chance of functioning as an expert. Another thing bothered me at times: I was not a good horseman, being handicapped by my somewhat top-heavy build. On the sturdy service saddle, that had not been so noticeable; but now that I had to sit on a smooth English saddle I often found myself in difficulties. Jumping, especially, I could not manage at all, so that in the end my horse, a wise old beast, steadfastly refused even to attempt a jump.

In 1873, on being discharged with the rank of vice-color-sergeant, I had spent the following summer with my parents at Langenhorn, and in my memory those days from June to September stand out in a specially bright light. It was a time of intensive work and fruitful growth, for during those months I conceived and drew up an outline of my first more ambitious work, dealing with the development of Kant's theory of knowledge. I used to get up at five in the morning with the other members of the household and then worked uninterruptedly until half-past eleven. The afternoons were devoted to miscellaneous reading and to extensive walks through the marshes and across the heathlands or to the shore. The principal books I had brought for study were the works of David Hume and of Immanuel Kant. I first read the entire works of Hume in an English two-volume edition and then all the works of Kant, beginning with his writings of the "pre-critical" period, as contained in the first two volumes

of Hartenstein's second edition. And now at last my mind was opened to the meaning of Kant's philosophy. I saw how the German philosopher, setting out from Wolff's metaphysics, gradually approached the standpoint of Hume; in his writings published during the sixties one can follow this movement step by step. And then I saw him changing front, as if with a sudden jolt, in the dissertation of 1770. It seems as if he had suddenly seen an abyss yawning in front of him—the abyss of skepticism—and had started back and clutched at the position that the *a priori* elements of perceiving (space and time) and of reasoning (the categories) put us in reach of *a priori* knowledge: the former of the *mundus sensibilis*, and the latter of the *mundus intelligibilis*. And that remained the permanent front of Kant's philosophy: the rescue of knowledge founded on pure reason—or in other words: the rescue of philosophy as *a priori* knowledge—from David Hume's all-devouring skepticism. Then, as I read the "Critique of Pure Reason," the scales fell from my eyes. It was quite plain: what Kant really wanted to show was not that "the things-in-themselves are unknowable," as I had hitherto imagined with the result that his whole argumentation seemed curiously distorted, but rather that "pure" knowledge (that is, knowledge based on pure reason) is possible, and that this provides a foundation for "pure" morality, and in the last resort for a *wellanschauung* or general philosophy based on pure reason.

I felt greatly elated: I had made my first scientific discovery! For no one had seen that before me, or only *quasi per nebulam*, because so far no one had seriously investigated Kant's own historical development. I was convinced that no one doing so in the future could fail to see the identical facts which my own eyes beheld with such transparent clearness. It was a happy delusion that was to be completely shattered later by less agreeable experiences. But I still firmly believe that no one can understand Kant who does not envisage him from that point of view.

I lost no time in rapidly sketching an outline of Kant's system and philosophical development. Had I proceeded then and there



to carry this work to completion, it would have saved me serious disappointment, as will be seen later.

Over my parents' home the sun was also shining. My father was still very active and continued to enjoy his agricultural pursuits; and, seeing that his son was at last finding his way, he no longer felt the sting of his disappointment over my defection from the paternal calling. My mother had been relieved of the greater part of her household drudgery, her younger sister, Aunt Margarete, who had remained unmarried, having come to make her home with my parents a few years before. I had insisted on it, for in the house of her parents "on the Sands," where she had stayed on with her married brother, his daughters were now grown up, so that she became less and less indispensable. My mother, on the other hand, who had not enjoyed her former strength for many years past, was urgently in need of help. Aunt Grete, as we called her, was willing enough, and so she became the mainstay of the Langenhorn household during its last twenty years. A load had been taken from my mind, too, for now my parents' loneliness, which had oppressed me with a sense almost of guilt, was a thing of the past. And before long another and more youthful member was added to the household. I caused my cousin, Friedrich, to be transferred from the school "on the Sands" to that of my old teacher Brodersen for his two final years, which meant of course that he came to live with my parents, at first only for the winter, but soon permanently, for my cousin gradually took root at Langenhorn and is still living there.

Two excursions marked that summer, the first one with my old friend Niss Nissen, of Fahretoft, to the island of Sylt. I called for him at the beginning of September, and we went by way of Wyck on the island of Föhr to Nösse. We first called on his brother, a young teacher stationed at Archsum, and then set out, all three of us, for List, arriving there late at night. By way of Tinum, where we ascended the ancient thing-mound,<sup>6</sup> we first made our way to Westerland, and then pursued a northerly direc-

<sup>6</sup> The tribal meeting place of the legislative assembly.

tion, with many a detour, not without enjoying a delightful swim from the western shore. Our endless ramble over the dunes became at last quite weird and uncanny. Each time we gained the height of a dune, we thought we must see List lying before us; but again and again the sand hills stretched out before us endlessly. Had List disappeared from the face of the earth? Or were we walking in a circle? At last the little bay opened before us quite unexpectedly, a light gleaming through the dusk: we had arrived! But we were to have another weird experience. On our arrival we had seen a large boat sailing into the bay, and, when we left the guest room late at night to look at the sky, we passed an open door, through which we saw an elderly gentleman sitting with a heavily veiled lady. When we asked the people of the inn about these mysterious visitors, they replied: "We don't know them either; we just call him 'the count-in-boots.' They come ashore here now and then, always late at night, and by morning they are gone. People say he killed his brother and can find no rest anywhere. We gave him that name because he always wears very large felt boots; a gipsy is said to have told him he would die of an operation for corns on his toes." When I stepped outside early in the morning, my sleep having been disturbed by the rustling and gnawing of mice, the sailboat with the mysterious couple had already disappeared.

My other excursion was to Copenhagen with my friend Reuter. We took the night boat from Kiel to Korsör, passing the island of Langeland in the moonlight, and then went in the morning by train to Copenhagen. It seemed odd to see with my own eyes all the towns whose names I had had to learn by heart at school in Langenhorn many years before: Korsör, Slagelse, Sorör, Roeskilde—concrete reality thus supplanting mere abstractions. In Copenhagen we put up at a genuinely Danish hotel, called "Dannevirke" or something like that, to enjoy to the full the feeling of being abroad. My Danish soon proved superfluous, as practically everybody in Copenhagen understood some German; and once when there was real need for it, late at night on an excursion, when I wanted to inquire about the way at a farmhouse, it

turned out to be inadequate, as we could not understand each other. I do not remember all our sightseeing; it included the royal castle with its collections, the picture gallery, the Museum of Nordic Antiquities, and, of course, Thorwaldsen's sculptures. But I do remember a farce performed at the Tivoli, with couplets referring to William I of Germany, to the Shah of Persia, and to Frederick VII of Denmark, whose equestrian statue in front of the castle was about to be unveiled—the words "*skal afslöves*" are still ringing in my ears. What then remained hidden from us under the gray canvas I was to see with the "veil" lifted thirty-three years later: the figure of the last king *af gamle Danmark*, decked out with a fantastic helmet, in front of the gutted ruins of Christianborg Castle, destroyed by a conflagration. An evening at Taarbaek also stands out in my memory. We had set out from Copenhagen for Klampenborg in the late afternoon, thinking the road followed the shore of the sound all the way. But it did not; night fell and it began to rain; we were groping our way in the dark, soon doubtful of the right direction and finding the walk much longer than we had thought. That was when I made that unsuccessful inquiry at a farmhouse. At last we saw a light; it proved to be an inn, and we found ourselves landed at Taarbaek. As we sat down and the landlord came to bid us welcome, he turned out to be a countryman from near Apenrade. And when we had walked the two flights up to our room, the sound, which we had so eagerly longed to see, lay before us; the rain had ceased, and the water reflected the moonlight. Far away there shone a light—the beacon on the island of Sveen, made memorable by Tycho Brahe. The following day the young innkeeper, with whom we had made friends, accompanied us through the deer garden, in its autumnal glory, to Holte, where we took the train for Fredericksborg. The beautiful castle of Christian IV in its charming setting of a woodland lake remained our last great impression in the fair land of our neighbors.

At the beginning of October I returned to Berlin, where a new task was waiting for me. An old friend of my school days, who had accepted a post elsewhere, asked me whether I cared to take over

the lessons in history he had been giving at a private school for girls. I agreed, having been on the look-out for some practical work; and so for a year I taught history in the two upper forms two hours a week each. My subject was the history of Brandenburg-Prussia. Gleaning wherever I could what seemed suitable for my pupils, I found Carlyle's *History of Frederick the Great* standing me in good stead. Reading it with passionate interest for its own sake, I borrowed from it for my instruction not only characteristic features and anecdotes but also the general tone and color of the treatment. Whether my earnest efforts to implant in the young girls an intelligent interest and liking for the history of their country, instead of merely giving them historical dates, were crowned with success, I do not venture to say. Certain experiences during reviews on more than one occasion made it appear doubtful, to say the least. Once, after explaining to the pupils of the highest form the nature of *steuer* (tax), *zoll* (customs, duty), and *akzise* (excise)—with irresistible clearness, as I fondly believed—I put the question: "Now tell me, Elise, what is a *zoll*?" Her answer was prompt and unfaltering: "A *zoll* is the smallest unit of length." <sup>7</sup> Seeing my profound wisdom subjected to such a *reductio ad absurdum*, I decided henceforth to give financial questions a wide berth. Nor did I gather any laurels during the public examination. After I had made my pupils relate what they knew about Brandenburg-Prussian history, the old pastor who superintended the examination thought it suitable to ask them a few questions himself. Embarking upon the boundless sea of universal history, he asked them which were the four world monarchies. My young ladies remained silent, and I am not sure that I could have answered the question to his satisfaction myself.

Nevertheless, this teaching was not an unprofitable experience for me: it gave me an opportunity for interesting observations about school children and school classes, about girls and their traits, about their interests and mental abilities. It also brought home to me the immense differences in individual behavior and disposition, ranging from sensitive and eager receptivity through

<sup>7</sup> The German word *zoll* has two meanings: (a) customs, duty; (b) inch.

carelessness and flightiness to downright indifference and stupidity. What a gamut of differently attuned minds! And then to expect the same words to appeal to all of them alike! Even at that, my classes were small, only twenty or so; how then is a teacher to succeed with classes of fifty or one hundred pupils?—After one year my work as an instructor came to an end, together with the school itself. It could no longer cope with its financial difficulties, and I can only hope that there was no causal connection between my teaching and its demise.

At the same time I had been continuing my own research. But instead of completing the historical inquiry which had occupied me for a year and brought me such a rewarding discovery during the summer, I felt constrained to take up the solution of some theoretical problems of epistemology, which I had also had in mind for some time past, and with some of which I had dealt in my lectures before the Philosophical Club. I made a rough draught of three treatises: on the "Concept of Concept," on the "Concept of Cause," and on the "Concept of Substance." Then I elaborated the draught on the "Concept of Cause" to an extensive dissertation in which, following in the footsteps of Hume and Mill, I defended the empiricistic standpoint with sharp polemics against apriorism and rationalism, especially against the half-hearted and weak-kneed rationalism of certain contemporary thinkers. I insisted that causality was not a logical relation nor an *a priori* category, but rather an axiomatic postulate of the understanding, which had gradually developed out of association as its primitive form and attained to presumptive universal validity.

In February, 1874, I submitted the manuscript of this treatise to the Philosophical Faculty together with my application for the *venia legendi*.<sup>8</sup> With a little more worldly wisdom I might have foreseen the result: my application met with a refusal. I will not say that the decision was unfair; today I should probably pass the same judgment myself under similar circumstances. My dissertation was written in a petulant and even arrogant tone, and my polemics were derogatory, as they are apt to be on the part of

<sup>8</sup> That is, for admission as *privatdozent*.

young authors reveling in their first discovery of truth. And in point of thoroughness, careful treatment, and sober judgment my investigation probably also left much to be desired. Consequently I have long since ceased to harbor resentment against the philosophical Faculty or its referees—Professor Harms and Professor Zeller, who had succeeded Trendelenburg—for refusing to accept my treatise as adequate evidence for my qualification as a *privat-dozent*. And that they regarded its tone as unseemly and said so was only right and proper. It was a wholesome lesson to me, and I have never written in that form again, not only because of the unfortunate result for myself, but also because I sensed the crudity of it. For—widespread though the custom is in Germany—it is essentially vulgar to receive and treat one's reader, whom one has invited to be one's guest, as it were, with a disdainful mien of superiority. Henceforth I took my two Englishmen, Hume and Mill, as my models, as I might have done before, both as regards courtesy toward the reader and urbanity in polemics. And after all, that was what suited my own nature best; for the rude and censorious manner of our philologists had always been hateful to me. I had only been led astray by various influences, such as Schopenhauer and perhaps also Lassalle. A shock coming from without can thus have a very salutary effect on one's self-emancipation.

At first, of course, the matter was annoying, especially on account of my parents, who had been waiting so long to see their son started on his career. I wrote them at once, explaining what had happened and adding, as was true enough, that my own views had differed widely from those of my judges, and that this had probably influenced their verdict. I asked them for further patience, promising to try again and do better another time. My mind was now made up at once to bring my historical inquiry to a conclusion and then repeat my application. In the evening of the day on which the dean of the faculty—it was Helmholtz—had apprised me of my failure, I went to see Freytag's comedy "The Journalists" at the Schauspielhaus and was able to enjoy it, although some dregs of ill humor were still lingering in my mind.

During the following days I talked matters over both with Harms and with Zeller. Harms spoke in an injured tone; he felt offended and not altogether without reason, for he had regarded himself as my teacher, and now I had become an apostate, having gone over to Hume's skepticism, which he had always condemned. There was a rather violent scene, so that I sprang up from my chair and made for the door. But he found a conciliatory word, being well disposed toward me at heart, and I bade him goodbye without resentment. Zeller treated the matter without any personal animosity, although my polemics had been directed also against him. In answer to my straight question whether he thought he ought to dissuade me from a repetition of my application, he answered in the negative; as far as he was concerned, he said, there was no reason why I should not submit another dissertation.

So I set to work, giving final shape to the historical inquiry, restricting it, however, not only to Kant but also to his development up to his first "Critique." My interpretation of the entire system of his critical philosophy I reserved for a "General History of the Theory of Knowledge," to which this account of Kant's own development would then form a supplement. Thinking I could repeat my application at any time, I hastened on with my work, to wipe out my failure as soon as possible and perhaps start lecturing before the end of 1874. But when I submitted my new dissertation—it was entitled: "An Essay on the Genetic History of Kant's Theory of Knowledge"—I was informed that I could not make a new application until after twelve months. This gave me time to get the book printed, and I thus was confronted with the bitter task of finding a publisher. I had to knock at many doors, until finally the Leipzig publishing firm of R. Reisland was ready to come to terms early in 1875. The conditions were anything but satisfactory: I had to pay down 250 *taler* (M. 750) for printing costs, to be repaid to me out of the proceeds after the publisher had reimbursed himself for all his expenses; any surplus after that was to be shared in equal parts. I received my deposit back in the course of some years and a small surplus besides; it would have been larger had the publisher been more patient.

When the sale went down to a few copies a year toward the end of the seventies, he sent the remainder to a paper mill without even asking me. Afterward the demand rose again considerably; but for a revision I had no time, and a mere reprint I did not care to authorize. That is why my first book has been out of print for a long time. I venture to think that a more liberal attitude would have been in the publisher's own interest, too, for I never cared to do business with him after that. I think publishers make a great mistake by not keeping an eye open for young and promising authors and placing them under an obligation by serving their interests.

To complete the account of my habilitation, I submitted the printed book to the faculty in March, 1875, and it was accepted. My habilitation, however, had to be postponed on account of my being called for military service again during April and May, so that it was the tenth of June before I delivered the prescribed private lecture before the faculty. Out of the themes I submitted they selected a lecture on the "Concept of Substance." My success was indifferent. In the discussion following the lecture—the so-called *colloquium*—the question really at issue was not touched upon. Harms regarded my views as bound to lead to materialism, and I vainly tried to show that, quite the reverse, the idea of a soul substance was but the last remainder of a materialistic conception and at the same time the germ of its perennial renewal, "substance" and "matter" being interchangeable terms. Zeller at once diverted the discussion to all sorts of historical questions, such as Spinoza's concept of substance, and so forth. After a deliberation which seemed ominously long to me, the faculty arrived at a favorable decision. My public lecture was delivered on June 19; it dealt with the categories generally used to denote opposite philosophical standpoints, such as idealism and realism. Again I had a feeling of absolute futility. Neither Dean Zeller nor the few auditors seemed to attach any importance to the matter, but only to be waiting impatiently for the end.

It was under these by no means auspicious circumstances that I entered upon my career as an academic teacher. I reflected with



bitterness on the contrast with my graduation as a doctor of philosophy. At that time Trendelenburg had congratulated me with warm cordiality, whereas now things were settled in a cold and businesslike manner.

The reception of my book on Kant also failed to come up to my expectations. The first review, published in the *Literarisches Zentralblatt* by Dr. Göring, an old friend of Bonn days, damned me with faint praise, it seemed to me, saying that my book deserved attention! What I had expected to read was that my book represented a complete revolution in the interpretation of Kant's philosophy. Instead of that, it "deserved attention!" Is there anything that does not deserve attention and get it, too, once it is printed! Reviews in other journals were in a similar strain. The only exception was an article in the *Westminster Review*, of which John Stuart Mill had been a cofounder. Rising to a higher level of appreciation, it stated that my book "threw the greatest light on the whole philosophy of the sage of Königsberg." And a few years later, to my great satisfaction, a Dutch scholar, Dr. Du Marchie-Voorhuisen, wrote a book on Kant, published after his death, which was based on the foundation I had laid.

A few words remain to be said about my other studies and interests during that year. I have already mentioned that for a time I felt tempted by the prize which the Berlin Academy had offered for a treatise on the influence of English eighteenth-century philosophy on German philosophy and that I selected my reading accordingly. The authors whose works I studied and abstracted included Bacon, Hobbes, Cumberland, Shaftesbury, Mandeville, and on the German side: Pufendorf, Thomasius, and Leibniz. Hobbes gained my particular respect by his keen, uncompromising, and relentless application of the principles he had laid down. The influence of his political ideas on my own thought has not been inconsiderable. Not until I read Hobbes did the insight that unified and assured power is the first requisite of any State become an unalterable conviction with me. I never found time to write that prize essay, my other studies and plans standing in the way. However, my extensive researches stood me in good stead

for my lectures on the history of modern philosophy, as did also those for my intended history of the theory of knowledge. This latter plan I kept in view for a longer time; I even made some attempts to carry it out, but had to give it up in the end, since for years to come I had to devote my time to historical researches in the field of education, as will appear later.

Another author whose works I studied with great interest and permanent gain in those years from 1873 to 1875 was Schopenhauer. Hitherto I had read him only occasionally and without feeling greatly attracted. The unpleasant experience with the faculty made me more receptive to his pessimistic reflections on human nature in general and scholars in particular, or at any rate it favored an emotional response on my part. His blunt—one might almost say hostile—way of telling the truth made a great impression on me; the earlier of the two essays I submitted to the faculty showed that influence. His lasting influence on me includes the voluntaristic interpretation of mental activity and a sympathetic understanding for the pessimistic view of life. I never adopted the latter myself, but Schopenhauer made me see that the natural optimism of our attitude toward life is accidental and subjective and therefore liable to a revulsion. On this basis it also became possible to understand the great religions of redemption; the Christian religion thus assumed a very different aspect from that which it had shown in the light of intellectualistic dogmatics. The study of religion in its relation to general culture now became a matter of permanent interest to me, and I greatly enjoyed reading Duncker's "History of Antiquity" from this point of view. In my opinion it could still be used today as an excellent introduction to the mind of the peoples whose life it describes. The history of the Indian people especially is presented with penetrating understanding, and the great epochs of its life and its attitude toward life stand out with striking clarity. I also read Waitz's "Anthropology of Primitive Peoples," an inexhaustible mine of information about primitive religion.

Among the new friends I made in those years I mention above all the former Under-Secretary of State von Gruner, at whose

home I was received, after being introduced by my friend Belger, who on Bonitz's recommendation had been private tutor of Gruner's eldest son since the autumn of 1872. After my first invitation to dinner, on Ascension Day in 1873, I was a frequent guest during the following winter. It was a very hospitable house, where younger scholars too were made welcome. Apart from formal invitations to dinner and evening parties one was free to call any evening about eight o'clock, when tea was served, and enjoy a few hours' chat with the family consisting of the master of the house, his wife Clara, and Fräulein Emilie, their foster-daughter,<sup>9</sup> or with any other callers that happened to be present. Not infrequently something was read aloud; occasionally, it was a play with the roles assigned to different persons. It was the first home I entered which was conducted in a more pretentious manner, not to say in grand style. I made more than one acquaintance there which became of importance to me, especially the two Reichenspergers, who were political friends of my host.

My habilitation led to my intercourse with two other families, closely related to each other, those of Professor Lazarus and his colleague Steinthal. I had paid the latter, whom I greatly esteemed as my teacher, a special call to present him with a copy of my first book; but he had not given me the impression that he took any interest either in me or in my Kant. It was not in his nature to meet anyone half way; he waited for the other to make the advances, and might even on occasion create an embarrassing situation by his persistent silence. Being so much younger, I could not help feeling that it was proper for me to let him do the questioning and direct the course of the conversation, and as he did not avail himself of this privilege I soon left, not without feeling a little offended. Later on I discovered that what had impressed me as coldness was by no means a lack of friendly feeling toward the caller who had approached him so confidently; it just was his natural habit and perhaps also lack of experience in dealing with younger people. Before long I felt more at home in his house than almost anywhere else. I ought to add that this was largely due to

<sup>9</sup> Emilie Ferchel, who became Paulsen's first wife.

his wife, a sister of Professor Lazarus. I do not recall exactly when I first met her, probably in the summer of 1875. She was still a young woman at that time, not much older than I, her husband being her senior by nearly twenty years. Her kindly interest in the personal affairs, the homeland and parents, the living conditions and the literary plans of her guest, and her happy faculty of making him talk and listening to him attracted me as much as did the unassuming hospitality of the household, which was in keeping with their moderate circumstances. I soon became a regular visitor on Tuesday nights, together with Dr. Bruchmann.<sup>10</sup> Usually we were the only guests, although now and then other students of Steinthal's would drop in later. A sandwich and a glass of beer was all there was in the way of refreshments, and that rule was not departed from even when more distinguished visitors happened to be present, as for example Professor Baron. But the warm and friendly welcome, the solicitous care of the hostess in looking after her guests, the sociable talk at table, and the intimate exchange of ideas with the many-sided and profound scholar—those were the things which made us relish these unpretentious evenings as an incomparable treat. They came to an end only when the exigencies of my own household intervened. But I often took my fiancée along with me, and, during the first year after our marriage, my young wife.

I also visited at Professor Lazarus's house, where the Steinthals had doubtless introduced me. It must have been in the winter of 1875–76 that I was there for the first time, at a grand party, without contacts and without pleasure. It was the exact opposite of the sociable intercourse at his sister's house. Here a galaxy of great names, titles, and decorations, lending luster to the gathering, in the midst of which such an obscure individual as a young *privat-dozent* was completely lost, or at least served only as a modest space-filler; there, on the other hand a small and intimate circle, where everyone acted and counted as a personality. After that party I went there only once or twice more, the last time with my fiancée, feeling just as ill at ease as I did the first time. In part, at

<sup>10</sup> Dr. Kurt Bruchmann, one of Steinthal's devoted disciples, has various publications on the psychology of language to his credit.

least, this was due to the fact that I was unable to find any common ground between myself and my hosts.

About the same time, thanks to a suggestion by Steinthal, I took up my pen as an author again for the first time since writing my book on Kant. He gave me R. Flint's *History of the Philosophy of History* and asked me to review it in his *Zeitschrift*, without limiting me to any definite space. I wrote a very detailed review of it during the summer vacation of 1875, which I spent at Langenhorn. This was followed by an article on John Stuart Mill's philosophy of religion, occasioned by his three posthumous essays; I wrote it during the Christmas vacation of the same year, and it also appeared in the *Zeitschrift*. The last was a review of Bagehot's *On the Origin of Nations*. My article on Mill led to the following little incident. I had called to account a German reviewer for his supercilious way of treating Mill as a dull-witted English empiricist, adding pointedly that in the face of such nationalism the reproach of Teutonism must make us stand in silence and blush with shame. The reviewer subsequently wrote to me, expressing his regret and admitting that my criticism was justified.

# *My First Years as a University Teacher*

1875–1877

IN THE autumn of 1875 I began my lectures at the University of Berlin. For a course on logic and theory of knowledge in the forenoon there were nine students. That was the only course I ever gave on logic, although in those days the theory of knowledge seemed to me to be the very core of my studies. I announced the course again on one subsequent occasion, but illness prevented my giving it. It was the empiricistic theory of knowledge of the English thinkers which I endeavored to present to my students, John Stuart Mill's *Logic* being my guiding star. In a course of public lectures I treated of the basic differences between systems of philosophy before a larger group. Those were the lectures which afterward developed into the course on introduction to philosophy; their origin goes back to a draught I made in 1870. I also conducted a seminar in philosophy on Thursday evenings from six to eight o'clock, a time to which I adhered for many years. Kant's "*Critique of Pure Reason*" was the first book to form the subject matter of these exercises. From the beginning I adopted a different method from any I had seen used in similar courses: I neither made the students read the text in class, as Trendelenburg had done in his seminar on Aristotle and Dilthey in his exercises on Spinoza, nor did I ask them, like Harms, to write an extensive report, to be read in class. Instead, I requested them to prepare themselves at home and then asked one of them to give a brief talk on the contents and their connection, following which I discussed both the general purport and the details with them—always with this twofold end in view: to make sure that they understood

the author and to make them use their own judgment and define their own attitude toward his views. In the main I have retained this method, with the only modification that I have more and more dispensed with a too detailed explanation and criticism of the details, while at the same time making the conduct of the discussion more and more independent of the good or bad ideas that happen to occur to individual members. Anyone attempting to read philosophical books for the first time knows how often endless difficulties about details, which he vainly tries to solve, block his way and prevent him from grasping the general purport of the whole, which alone can throw light on the details. This is especially true of Kant, but it also applies to Spinoza. And the end of these futile endeavors is quite likely to be the final defection from philosophy. If one can get the students to turn their attention to the whole and grasp its purport and the relation which the main parts of the discourse have to the latter, one can then leave it to their own efforts to clear up any difficulties about details by reading the text a second time. As to the other point I mentioned, the increasing number of students, with an ever-greater proportion of them reduced to the role of passive listener, necessitated in itself a tightening of the reins. In my own earlier experiences I had often felt it to be an injustice to those who had keener minds or were better prepared, when the teacher conducting the exercises took note of every error or stupidity on the part of some self-assertive and obstinate member who insisted on making himself heard. I had no intention of subjecting my own students to that injustice, and therefore it has become a habit with me to intervene, the moment I see the discussion getting sidetracked, by refusing from the outset to entertain stupid objections and questions which lead nowhere.

Among the members taking part in my first seminar course on Kant were two young countrymen of mine: Ferdinand Tönnies, from Husum, and Kuno Francke, from Kiel. Permanent friendship has grown out of these relations, which were not long in leading to other meetings, both indoors and on walks. Tönnies and Francke were approaching the end of their university studies, and

we passionately discussed all sorts of problems, and probably none more ardently than the social questions which in those days began to stir the younger generation in Germany.

This concerns a matter about which I ought to speak a little more at length. I had read Lassalle's speeches, probably as early as 1873 or 1874; the first copies which reached me—they were lent to me by Benno Erdmann's sister—bore unmistakable traces of the laborers' hands through which they had passed. Later on I bought them all myself and read them with eager interest. His vigor and self-confidence impressed me as much as his socialistic interpretation of State and Society, which found support at all points in my own old-established views, as based on those of Gneist, Wagner, Hobbes, and Carlyle. He described the State as being not merely a legal institution but an all-inclusive union for the purpose of the self-preservation of Society as a whole, and for the advancement of the culture and welfare of all its citizens. Sentiments harking back to my old homeland, age-old feelings of equality traditional among the North-Frisian farmers, induced a favorable response on my part to his political views, which culminated in his idea of a "social monarchy," this being the obverse of his positive antipathy against "vulgar" liberalism, the Manchester school and the doctrine of *laissez faire*. The era of the bubble-companies, with its excesses, the plebeian literature, the maudlin farces on the stage—in short, all those things which made young Nietzsche turn his back on his times, had not failed to make a strong impression on me too. I have reason to believe that these personal sentiments and convictions made their influence felt on the younger friends around me.

My urge to make converts was never more compelling than during those first years as a university teacher. Enjoying the boundless liberty of a German *privatdozent*, I felt that I ought to stand up for my personal convictions, regardless of consequences. I have never been given to wary prudence and circumspection; but in those years I felt it incumbent upon me to utter my thoughts as bluntly as I could and to leave nothing unsaid, at all times and everywhere, on suitable and on unsuitable occasions. It was only



by slow degrees that I acquired some reserve, by pausing to ask myself whether the other man was willing or even able to hear what I said. Thus I never made a secret of my social and political views even when I was at the Gruners' house as a guest or while I was in military surroundings, often giving offense or causing annoyance and perhaps even more frequently eliciting an astonished or skeptical smile. Walking about in the Gruners' garden one day with Peter Reichensperger—from talk about events incidental to the *Kulturkampf* we had gone on to discuss the relation between Church and State in the abstract—I advanced the idea of sovereignty as a constitutive characteristic of the State. "Why!" he exclaimed, "that is Hobbes's idea of the omnipotence of the State!"—"Exactly what I mean!" I replied. "It would be a logical contradiction for two sovereignties, each with its own body of subjects, to exist within the identical frontiers. I quite agree with Hobbes: the State can do no wrong." Which put an end, of course, to any possibility of agreement. Another time we reached the dead line again during a walk in the *Tiergarten*, when I maintained that the concept of property had been created by the State and was therefore subject to further modification, so that there was no legal obstacle to the transformation of private into collective property. The disorganization of Society, as at present constituted, I added, imposed upon the State the task of organizing labor and production. My uncompromising dialectics soon reduced my companion to silence—a success of which I should not feel so proud today as I did then. What made him withdraw into silence was the disinclination, usually increasing with advancing years, to enter into a discussion of principles, and not, as I then was fain to believe, his inability to find an answer—or in other words: his being compelled on logical grounds to assent to my argumentation. Young people are always prone to imagine that conviction can be produced by logical arguments and dialectic victories. The older one becomes, the more one feels certain that ultimate convictions have their roots in sentiments and feelings or, in the last analysis, in the personal disposition and the individual will, against which logical reasoning is entirely unavailing. That is why with increas-

ing age disputes about principles lose their attraction: one realizes that they are futile.

In the same way my faith in Lassalle and his doctrine of State socialism has, I will not forbear to mention, suffered considerable diminution, as in the course of the years I learned more about human nature and the facts of life. The resistance which reality offers to the realization of general ideas, more especially to the carrying into effect of political and social ideals, is hardly perceptible to the youthful mind; to its exuberant vitality it seems of no account. It is only with advancing years that we learn from countless experiences what an unmalleable material human nature really is; it is, as Kant has said, such a crooked piece of wood that it is impossible to make anything straight out of it.

In the summer of 1876 I gave a course on the history of philosophy in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; those were the lectures which afterward developed into the course on history of modern philosophy in its relation to the history of civilization. Among my five students was an American by the name of Emerton, a friend of Kuno Francke; he is now Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Harvard University, of which Francke is also a member. With a Russian student providing a corresponding extension in the eastern direction, I jestingly remarked in a letter to Emilie that I had the *orbis terrarum* sitting at my feet. In my seminar exercises I dealt with Kant's "Prolegomena."

In the summer vacation I went to Harzburg, in the Harz Mountains, where the Gruners had preceded me. It was the first time I had found myself in mountainous country, having failed to explore what the surroundings of Erlangen had to offer in that respect, for which I cannot forgive myself to this day. I had once joined an excursion, it is true, to what is called "Franconian Switzerland"; but being with a large crowd I could not pay any attention to beauties of nature. And ever since, when vacation time came, I had always gone straight home to Langenhorn, unless I spent a few days on a walking tour with Reuter along the east coast of Schleswig-Holstein. But now I was living right in the heart of the mountains, roaming about by myself on longer and shorter rambles and feeling in the

most receptive mood to enjoy the sight of cliffs and caves, mountains and valleys, old-world towns and ruins. I particularly remember one long walk in the dead of night. I had lost my way in the Bode valley, and it was already nine o'clock when I arrived at Ilsenburg. From there I had to walk on to Harzburg through the pitch-dark forest, with only the stars overhead to guide me, so as to be at our trysting-place in time the next morning. The sounds of the night were like music in my ears, for there was singing and ringing in my own soul. Sometimes I had to go driving with Frau von Gruner and Fräulein Emilie. One such excursion to the *Molkenhaus* was fixed in my memory by a climb to the "Raven Cliffs," which I undertook with Emilie, chaperoned by dear old Miss Zeipel. I could not resist picking some wild raspberries hanging over the precipice—I verily believe it was only for the sake of the frightened scolding which Emilie gave me for doing it.

When I arrived at Langenhorn I knew that I was engaged, even though not formally. I made no secret of it to my parents and found them heartily in accord. Emilie went to stay with her own family at Bissingen, near Höchstädt, and many were the letters that went to and fro between there and Langenhorn at that time. However, these bright days were destined to be followed by days of gloom, which brought me to the brink of the grave. I had not been feeling at all well for some weeks, following my return to Berlin at the beginning of October—a forewarning, as it turned out, of a severe attack of typhoid, which developed about the end of that month. On October 15 I had begun a course of lectures on the history of modern philosophy, at the Victoria Lyceum, which is still in existence as a college for women, and which had just been founded under the direction of an Englishwoman, Miss Archer. The second lecture of the course I had delivered, so I was told later, like a man speaking in a fever. At the end of the hour I walked with Emilie through the *Tiergarten*, then I collapsed. A few days later I was taken to the Augusta Hospital, where I lay for more than three weeks in a severe fever delirium, so that the month of November is practically a blank in my memory, except for a few momentary glimpses and delusions. When the crisis was over and I regained

consciousness, I was so weak that the attendant had to lift me like a child from the bed and settle me in a chair. Standing and walking were out of the question for several days.

When I began to make rapid progress, in January, I thought I might at least hold the seminar exercises I had announced on Hume's *Inquiry into Human Understanding*. Among the few students who took part there again were two who have remained dear friends to this day: C. Nohle, from Lübeck, who had been introduced to me as a member of the Arminia, in Jena, and Jos. Capesius, who came from the old Saxon settlers in Transylvania. The latter is now headmaster of the Protestant Teachers' Training School, at Hermannstadt, to which he has been devoting his labors with rewarding success; the former is professor at the *Falk-Realgymnasium*, in Berlin, a faithful guide of his pupils in the *prima* in German literature and philosophy. What the influence of a *privatdozent* lacks in extent, it gains in intensity. The small number of my students, the fact that they were near me in age, and the pleasure of finding my first pupils—it all encouraged the rapid development of whatever teaching ability and didactic urge I may have possessed.

The summer of 1877 marked the end of an epoch in my life for two reasons: In the first place, it terminated the long years of my bachelorhood; for I was married on the sixth of August. For the past few years I had been living in furnished rooms, three flights up, at 50 Dorotheenstrasse, where my landlady, a Mrs. Hofmann, from Wunstorf, looked after all my material needs, including meals, as my housekeeper. In the second place, the end of the summer of 1877 also brought a profound change in the course of my studies. The theory of knowledge and its history, which had formed their very center ever since 1872, was henceforth relegated to a peripheral position, my principal interest being now diverted to pedagogics and the history of education. This was due to a suggestion which first came to me from without, when at the beginning of the summer semester Professor Harms came to see me one day. He thought it might be well for me to announce a course of lectures on pedagogics for the coming winter. There ought to be such a course, he

said, and at present it was not in the curriculum. If I did, he added, the faculty would probably be willing to propose me for an associate professorship of pedagogics. At first I had some scruples; for pedagogics had so far been entirely remote from my personal interest, and I was longing to get on with the completion of my "History of the Theory of Knowledge." Nevertheless I decided in favor of pedagogics, and I have not regretted it. Indeed, in later years I came to feel that all my studies up to that time had only now been given their focal center. For ethics and politics, sociology and history, theology and anthropology—had they not all an immediate bearing on pedagogics? And as to metaphysics and the theory of knowledge, were not they, too, indispensable prerequisites for what is perhaps the most indispensable prerequisite of all for the theory of education—a *weltanschauung* based on philosophy? Any real achievement in the field of logic and theory of knowledge, on the other hand, would have called for one essential prerequisite which I lacked: familiarity with the exact sciences and mathematics; that was brought home to me later by Wundt's Logic. I therefore regard it as a providential turn of events that I was thus induced by the faculty to transfer my efforts to the field of pedagogics and education, which was to prove such fruitful soil.

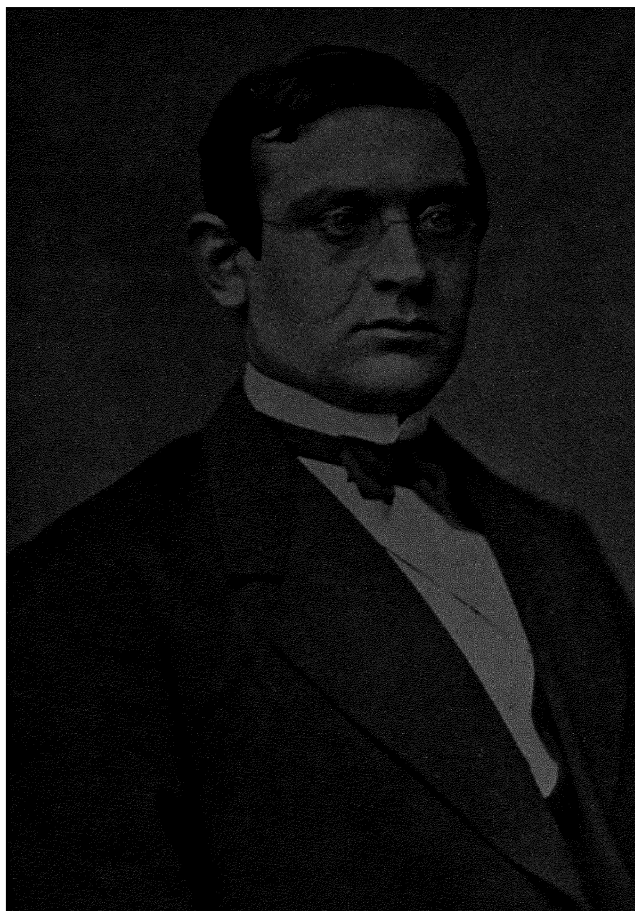
Not until much later did it dawn upon me that this action on the part of the faculty was motivated perhaps not so much by their benevolence toward me as by their desire to forestall another candidate, who was uncongenial to them. Professor Lazarus aspired to a full professorship of psychology and pedagogics, and his candidacy seemed certain of the weighty support of the second Court.<sup>1</sup> The faculty and the educational authorities of the government, who perhaps also felt loath to appoint a Jew as a full professor of pedagogics, may have decided on my associate professorship merely as a countermove against a full professorship for him. That is how I figured it out later; but I have no proofs.

Meanwhile, in 1876 and 1877 an opportunity offered itself to publish some of my studies in the field of theory of knowledge. Avenarius had just then been appointed professor of philosophy

<sup>1</sup> That of the later Emperor Frederick III, at that time Crown Prince.

at the University of Zürich, a post for which I had also been considered, as appeared from a visit of Dr. Hopfer of the Educational Council. And now he founded a new philosophical quarterly, the *Vierteljahrsschrift für wissenschaftliche Philosophie*. I hailed the new periodical with delight and at once offered to contribute. The very first number contained an article from my pen, "On the Concept of Philosophy," in which I undertook to define the relation between philosophy and science on an historical basis. In the second number I published an article "On the Cardinal Differences between Epistemologic Points of View." A third article, in the fourth number, entitled "On the Concept of Substance," was largely made up of the considerations for which I had pleaded in vain before the faculty. It was based on Hume's governing idea that substance and cause are not concepts of objects, but—to speak with Kant—synthetical functions of the understanding. German philosophy seemed to have completely lost sight of this standpoint—so completely, in fact, that a skeptical smile had been the only response when I attempted to give an account of the mental phenomena without a soul substance. I have never departed from this standpoint and have elaborated it in my "Introduction." Later on Wundt made it the basis of his own account of mental life in his so-called "doctrine of actuality." My next article was a detailed review of H. R. Fox Bourne's *The Life of John Locke*, which I wrote during my convalescence from typhoid.

My last contributions were reviews of Erdmann's "Kantian Studies," his edition of Kant's "Prolegomena," and his book on "Kant's Criticism." In these I endeavored to justify my rationalistic interpretation of Kant's theory of knowledge against Erdmann's empiricistic and skepticistic interpretation. It was a point we had been debating for a long time past—in fact, ever since his doctor's dissertation appeared in 1873. I had hoped that my "Essay on the Genetic History of Kant's Theory of Knowledge" would convince him that Kant's criticism can be understood only in the sense of a reaction against Hume's skepticism. But when in his later writings he gave not a single word to my arguments and continued to repeat his own view as the only possible and indeed self-evident one, namely, that



FRIEDRICH PAULSEN AS PRIVATDOZENT (1877)





Kant's purpose was the definition of the limits of human knowledge, I was annoyed, and our relations gradually became cooler. To have my opinion thus ignored by a friend with whom I had discussed these problems so many times seemed to me in keeping neither with our personal relations nor with the importance of my inquiry. And since Erdmann continued to ignore it forever after, our intercourse gradually lessened. We still saw each other and exchanged letters rather frequently; but the cordial tone of former times never returned. In the last analysis, I should say it was an exaggerated sense of self-importance, probably on both sides, which led to the undoing of our long intimacy.

Before the end of 1877 I published a translation of David Hume's *Dialogues on Natural Religion*, which appeared in Kirchmann's popular series entitled *Philosophische Bibliothek*. I had undertaken the translation as a mental recreation in leisure hours, having found by a previous experiment with Epictetus's little *Enchiridion* that I could get considerable enjoyment out of this kind of work. It seems to lie midway between intellectual stimulation and relaxation, and I have always found it particularly welcome after a period of hard work. It was a difficult task to persuade old Mr. Kirchmann to include my translation in his series; he had evidently never heard of Hume's *Dialogues*. He paid me at the rate of five *taler* (M. 15) per sheet (sixteen printed pages), and it would seem that the publisher's profit cannot have been so very small. At least 4,000 copies were sold before the third edition was brought out in 1905 by the publishing firm of Dürr, in Leipzig, who had offered me very acceptable terms. But, like so many young authors, I was glad enough to get the book printed at all. About the same time I also wrote my first reviews for the *Jenaer Literaturzeitung*, including Erdmann's "M. Knutzen" and Reuter's publication about the life of *Direktor* Bartelmann, of which I have already spoken.



PART TWO

*My Life as a Teacher*



## *Introduction to the Second Part*

BY THE EDITOR<sup>1</sup>

THE preceding twelve chapters, dealing with the years 1846–1877, form the contents of the *Jugenderinnerungen*, published in German in 1909, the year after Paulsen's death. The concluding paragraphs of the twelfth chapter, at that time omitted out of regard for persons still living, have now been restored. The memoirs relating to the second half of Paulsen's life (1877–1908) were never published in German; they have here been translated from the original manuscript. They differ in form from those earlier chapters, there being only one further chapter treating, like the earlier ones, of a number of consecutive years as a whole. After that the memoirs assume the form of "Annals."

The one chapter just mentioned—it deals with the tragically brief years of Paulsen's first marriage (1877–83)—offers peculiar difficulties. Its manuscript consists of four parts relating to (1) Paulsen's married life, (2) his work, (3) his personal contacts and friendships, and (4) his refusal of a professorship at the University of Breslau. The account of his married life, however, was originally not written in that form for publication and is not suitable for it in the present context. According to his own statement it had been in existence for many years when the other parts of the chapter were composed; for he tells us that he wrote it "during the long and sleepless nights"

<sup>1</sup> I should like to avail myself of this opportunity to express my deep obligation to Mr. Rudolf Paulsen, the philosopher's son, and to Professor Willy Kabitz, his son-in-law, for the great trouble they have taken in helping me to secure a reliable German text and to clear up various points. But my warmest thanks are due to my dear friend Professor Wilhelm A. Braun, the head of the German department at Barnard College, Columbia University, who was also a pupil of Paulsen. Without his active interest in this project from its inception, it would never have materialized. He has also read the manuscript of my translation and offered countless valuable suggestions. T. L.

which followed upon his bereavement. In reading these pages one gains the impression that he wanted to preserve this vivid picture of his sorrow and his bitter-sweet memories for his own future moods of retrospection. Careful selecting and editing thus became necessary, always preserving Paulsen's own words wherever possible.

In perusing the more or less disconnected yearly records which form the substance of the "Annals" (1883-1908), the reader—especially if he is not conversant with the organization of higher education in Germany—might easily lose the thread. To guard him in that respect and enable him to understand all implications and allusions, a rapid interpretative survey of their contents will be helpful. Before proceeding with this, however, it seems appropriate to linger here awhile over those private pages, since, in addition to the account of Paulsen's married life, they also contain the complete story of his preceding courtship and engagement. In the last one of the foregoing chapters we have been vouchsafed hardly more than some allusive references to it. One could feel tempted to speak of truly British reticence, nor would it be the only British trait one could discover in Paulsen's nature. But the reader is entitled to learn some of the facts mentioned in those pages and to enjoy the charming pictures they contain.

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Let us then, with that purpose in mind, return to those halcyon days of 1876, when he was staying at Harzburg, in the mountains. There was a reference, tantalizing in its brevity, to a trysting-place, where he wanted to be in time the next morning. We could not wish for a better opportunity to take up the thread. He writes:

Emilie was staying with Frau von Gruner at the little Villa Diana, where the Riefenbach valley branches off. I had my quarters at the Hotel Ludwigslust, quite near. Every morning between six and seven we two met in the forest by ourselves. Ascending a little gully, we came to the edge of the woods, where the intertwined roots of a fine old beech formed an inviting natural seat. A charming view opened up here across the Riefenbach valley to the Castle Hill opposite. And there we lay dreaming, following the butterflies with our eyes, as they fluttered from blossom to blossom, or listening to the birds singing in the trees. You

golden days! How far you are! And yet how near—as if it had been but yesterday! On the second morning we confessed our feelings to each other, and as we walked down again I was blissfully conscious that I had found a heart I could call my own. That feeling has never left me; it remains mine forever. Words could not describe the happiness that filled our hearts as, morning after morning, we climbed up to our beloved beech. On the last day we garlanded it with wreaths made of its own leaves.

From Harzburg I traveled north, homeward bound, while Emilie went southward to Bayreuth, where she attended a performance of Richard Wagner's Nibelungen trilogy, after which she joined her sister Laura and her mother, who were staying with another married sister, at Bissingen. How eagerly I used to wait for the postman, even when I knew that he could have no letter for me, since each letter was two days on its way! In that summer I grew even fonder of heather than I had always been; for she had tied up a charming little bunch for me as a goodbye gift. After it had stood eight days well tended on my table in the *pesel*, it broke my mother's silence at last, and she asked me about its meaning. No doubt she knew well enough, for how could my lips have failed to speak out of the fulness of my heart! So now I told her all about it and thereby gladdened the hearts of both my parents. They had always hoped I would marry, and gladly promised to provide the where-withal for a household of my own.

Emilie Ferchel's father had been a civil engineer in the service of the Bavarian government. After his early death his widow, with ten children unprovided for, had to subsist on a tiny pension. She was therefore only too glad when an opportunity offered for her daughter Emilie, at that time ten years old and showing great gifts, to acquire a much better education than she could herself have afforded to provide for her. Justus von Gruner, at that time counselor to the legation at the federal diet in Frankfort, was desirous of finding a companion for his daughter Clara, to be educated together with her. While taking the cure at Kissingen, in 1856, he heard of that highly respected widow with her ten children and more especially of her gifted daughter Emilie, two years older than his own Clara, and an interview soon settled the matter.<sup>2</sup> The

<sup>2</sup> In 1859 Justus von Gruner became undersecretary of state in the Prussian Foreign Office, and the personal friendship of William I seemed to promise him a great future. Bismarck's ascendancy, however, induced him to resign. When Paulsen made his ac-

education of the two girls was entrusted to a stanch churchwoman of the strictly orthodox Lutheran persuasion, Fräulein von Loë, an elderly spinster when Paulsen made her acquaintance. "By her very superior character and her wise moderation," he writes, "she exercised a strong and on the whole beneficial influence on the entire household. She represented the will of the weak father and master of the house and in a measure restrained the violent temperament of his wife, making bigotry serve as a curb to bridle her unruly desires." On Emilie Ferchel she exercised a deep religious influence: "Emilie soon became ardently devoted to her; it was always her way to attach herself to one person with her whole heart." Excelling her fellow pupil in every way, she developed graceful talents: a number of poems, especially in the religious vein, testify to her poetic skill; she was a fair pianist; but above all she had a great gift for drawing. One of the earliest little presents Paulsen received from her was an etching by herself, representing two lovers walking in a moonlit scene. It was a return gift for a birthday present on his part: his already-mentioned translation of Epictetus's ethical *vademecum*, the execution of which had given him such pleasure. She was delighted with it—"not so much for the sake of the Stoic ethics, which never greatly appealed to her, but rather, as it now seems fair to assume, for the sake of the giver."

That had been before Harzburg, in the days when it first "dawned on him that their friendship was about to develop into a more intimate attachment." After the separation following their happiness in the woods and mountains they found themselves together again in Berlin about the end of September, in 1876. But the course of true love did not run smooth. Paulsen's intimate friend Christian Belger, to whom he owed his introduction to the Gruners and thus also to Emilie, had himself been in love with her all the time. Paulsen had been fully aware of this, and, as Emilie also seemed to find pleasure in Belger's company, he had expected to see them engaged before long. But in 1874 Belger left the house of the

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quaintance in 1875 and became a regular guest at his house, he had been living in retirement for twelve years. But his friendship with William I and especially with the Empress Augusta continued to the end.



Gruners for good and went abroad to spend a whole year in Italy and Greece, without declaring himself—unable, no doubt, as usual, to make up his mind. Now Paulsen found himself much more frequently in Emilie's company, and things took their course. In the autumn of 1876, however, Belger reappeared upon the scene; he had just completed his trial year at the *Gymnasium zum Grauen Kloster*, in Berlin. Emilie once more saw a good deal of him, and the recollection of olden times worked its spell on her. We read:

That glorious certainty, so full of promise, which had come over me at Harzburg, was now assailed by doubts on her part whether the step we were contemplating was at all permissible or even possible. At Harzburg I had been unwilling to accept a binding promise from her on account of the insecurity of my position—I was only a *privatdozent* and by no means a favored one—and now she was no longer willing to give it. Her uncertain health caused her misgivings; but above all she had come in frequent contact with Belger again, and this had revived her recollection of their former relations. I remember how, after one of my earliest lectures at the Victoria Lyceum, we were pacing up and down in the *Tiergarten* for ever so long, struggling with our doubts; she was unable to come to a decision.

It almost sounds as if this walk with Emilie in the *Tiergarten* had been the same which he mentioned in the preceding chapter, adding that he collapsed immediately afterward, stricken with typhoid fever. Then, for many weeks, he lay at the Augusta Hospital hovering on the brink of death; and now at last his beloved one's heart got the better of all her scruples. To let him conclude the story in his own words, written six years later when he was sorrowing for her death:

Frau Hofmann, my faithful landlady, never let a day go by without making inquiries about me at the hospital, although this meant a long walk for her; and every day Emilie called on her for news. She also came herself and was allowed to see me from a distance while I lay unconscious in high fever for three weeks. One day she mourned me as dead. But my nature put up a long and grim fight, and about November 20 there was a turn for the better. From then on not a day passed without a greeting from her. There never was a messenger more eagerly expected than my landlady was in those days. She never came without a

letter from her or a flower or a book, Grimm's "Fairy Tales" being the first one she sent me. A drawing of a girl stretched out dreaming on the slope of a dune made me very happy; it now hangs in my bedroom. Then came a dear little portrait of herself; it now stands on my desk, its leather frame bearing the traces of our first baby's teeth. Joyful days they were, those days of convalescence! The feeling of returning health and strength is in itself an inexpressible delight; and now it was enhanced by the daily confirmation of the blissful certainty that I was loved by the dearest girl in the world. After my return to my own quarters she used to come and see me there. We sat in the room at the rear—I, being still very weak, on the sofa, and she opposite. As a Christmas present I gave her a little volume of poems by Matthew Arnold for the sake of one stanza contained in it:

"Is it so small a thing  
To have enjoy'd the sun,  
To have lived light in the spring,  
To have loved, to have thought, to have done;  
To have advanced true friends and beat down baffling foes?"

On January 22 we became formally engaged. But the months of our betrothal are not so bright in my memory as the preceding ones, during which our love first took root and then at long last became sure of itself. Disturbing factors there were more than one—not only the publicity of what had hitherto been our jealously treasured secret, but also all sorts of scruples and doubts which again possessed her mind.

Doubts and scruples and uncertainties continued to cloud their happiness until the very day of their marriage, to which we shall return at the beginning of the next chapter.

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Turning now to the "Annals" (1883-1908), we may survey their contents under the following heads:

*Paulsen's part in the reorganization of higher education in Germany.*—This reorganization made an end of the monopoly of the classical *gymnasium* as a preparatory school for the university by establishing three parallel types of secondary school with equal rights in that respect: the *gymnasium*, with Latin and Greek; the *realgymnasium*, without Greek; and the *oberrealschule*, laying the stress altogether on modern languages, mathematics, and natural

sciences. Paulsen, an ardent advocate of this reform from the first, soon became the leader of the movement, which had to face the opposition not only of the reactionary classicists but also of William II. At the School Conference of 1890 Paulsen intrepidly defended his views before the Kaiser, who was present in person. At that time the reactionary forces triumphed, but the practical consequences of their victory were so disastrous that another conference was called, which led to the great reform of secondary schools, inaugurated in 1901. It was based on the ideas of which Paulsen had been the chief advocate and marked the zenith of higher education in Germany. The former "dangerous radical" suddenly found himself *persona grata* with the educational authorities, who henceforth eagerly sought his advice.

But this was not the only way in which Paulsen devoted himself to the improvement of the secondary schools here concerned. In Germany the "leaving certificate" granted to the successful graduates of these schools took the place of the bachelor's degree, the German universities (to which it gives access) being reserved almost exclusively for what in English-speaking countries are generally called post-graduate studies. As far as the age of the students is concerned, the *gymnasium* corresponds to the high school combined with the first two college years. The absence of any transition stage between the strict school discipline enforced right up to the leaving examination and the unrestricted personal liberty enjoyed by the university student, too often with deplorable results, made itself felt ever more insistently. Above all, the idea of elective studies was entirely unknown, and even at the classical *gymnasium* an excellent Greek and Latin scholar could not, as a rule, make up by such achievements for any deficiency in mathematics, the requirements in this latter subject being by no means slight even in the classical schools. These are the conditions concerned when we find Paulsen pleading for more freedom in the upper forms. What he advocated—and again with a measure of success—was an approach to the liberty enjoyed by the students of English and American colleges.

Paulsen accentuated the academical character of these schools still further by insisting that those entrusted with the instruction of

the pupils should not be mere teachers, but should themselves take an active part in the progress of their respective sciences or branches of learning by independent researches and publications of their own, so as to be able to propagate this creative scholarly spirit. We shall find him pleading in various ways for this conception of their task and for conditions facilitating its realization.

*Paulsen's work as a university teacher and author.*—All entries coming under this head have been included in full, even when there is no more to record than the title of an article published in the year concerned, which many readers may find unenlightening. Paulsen's larger books on philosophy were intentionally written for a wider circle, as he wanted to revive the general interest in philosophy; but this often precluded his entering into a more detailed discussion of intricate problems and vexed questions. Those interested in his philosophic thought will therefore often turn with advantage to such special articles, most of which are accessible at large libraries.

*Personal contacts and friendships.*—These entries have been included as far as they can be presumed to be of interest to American and British readers.

It seems advisable to say a few words here about Paulsen's attitude toward the Semitic question, since he repeatedly reverts to that topic. No attempt has been made to edit or censor such passages in any way; they are highly instructive as being typical of the attitude of educated Germans in the years in which public sentiment began to be mobilized in a direction which ultimately led to the recent catastrophic events. Paulsen always rejected the imputation of anti-Semitism. There were Jews among his personal friends; the Jew Spinoza was one of the great philosophers of his choice; and, as the reader will find related in these pages, he did not hesitate to incur the displeasure of the highest official authorities by standing up for a Jewish *privatdozent* who was persecuted on account of his socialist convictions. But he made the following demands: (1) Complete and honest assimilation of the Jews after the British example. (2) The closing of the eastern frontier against Jews, to facilitate assimilation and also to exclude the very undesirable Semitic types

which came in from Russian Poland. Unflattering remarks, which will be encountered in the following pages, invariably refer to Jews of that description. (3) Measures to counteract the inrush of Jews into the universities and professions in a proportion far exceeding their total percentage of the population. Had the measures he advocated been adopted, events might have taken a different course.

*Family life.*—Blissfully happy though Paulsen's marriage with Emilie Ferchel was, it left a skeleton in the closet. The cruel destiny of his eldest son became the hidden tragedy of his life. Poor health made it impossible for the mother to devote herself to the care of her children as she would have wished. As was not unusual in those days, they remained entrusted from their birth to the care of their nurses (in the old-fashioned literal sense of that term), usually of dubious antecedents and likely to exert the most undesirable influence. The eldest son, Johannes or Hans, who was already severely handicapped by his premature birth (in 1878)—it was hastened to save the mother's life—remained longest under that influence and with fatal results. His lack of rational will power eventually reached psychopathic proportions. There was no long stay at any school for him, although he was by no means without intellectual gifts. He reached the maturity for the leaving certificate, but his morbid dread of examinations frustrated it. He was then apprenticed to a land surveyor, but his endeavors were no more successful in practical life, and he came to a sad and early end.—It is not necessary to inflict all these details on the reader. Only Paulsen's concluding observations have been retained, which also contain a hint of his own pedagogic attitude.

Surrounded as Paulsen always was by enthusiastic young students who were eager for his advice and determined to make the most of it, the thought of his own two sons must often have been bitter to him. For his second son, Rudolf or Rudi, born in 1883, also grievously disappointed him in some respects, especially by refusing to bring his university studies to a formal conclusion, either by obtaining the Upper Teacher's Certificate or by taking the Doctor's degree. Fortunately, in his case the final outcome has been a much

happier one. For Rudolf Paulsen became a noted writer and poet and has quite recently been honored by the bestowal of the Literature Prize of the City of Berlin. He had already in his father's lifetime become widely known as a poet of the "Charon" group.

After Emilie Ferchel's death her younger sister Laura came to look after the household. Being of an energetic disposition and unhampered by ill health, she soon made an end of the dominion of the nurses and took the management in her own hands. After a few years she became Paulsen's second wife. The reason he gives for taking this step will be of special interest to defenders of the Canon Law valid in the Catholic and Anglican or Episcopal churches, by which marriage with the deceased wife's sister is forbidden. It should not remain unmentioned in this connection that Paulsen dedicated his *Ethics* to "two sisters, to the dead one in loving remembrance, to the living one in grateful esteem." His four children were all of his first marriage.

Paulsen's occasional remarks about his second wife, his daughters Grete and Lotte (both born in 1881) and his niece, Elisabeth Mauderer (born in 1875), will be appreciated by all those who were privileged to enjoy the hospitality of the Paulsen home about the turn of the century, and who thus made their personal acquaintance. Elisabeth Mauderer was a daughter of Emilie Ferchel's elder sister, "Aunt Lotte," who was married to an official in the Internal Revenue Department of the Bavarian government. Having originally come only for a temporary stay (exchanging places with Paulsen's younger daughter) in order to enjoy the educational and artistic advantages which Berlin had to offer, she eventually became a permanent member of the household, being familiarly known as "Maidie," or rather by the German equivalent "Mädi." She had great artistic gifts (drawing, painting, woodcarving) and her pictures were sometimes seen at the *Grosse Berliner Kunstausstellung*, the annual artistic event of the German capital. Those who knew her will enjoy the warm tribute which Paulsen pays her on the occasion of her marriage. Her husband, Max Kaftan, a nephew of the theologian Julius Kaftan, Paulsen's intimate friend, afterward became town councilor of the cities of Elbing and Flens-

burg; she died in 1925. Paulsen's elder daughter, Grete, who also had outstanding artistic gifts, met with a sudden and untimely death on a journey to Switzerland in 1933, while passing through the city of Basle. The younger daughter, Lotte, is married to Dr. Willy Kabitz, Professor of Philosophy at the University of Münster. Paulsen's second wife died in 1925.

*Excursions and journeys.*—Paulsen never let vacation time between any two semesters go by without devoting at least part of it to the exploration of some region of his beloved Germany, enjoying its natural beauties or the attractions of its historical towns, usually in the company of a friend, sometimes with a whole party, or with his wife or his children. "See Germany first!" would certainly seem to have been his motto. But his faithful descriptions of these wanderings could hardly be expected to be of interest to American and British readers in all their details. Many of the latter have therefore been omitted—without, however, depriving the reader of the delightful picture of the philosopher "with the knapsack on his back" (to use a favorite phrase of his) or of the interesting comments that were often called forth on his part. In making these abbreviations, slight deviations from Paulsen's own words were unavoidable; but they have been restricted to unimportant connective or summarizing phrases.

In his later years Paulsen extended his vacation journeys to foreign countries—England, Norway, Italy—and here the case is different. Wider vistas of more general interest are opened up, and therefore his account of these journeys has been included with almost no abridgment. Comparisons such as that of the British Parliament with the German Reichstag will be found interesting and instructive. There could not have been a German more appreciative of English thought or more in sympathy with English ways than Paulsen. But even in his pages, and not only between the lines, we come upon the idea so prevalent in pre-war Germany that to the German people belonged the future, while Britain might rest on the laurels of her great past. His remarks about the Italian army of those days seem to form another curious contrast to the present reality of Mussolini's "Italian Empire," although there

seems to be no lack of military experts even today who would not dispute what he says.

But those late visits to Italy have another interest of tragic import. Together with his sojourns at his Bavarian summer home and at German health resorts, they belong to the story of his heroic struggle against the fell disease to which in the end he succumbed <sup>a</sup>—a struggle carried on unremittingly during the last three years of his life. His mind was still clear and active when his body had almost ceased to render service. It was only a week or so before he died that, lying on the sofa, he saw his last publication through the press; and the whole of the present memoirs was written during the relentless progress of his illness. But above all he continued his lectures at the university up to little more than two weeks before his death, although the journey from Steglitz to Berlin had become a physical ordeal; he insisted that to lecture to his students had a rejuvenating effect on him, and everyone saw that he spoke the truth.

The spirit in which he faced his approaching end reminds us of what he says about death in his *Ethics*. Death, he tells us, is terrible only when it annihilates a human life with all the promise of its future unfulfilled, but not when it comes as restful sleep, after the day's work is done. Thus he himself was happy in the feeling that in the main he had fulfilled the task allotted to him. That is the sense of the Latin words with which he concludes.

To give the reader an impression of his presence, I could hardly do better than repeat what his widow wrote to me after his death. There were times, she said, when, instead of being sad, she felt quite happy and joyful in the recollection of all the years they had lived together in perfect harmony, unmarred by the slightest discord.

<sup>a</sup> The Steglitz physician who issued the death certificate stated intestinal cancer as the cause of death. Judging on the basis of all available data from the present standpoint of medical science, it may be stated that Paulsen probably died of pernicious anemia. That had been Professor Fürbringer's original diagnosis, as the reader will find set forth in more detail in the later pages.



# *The Years of My First Marriage*

1877—1883

OUR wedding took place on August 6, 1877. We were married at the home of the Gruners by our dear friend Pastor Windel, formerly of Pyrmont, where Emilie had made his acquaintance, as she frequently used the mineral springs during her girlhood. He was the clergyman of the Charité and also of the Augusta Hospital. When I was a patient there, he conveyed many a greeting between us. I do not remember our wedding day as a day of joy. We both shed tears—I hardly know whether because of our agitated state of mind in view of a step which closed a long past behind us both, with an uncertain future beckoning, or because of our doubts which asserted themselves again at the last moment, her uncertainty affecting me, too. The wedding banquet was a tediously formal affair: with the exception of my old friend Friedrich Reuter, who had come over from Kiel, and of Fräulein Besser, Emilie's oldest and dearest friend, there were practically none among the guests who meant anything to us. When it was over, Reuter saw us to the station, and the train took us first to Munich and then by way of the beautiful Lake Tegernsee to the Ampezzo valley. About the end of August we arrived at Riva, on Lake Garda, where we settled down for four weeks or so.

We arranged to board with a genial and refined family hailing from Mecklenburg, the name of our host being Dr. Kloss. Our two attractive rooms with a large balcony afforded a charming view over the lake: to the left the Monte Baldo with its bald and clear-cut sky line and to the right the mountains under whose shadow the little town nestled. From the window of the other room one looked along the Sarca valley, up to the old castle of Tranno. I have never again lived amid such beautiful surroundings. We

devoted considerable time to the improvement of my Italian, Emilie being my teacher. I also began to prepare the lectures on pedagogics which I had announced for the coming winter. Their outline was completed on that balcony at Riva during the morning hours, before the sun came round the corner. We took our meals with the family of our host, who had two young girls from Mecklenburg staying with them. In the evening either I or Dr. Kloss read aloud from Reuter's *Ut mine Stromtid*, which we had begun during our journey.

After bidding our hosts a cordial goodbye, we embarked on the lake steamer for Peschiera, and then, staying one day at Verona, we continued our journey to Florence, where we spent eight memorable days. Sunday morning in the church of San Marco stands out vividly in my memory. In the afternoon I usually went for a walk by myself, and then brought home luscious figs and grapes and other fruit from the market—treasures we never forgot.

About the beginning of October we arrived at Rome. The four weeks of our stay there were crowded with impressions of beautiful things. Emilie was more interested in the treasures of the Vatican, while I felt more attracted by the city and its surroundings, the ruins of classical antiquity and the monuments of the middle ages. So I often explored them on afternoon walks by myself.

Our homeward journey took us through Venice, where we arrived about midnight. The ghostly city was bathed in enchanting moonlight, and we stayed a long time on the balcony of our room at the Hotel Monaco, looking across the Grand Canal toward the church of Santa Maria della Salute.

At last we recrossed the Alps, homeward bound, spending the preceding night at Trent. We began the day with a little altercation in the morning. She thought it was not gentlemanly that I refused to let the headwaiter have my hundred-mark bill at the nominal value, but insisted on the rate of exchange in Austrian money. A difference of opinion concerning our traveling arrangements (about a trunk that already had given us trouble enough) added fuel to the flame; she flew into a passion, and I became angry. We crossed the Brenner Pass with deep resentment in our

hearts. Toward evening my grudge dissolved itself into a flood of tears; I was conscious of a feeling that I had made a wrong choice. According to Schopenhauer, weeping is caused by pity for oneself, and that was certainly true of me on that day. Late in the evening we arrived at the Hotel Leinfelder, in Munich, from where we had started for Italy so buoyed up with hope eight weeks before. My self-pity became greater and greater; to have to come home shipwrecked like that! And what was now to be done? At last her resentment also began to melt, and we celebrated our reconciliation in grand fashion. On that evening she called me "Hänschen" for the first time, and it remained my pet name, until it was transferred to our first-born boy, after which I became "Papa."—I suppose it is hardly possible for two human lives to adjust themselves to each other without such little rubs; in the end they always served to make us more sure of ourselves, and I can add that we never let the sun set upon our wrath.

We arrived in Berlin on October 30 at one o'clock in the afternoon. Great was our joy when we sat down at our own table for the first time—at 19 *Schöneberger Ufer*, three flights up, to the left. Our maid Augusta had an excellent dish of roast hare waiting for us. The next day—it was a Sunday—we entertained our first dinner guest, my dear old friend Johannes Heller.

So we had really become a household at last! The winter of 1877–78 was a very happy one. Many dear friends came to see us and were our guests. Like Heller, Tönnies also became a regular visitor. My cousin Friedrich Ketelsen came to spend Christmas with us. In the following summer we had Emilie's younger sister Laura staying with us for some time. Those were happy and peaceful days. After my lectures at the university during that summer had come to an end, I went with Emilie to Langenhorn, to introduce her to my people. Her simplicity and ingenuousness endeared her to those simple-minded souls, especially my mother and my aunt. She had a very charming way of adapting herself to conditions, both material and mental, to which she was in no way accustomed. Here we stayed about eight days. In the evening we took delightful walks, facing the setting sun; I remember how

once, walking with me across the heath, she became quite concerned about the panting of our little dog Zampa. We also called on my old teacher Brodersen and searched on the school desks for my name, which I had carved into them. On our way to Langenhorn we had spent a day at Husum with Tönnies, who with his two sisters had been a frequent guest at our home during the winter. On that occasion we also made the acquaintance of Theodor Storm. We, especially Emilie, already knew him quite well from his writings. Many a short story of his had been read aloud at the Gruners' house, so she now took special pleasure in adding the picture of his living personality to the impression he had made on her by his works. We first met him at the Tönnies home, and on the following day, in response to his invitation, we called on him at his own house, where he showed us his "poet's corner," as he called it. It was all unpretentious enough: one of those typical small, gabled houses in a narrow, dark, and not overclean street; the "poet's corner" was a tiny room in the gable, overlooking a yard at the rear with a solitary elder bush. The poet himself, too, appeared to be a plain and simple man. His talk was just like that of other people; himself quiet and reserved, he expected no enthusiasm about his literary works—in short, he struck us as being a very homely body, a man whose life was rich in inner content rather than in outward activity, a man who took pleasure in the creations of his own fancy and let the world jog along without getting particularly excited about it.

From Langenhorn we continued our journey to Hassberg, a small seaside resort in Holstein on the coast of the North Sea. Emilie's talent for interior decoration triumphed in the arrangement of two tiny rooms, almost small enough for a doll's house. Unfortunately the rainy weather prevented us from enjoying the sea as we might have done; but I remember one sunny morning when we lay in the sand of the dunes, while I read Homer's *Odyssey* to her, with the roaring of the sea accompanying the sound of my voice. In the last week of August we went to Gremsmühlen, where we enjoyed beautiful days. The well-kept inn is charmingly situated in the midst of woods, in which we roamed about the

whole day long. There are two beautiful lakes mirroring the magnificent beeches and firs, and we usually spent the earlier part of the forenoon sitting on the high bank of one of these, while the shouts of the boys, herding cows and calling to one another, came up from below, mingling with my readings from Homer.

We returned to Berlin at the end of the first week in September, with the birth of our first child drawing near. Emilie was in poor health, and the whole month of October was a time of suffering for her, especially at night, as she found breathing very difficult when lying down. What little sleep she got she had sitting in an easy chair. But the trouble disappeared after she gave birth to her child on the first of November, 1878. It was a boy, and we called him Johannes, my old friend Johannes Heller being his godfather. To Emilie her child was a source of unending happiness and bliss. Early and late, at any hour of day or night, she had him with her, watching for every sign of his development, his first smile, his first baby talk.

At the beginning of July in the following summer (1879) she went to stay at Georgenthal in the Thuringian Forest, taking with her the child, his nurse Anna, and our maid Augusta. Incessant rain spoiled their first four weeks, but after I joined them at the beginning of August we had fine weather during that entire month, so that we could fully enjoy the gentle beauty of the Thuringian lands. Many times we sat with the child on the blueberry-grown slope above the village; I remember the day when little Hans learned to take off my hat and to hold my watch against his ear. One morning we sat for a long while by the bridge across the Apfelstädt, sketching it and comparing the lines we had drawn.

These first two years of our marriage were typical of those which followed. Heller and Tönnies came to celebrate Christmas Eve with us, and they also joined us in seeing the New Year in (1880) and welcoming it with high hopes. At the end of September, 1880, we moved to new quarters at 14 *Derfflinger Strasse*, where our other three children were born: Grete on January 31, 1881, Lotte on the day before Christmas in the same year, and Rudi on March 18, 1883.

After the return from our honeymoon in October, 1877, I began my lectures on pedagogics, which I had announced for the winter semester of 1877-78, and found thirty-two students ready to listen to them—quite a respectable number under the circumstances. But alas, I have to confess that at times the number melted away very considerably. One day—it was just before Christmas, it is true—I counted only six. It hurt me very much to see myself thus slighted; but after all there was perhaps no injustice in that unspoken judgment, for I really had not much to give that was my own. In its general outline my course followed Waitz's "General Pedagogics." Fearing lest my subject matter might peter out, I probably over-elaborated the introductory discussion of general questions, and in the later parts I sometimes interposed digressions on individual subjects of instruction which may have been interesting enough as far as they went. In plain: I endeavored to make the best of a task to which I was not yet equal. It was not surprising that under such circumstances there was no great appeal in my lectures; for, to create that, the lecturer must have ideas of his own to give and personal convictions which he wants to propagate. So I brought my lectures to a close with the firm resolution to do better another time. I have always been keenly alive to the mute criticism of which the lecturer is made aware by the thinning of his audience, and I venture to think that the academic teacher might do worse than cultivate that attitude. On the basis of my experience, extending through many years, I regard that criticism on the whole as just and discerning; and anyone who remains or—as seems more likely—pretends to remain indifferent to it had in my opinion better forego this type of teaching.

In the same winter I also lectured at the Victoria Lyceum for women—until Christmas on psychology and then, after New Year, on cultural history, or rather philosophy of culture—and the zealous attention with which I found myself rewarded was very gratifying.

The summer semester of 1878 held a disappointment in store for me; I had announced a course on history of modern philosophy, but no students came to hear my lectures. That, too, is an

experience which a *privatdozent* must be prepared to meet; it did not worry me so much as the desertion of my students had done in the preceding semester. I gave a course of public lectures (two hours a week) on history of education. I knew that I was in no way able to do full justice to it; but I was determined to gain firm ground under my feet, and I told myself that, lacking any extensive teaching experience of my own, I must base my pedagogics on the experiences of others. Furthermore, since history constitutes the comprehensive experience of all nations, I concluded that historical studies were more likely to be helpful in forming an opinion of one's own than the study of pedagogical theories. Now it seemed to me that there could be no better approach to the historical investigation here concerned than by delivering a course of lectures on the subject. For that would compel me to obtain a clear idea of the whole development in its outline, while restricting myself to the most accessible sources of information; and it would at the same time show me in what directions detailed researches might be expected to bear fruit. Nor did I deceive myself in these calculations. For that course of lectures became the starting point of an intensive study of the history of education within the limits of European civilization, which was to occupy me for many years to come; and it was due to this method that I attained to that independence of judgment which henceforth made me regard my lectures on pedagogics as one of my favorite courses.

I also conducted a seminar on Hobbes's *De cive*. The three students taking part in it, including my friend Nohle and a brother of Pastor Windel, came to my home and then stayed for evening tea. That was the first time we had students as guests, an arrangement which then became a regular institution.

In August, 1878, I received my appointment as associate professor. The letter apprising me of it reached us during that stay at Hassberg, on the Baltic, where it brought a gleam of sunshine into our rather dreary surroundings. In the earlier part of the summer I had had a talk with Dr. Göppert, who had recently been appointed director for educational matters in Falk's ministry. In offering me an associate professorship he intimated that primarily

I was to be professor of pedagogics, but was also to lecture on philosophy in general. With regard to the latter it was expected of me, he said, that I "should not content myself with lecturing on fields, woods, and pastures in general," but should offer my students something specific concerning subjects on which no one else lectured. That was exactly what I intended to do; for at that time I was looking forward to bringing subjects such as philosophy of history, philosophy of religion, sociology, and politics within the compass of my courses—an intention which was never carried out. For a while the strong urge I felt to lecture was kept in bounds by research work and publications; the incessant come-and-go of students which is characteristic of the University of Berlin was another reason; and in the end my own desire to extend my lecturing to new fields abated.

In the winter semester of 1878-79, after those delightful days we spent at Gremsmühlen, I took up my lectures on pedagogics again, this time in a rather more confident frame of mind. I gave them an entirely new shape, having gained fresh points of view from Rousseau and from Spencer. The course was recast more than once in later years. I also gave a seminar course on David Hume, from which I derived great pleasure. With one of the students, Carl Runge, from Bremen, closer relations developed, and he became a dear friend of mine; he is now professor of mathematics at Göttingen.

At the Victoria Lyceum I lectured on ethics that winter. This course was destined to shipwreck my relations with Miss Archer and my position at her institute. In the beginning things could not have gone better. When our first child was born, she sent him a silver cup, together with a very flattering letter addressed to his father. But after Christmas, when I began to treat of social ethics, there were little rubs. The catastrophe came about in the following way. I had brought with me a newspaper clipping containing the description of a dinner at the house of Her Britannic Majesty's consul general, Herr von Bleichröder. The article depicted the magnificence of his household in truly oriental colors, mentioning among other things that there was standing behind each single



guest a footman attired in His Master's livery and ready to respond to every slightest wish. If I remember right, the article was printed in the *Volkszeitung*, a Jewish-democratic (but first and foremost Jewish) daily paper, which shared with Professor Lazarus the distinction of being a favored organ of public opinion at the court of the Crown Prince (afterward Frederick III). This flowery article I read aloud to my class, pointing out what an ingenious arrangement of human beings it was—one sitting on a chair and another standing behind it—and describing it as characteristic of the prevalent social bipartition into the "propertied and educated" and the "non-propertied and uneducated" classes. I further pointed out that society had always shown an inclination to confound this distinction with that between the virtuous and the wicked, and then I showed at some length that such lack of proper discrimination was at variance both with philosophic and with Christian ethics. Misfortune would have it that among those listening to this lecture was one who had herself been present at that dinner—sitting on a chair, to be sure, and in fact no less a person than the host's own sister-in-law. I had noticed during the lecture that many were turning around and craning their necks, but had not paid any further attention to it. After the lecture, as I entered the small reception room adjoining the lecture hall, priding myself in my innocence on having made everything beautifully clear, the said lady swept in after me and reproached me in an angry tone of voice that I had grossly offended her. I was quite at a loss at first: she evidently took it for granted that I knew who she was and how she was related to the Bleichröder family, because she also was on the governing board of the Victoria Lyceum; Miss Archer enlightened me at last. I apologized, assuring her that it had been far from my wishes to give any personal offense; it had never occurred to me, I said, that ladies belonging to that circle might attend my lectures on ethics. My only intention had been, I added, to use that article as an illustration of the prevailing bipartition of mankind. But it was all to no avail, and the lady remained indignant. *C'est le ton qui fait la musique!* That was her parting shot. When the series of lectures had come to an end, Miss

Archer sent me a polite note, stating that henceforth no lectures on philosophy would be given at the Victoria Lyceum and enclosing my fee with frigid thanks. A number of the other ladies, however, who had attended my lectures, sent me a letter about the same time, in which they voiced their great satisfaction and pleasure that I had so courageously interpreted and stood up for eternal, in contrast to temporal, values. And that was the end of my connection with the Victoria Lyceum. It was not long before philosophical lectures were given there again, but they were of a less dangerous description.

The number of students attending my lectures increased from year to year. In my course on pedagogics it amounted in the winter semester of 1882-83 to 268, having been doubled almost each time I repeated the course. One reason was that there was a great rush just then for the Upper Teacher's Certificate, owing to the scarcity of teachers during the preceding years. That scarcity was due in its turn to an excessive increase in the number of secondary schools; in the boom years following upon the great military successes there was hardly a town that seemed willing to dispense with a *gymnasium* of its own. Then, in the nineties, when the demand had been satisfied, there was a glut of candidates, and so the lecture rooms showed more vacant seats again. But I think there was another reason for the popularity of my course on pedagogics, namely, the general report that extremely modern views were being dispensed there. For a long time past, the teaching at the *gymnasium* had been moving altogether in the tracks of neo-humanism. Nor had I myself dared to forsake the latter, when I first lectured on pedagogics; I had endeavored to show, as best I could, that the classical languages must always remain the foundation of higher education. It was not long, however, before my own convictions underwent a change, brought about by my historical studies. It appeared that the orthodox view just referred to was really of quite recent origin, being hardly older than the new *gymnasium* itself, which was a creation of the nineteenth century. The old grammar school (*lateinschule*) had been entirely innocent of such ideals. The languages taught there were not taught for the

sake of any "formalistic" and "humanistic" education, but almost solely for the purpose of acquiring the necessary facility of expression in the language concerned: which also explains why Latin predominated to such a degree that Greek was treated almost as if it were a mere appendage that might just as well be dispensed with. Latin, on the other hand, still was the universal language of scholars in the eighteenth century and also the language of university instruction. Nor were the university lectures—or perhaps I should rather say, the preparatory courses in the philosophical faculties—given for the sake of any such "formalistic" and "humanistic" education, but as an introduction to philosophy and the accessory sciences which still were closely connected with it, more especially the mathematical sciences. Only in the sixteenth century, under the influence of the first great wave of the humanistic movement, had an attempt been made to include Greek as an essential subject of instruction at the "artistic" schools and faculties,<sup>1</sup> because of the newly won insight that all sciences had sprung from the soil of ancient Greece. But when, in the course of the seventeenth century, modern philosophy and science began to emancipate themselves more and more from their Greek prototypes, that attempt was abandoned. It therefore seemed quite plain to me that the languages taught at school had never been more than a means to an end and were not entitled to any other claims. In view of the fact, then, that the entire cultural development of modern times could be described in terms of their own independent science and learning and of their own intellectual culture, as presented in the modern tongue of each people concerned, the time must surely come, I concluded, when familiarity with the ancient languages could no longer be regarded as the universal and indispensable prerequisite of higher education. So I now adopted that point of view in dealing with the educational questions which were pending with regard to the *gymnasium*. I pointed out in my lectures that a secondary school at which the

<sup>1</sup> Thus called after the seven "liberal arts" (grammar, logic, rhetoric, arithmetic, geometry, music, and astronomy) included in the philosophical faculty of the medieval university.

teaching was not dominated by the classical languages, such as the *realschule*—no matter whether Latin was taught at all or not—could not on that account be denied the right to be regarded as an institute of “higher education” nor the privilege to serve as a preparatory school for the university. The younger generation, always eager for what is new and promising for the future, listened with rapt attention to these unheard-of heresies emanating from a university chair. And thus, without desiring and almost without knowing it, I became the man of the hour.

My public course of lectures on introduction to philosophy also enjoyed a steadily increasing popularity, being regularly attended by several hundred students of all faculties and usually also by a considerable number of older men. I think this success was largely due to the fact that I clearly defined my personal attitude toward the problems which appeal to the youthful mind, above all others, the problems relating to the metaphysico-religious interpretation of existence. This also explains why my later book, bearing the same title as these lectures, found such a large number of readers.

In 1881 I gave my course on ethics for the first time, and these lectures also became very popular, even though the figures of attendance did not quite come up to those of the other two courses just mentioned. My lectures on ethics, too, went straight at the real problems of life, both of the individual and of the community. Mindful of the Biblical precept—“Let the dead bury their dead!”—I gave all purely academical or scholastic questions a wide berth.

In my own research work I concentrated more and more definitely on the history of education. I saw how necessary it was to turn back from modern times to the Middle Ages, if one would understand the great changes ushered in by Humanism and the Reformation. So I settled down to a thorough investigation of the medieval schools and universities. Some of my results were incorporated in a rather extensive article, entitled “The Foundation and the Organization of the Medieval Universities,” which appeared in 1881 in Sybel’s *Historische Zeitschrift*. It was the first time that I found myself rewarded for something I had written

by many enthusiastic expressions of appreciation. I still remember how proud I felt when, in the autumn of the following year, on a journey to the Rhine, I introduced myself to the director of a museum and he asked me: "The same Paulsen who wrote about the medieval universities?" Especially Catholic circles were grateful for an account of the medieval universities that was based on a painstaking investigation of the sources, carried out with loving care, so to speak, instead of sitting in judgment on them from without and disparaging them in the customary phrases. For my part, I have never ceased to proclaim my conviction that the spirit in which they are usually dealt with from the humanistic-protestant point of view is grossly one-sided, regardless of the misjudgment and disesteem this has often brought upon me.

In the summer of 1880 I wrote another extensive article, entitled "What Kant Can Be to Us." It appeared on the occasion of the centenary of the "Critique of Pure Reason" in Avenarius's *Vierteljahrsschrift*, filling almost an entire number. I well remember how I first conceived it. We were staying at Gremsmühlen, our favorite summer resort. One early morning—I suppose it was in August or about the beginning of September—I took a walk across the fields to Eutin. Unexpectedly, the essay suddenly took shape in my mind. I pulled out my notebook and began to write while I sauntered along. When I arrived at Eutin, the sketch was finished, and I had a clear idea of the whole. All that was left for me to do was to rewrite it and fill in the details—an enjoyable task, which occupied me during the following weeks at home. Many of my articles have come into being in a similar way, as, for example, "Instruction in Philosophy, Its Past and Its Future." I was taking an evening stroll along my father's fields at Langenhorn, when the whole article suddenly stood before my mind, so that I felt induced to pencil down a rapid outline on the spot. Many a chapter in my *Ethics* has had a similar origin. Strange as it may seem, a creative mood also came over me not infrequently when I was traveling in a train or a street car or when I was walking in the streets of Berlin. In every possible and impossible situation I wrote such outlines down, elaborating them afterward at home into an

article or a chapter in a book. On the other hand, when I sit down at my desk in the morning, the productive mood often so persistently refuses to appear that, after all sorts of futile attempts, I put my pen down at last and take up a book or go out for a walk. And then it happens not so rarely that what I had been vainly trying to think out or put into shape comes to me quite by itself.

A third article I wrote in that year was the first of a number of essays which appeared in the *Deutsche Rundschau*. It bore the title "Schopenhauer, His Philosophy and His Personality" and had its origin in my seminar course during the winter semester of 1881-82, which I had for the first time based on Schopenhauer's "The World as Will and Idea."

Meanwhile, our social intercourse had become very enjoyable. At the Gruners', where we were, of course, frequent guests, we met our old friends, and closer relations developed above all with the two Reichensperger brothers. Especially with August Reichensperger I got along very well, and he also seemed to like our talks. My understanding of the Catholic outlook profited immensely from my intercourse with this excellent and liberal-minded man, who had a very comprehensive education and many interests. Even though we rarely agreed in our views or in our tastes, the exchange of opinions which had been formed and were offered from so widely differing points of view was always instructive. I also met Windthorst at the Gruners' but did not become more closely acquainted with him.

Another house which we were always glad to visit was the home of Ernst Curtius. Elisabeth Besser, their adopted daughter, was Emilie's intimate friend; she called on us every Thursday afternoon for a chat and continued to do so through the following years. Her kindheartedness and faithful friendship was an inexhaustible treasure to us. I have not often seen such always willing devotion and readiness to serve others as she showed in that house, nor such eagerness to please wherever she went, nor so much patience and persistent effort to make the best of everything. Nor was there any lack of opportunities for her to practice these virtues. Mrs. Curtius was in her way a refined and amiable lady, and

her outstanding social talents, especially her great gift for bringing people together and getting them to talk, made it a pleasure to be a guest at her home. Everyone felt impelled and disposed to contribute the best he had to give to the general entertainment; I hardly ever departed in any but a bright and happy mood. But this amiability in her intercourse with the outside world was not without its less pleasing counterpart. Those around her often had to suffer from her nervous irritability and her impatient, if not exacting, manner. The conciliator was Professor Curtius himself. A typical scholar absorbed in his own concerns, he was not always willing to enter into the interests and opinions of others and therefore did not often come in contact with views differing from his own. He preferred to draw upon the rich store of his own ideas and personal recollections rather than to listen to others, not to speak of entering into a dispute. If he sensed an antagonistic attitude, he shrank back into himself. Curtius also introduced us to the Lobedans, four unmarried sisters who presented a rare instance of living together in perfect harmony. Each individual one had her special gift and her special task, thus contributing her share to the harmonious whole. Whoever entered their home came at once under the spell of this spirit of peace. A quarrel or even a loud word would have been quite unthinkable, unless it were in the course of their efforts to outdo one another in unselfishness. I rather felt reminded of the house of my aunts at Langenhorn, but with the difference that the peace of the heart was here supplemented by a cultivation of the mind which is not often associated with it.

Among the regular guests of our own home Johannes Heller held first place. He was a very frequent visitor and never failed to shed the serenity of his soul over all those with whom he came in contact. Whoever met him at our home took a liking to him, so that he soon was a welcome guest at every house where we visited ourselves. He was on the editorial staff of the *Monumenta Germaniae Historica*; but he also habilitated as a *privatdozent* at the university and, in addition, lectured at the Victoria Lyceum, where he gave a course on the history of Florence. Quite unex-

pectedly he received the offer of an appointment to accompany young Prince William, later William II, who had just passed the leaving examination at the *gymnasium* of Kassel, during a prolonged stay in England. I do not know how the choice happened to fall on him; the underlying idea evidently was that this personal intercourse with a youthful, happy, enthusiastic, and at the same time perfectly frank and unprejudiced scholar would give the young prince an intimate contact with the world of learning, such as his father had enjoyed in the person of Curtius. After considerable hesitation Heller accepted the offer, although he did not indulge in any illusions about the success of his mission. The weeks which he spent in the autumn of 1879 as a member of the royal party at Ilfracombe, a seaside resort opposite the coast of Wales, were not an outstanding experience in his life. The prince did not in the least desire a mentor. Airing his own views was much more in his line than listening to those of others. The external conditions were also far from comfortable, so that Heller was glad enough when the time came for him to leave these courtly surroundings and return once more to his peaceful study. After that he still was invited to Court occasionally, and once gave the Court marshal a terrible shock by refusing an invitation to dinner on the ground that he had to give a lecture at that hour.

His death was my first great bereavement. He died on November 28, 1880, at the Elisabeth Hospital, where he had been recovering from a long illness, brought on by an attack of typhoid. I went to see him every day, the last time on the evening before his death. He sent kind regards to my wife, adding that he now hoped to spend an evening with us again ere long. The next afternoon—it was a Sunday—he died of heart failure, as unexpectedly to himself as to his friends. "Now I am really getting better!" Those were his dying words, addressed to the nurse who attended him, with gratitude in his eyes. We shed many tears for him.

Another one of our intimate friends was Pastor Windel. He was an old friend of the Gruners; he married us and baptized our children; and he remained our dear friend until his death. He came from Pymont, where his father had held some official post. At



first he was pastor at the Charité and later court preacher at the Friedenskirche, in Potsdam. He was a few years older than I and had a great liking for me. "I have been very fond of you, very fond!"—those were his last words to me; he asked his brother to call them after me, as I was leaving after my last visit at his death-bed. He was most peculiar; generally warmhearted, kindly disposed, tactful, and sensitive, he could on the other hand be egotistical and self-seeking to the point of hardness. There were two natures in him, and he suffered from it very acutely. He knew his own temper well enough, especially as it manifested itself in his relations to his cousin, an excellent woman, who kept house for him; and yet he seemed unable to do anything about it, in spite of all good intentions. In that respect he betrayed a certain affinity with Schopenhauer and also with Alban Stolz, both of whom he found congenial; and thus he could only too well understand the Apostle Paul sighing: "Oh, wretched man that I am! Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" A tinge of pessimism pervaded his soul, and even a certain contempt for human kind was not alien to him; it found nourishment in his intercourse with Court circles. He had already been a friend of Queen Elisabeth, the wife of Frederick William IV, and, after the latter's death, had accompanied her to Italy. And now he had close relations with the Empress Augusta and her Court. He could not do without the Court, but he had no love for it; his sympathies, or at least his abstract yearning, belonged to the plain people. He decidedly leaned toward romanticism and Catholicism; indeed, his mind was steeped in the thought of the Catholic-minded romanticists and converts of the early nineteenth century; his biography of F. L. Stolberg<sup>2</sup> bears witness to it. The prosaic spirit of Protestantism and Protestant Prussianism aroused in him a strong, an almost physical, aversion. In spite of it all, he had to fill his post as Protestant preacher to the Prussian Court and to address his sermons to the rationalistic Court circle of the Crown Prince. All these contradictions fermented in his mind and gave his disposition a touch

<sup>2</sup> Friedrich Leopold, Count Stolberg (1750–1819), one of the German romanticists who adopted the Catholic faith.

of restlessness and irritability. I wonder whether that may not have been the reason why he felt attracted by people of a less complex mental make-up, like Heller, for example, for whom he delivered a deeply moving funeral sermon, or like myself. I had a warm regard for him and deeply mourned his loss.

Our friend Belger also remained faithful to us. At first, it is true, he was not a frequent visitor, as he did not find it at all easy to adjust himself to the new situation. On one occasion, when he called on us while no other guests were present, it came to a real scene, and tears were shed on both sides. This induced me to send him a long letter, surveying our relations in the past and reminding him that my own attitude had always been perfectly clear and above-board. At the same time I laid down the guiding lines for a continuance of our intimacy in the future. He was sincere enough toward himself to recognize that my reproach was justified, and thus we were able to steer clear of the rocks endangering our friendship. Later on he found it possible to share our joy in our happiness quite unconcernedly. And after Emilie's death our common memory of her became a close and strong personal bond.

Among our younger friends, Tönnies was one of the most intimate. He often came to see us, sometimes with his two sisters; the younger one, who was spending a winter in Berlin for her musical training, was staying with our dear friends the Lobedans. Another young friend whom we were always delighted to welcome whenever he was in Berlin was Kuno Francke. He and Tönnies were themselves personal friends.

Ferdinand Tönnies came from Husum, or, strictly speaking, from Eiderstedt, being the son of a marsh farmer at Oldenswort, where he had spent the years of his youth on the parental homestead. As a matter of fact, his father had long ceased to be a farmer, if he ever was one. He was much more at home at Hamburg, where he engaged in financial operations on the Stock Exchange, so that when his sons were growing up he made up his mind to move to Husum. There he acquired the old Cavalier House, near the Castle, a stately mansion with spacious rooms and a beautiful garden, where the family has continued to reside to this day. His

wife came from an old clerical family of Schleswig-Holstein; she was a daughter of Pastor Mau, of Schönberg. When I first visited my friend at Husum toward the end of the seventies, his father was still living, but his health had begun to fail. There were three sisters and two brothers, all of them mostly at home. They lived on a rather grand style, as things went at Husum; but I always had the impression that cheerfulness was unknown in that house. The father seemed morose, and the mother depressed. As compared with the home of my own parents, the whole house seemed to be suffering from the lack of real work and an adequate purpose in life. Little as the external circumstances seemed to warrant it, Dame Care stalked about in various forms, especially worry about the children. My young friend was the pride and the hope of his parents. Gifted far above the average, he had graduated from the *gymnasium* in 1871, when he was barely sixteen years old; quite naturally he was the pet of his teachers. Then he had become a member of the *burschenschaft* "Arminia" at the University of Jena, where, on the one hand, he again was pampered as being the youngest, while, on the other, his health was ruthlessly exposed to the hardening or rather devastating effects of student life. When he served his year with the army, his body proved unequal to what was expected of it, and he had to be discharged, remaining in delicate health forever after—a martyr to constant headaches and digestive troubles. When I first knew him, in 1875, he was a weak and rather sickly looking young student. My first impression was not altogether favorable; but closer acquaintance revealed him as an eminently gifted young man with predominantly intellectual interests. He had studied philology, but was much more interested in philosophy; and when he failed in his examination for the doctor's degree at Berlin, he gave up the former subject altogether. The only reason for his failure was that, in his high-mindedness—or was it high-handedness?—he had never troubled to find out exactly what would be required of him in the examination. After taking his doctor's degree at Tübingen, he spent the following years alternately in Berlin and at home, in Husum, devoting himself to philosophical and sociological studies. I found

great pleasure in our personal intercourse. Our attachment to a common homeland made mutual understanding and confidence easy, and we also largely agreed in our ideas, opinions, and interests, as, for example, in our predilection for English philosophy: he soon started on an exhaustive study of Thomas Hobbes, which induced him to pay several visits to England. On the whole, we were also in agreement concerning the events of contemporary history and public life, although I did not share his opinion regarding the politics of Prussia in 1864-66, which he judged from the standpoint of an old Schleswig-Holsteiner. His great strength lay in the force and keenness of his abstract reasoning, associated with clear and penetrating concrete apperception. Both these qualities find expression in his literary style. On the one hand, he chooses the words of the language with a sure and masterly grasp, such as has perhaps not been known since Schopenhauer—always selecting the term best fitted to describe things in their massive reality. On the other hand, when the language does not conform to his own conceptual scheme, he treats it with an arbitrariness that sometimes reaches the limits of intelligibility, so that one feels reminded of Hegel. But his energy of will and action was not always on a par in those years with his intellectual powers. His indecision sometimes bordered on pathologic abulia; and while this was partly due, no doubt, to his poor health, it also sprang from his inborn disposition. He always considered and weighed all circumstances so interminably that it was not only difficult for him to come to a decision, but the moment he had reached it he began to regret and repent it. I remember one occasion, when, after choosing and hesitating ever so long, he took a furnished room; calling on us to inform us, he already knew it would be quite impossible for him to live in it, and so it was—a huge dining room with four windows—for the winter! A pedestrian tour in the Harz Mountains, which we undertook together at Whitsuntide, in 1880, gave me an opportunity to observe the same trait from another point of view. Near the little town of Thale there were booths where beautiful mineralogical specimens, such as ground and polished agates, were offered for sale. He filled all his pockets and spent a

considerable amount of money. But when we began to stride out and walk uphill he soon grumbled about the weight, calling himself a fool, until, little by little, he had got rid again of his whole treasure, throwing away what had seemed to him so desirable. Another day, when we were on our way to Quedlinburg—it was in the early morning, with a tang of frost in the air—he felt so overcome with fatigue that he threw himself down in a field of turnips, as if he were dying. I had the greatest difficulty in making him get up and walk on again. It goes without saying that under such circumstances there was not much room for youthful gaiety; ill humor was almost habitual with him, and the only thing that could dispel it was an animated talk. There is no doubt in my mind that this disposition had considerable influence on his whole way of thinking and his philosophy of life; it explains in part his way of looking at things in a melancholy light and more especially his pessimistic interpretation of the course of history.<sup>3</sup>

Kuno Francke was in some respects the exact opposite of Tönnies. While the latter was above all a clear and powerful thinker, eager to master the world of things by sharp and firm concepts—no matter how arbitrary their formation and connotation—the most prominent traits of Francke's nature were tenderness and impressionability. He let men and things act on him—suffered from them too, perhaps, and then pondered over the feelings and moods they had elicited in him. Communing with nature, nostalgic longing, love, and youthful yearning—those are the most frequently sounded notes of his lyre. Francke came from an old Schleswig-Holstein family of scholars; his grandfather had been headmaster of the ancient grammar school at Husum, and his father was justice of the Court of Appeal at Kiel. Having lost his parents in his early youth, he had grown up under the loving care of his sisters. Reuter, who had been his teacher at the *gymnasium* of Kiel, gave him an introduction to me, when he returned to Berlin and to the *Monumenta Germaniae Historica*, after concluding his studies in philology and archeology, Germanic languages and history. He not only took the doctor's degree at the University of Munich but

<sup>3</sup> About Ferdinand Tönnies see the note on p. 330.

also obtained the Upper Teacher's Certificate and then put in his trial year at the *gymnasium* of Kiel. The dry textual criticism incidental to his work for the *Monumenta* was not calculated to satisfy his mind, which was hungering for poetry and life. He therefore hailed it as a release from burdensome toil that a professorship at Harvard University was offered to him. President Eliot's attention having been drawn to Francke by Professor Emerson, he wrote to me, inquiring about him among some others, whereupon I told him that, if a faithful representative of the German spirit was desired at Harvard, a representative, that is to say, of the spirit of the older Germany, the Germany of Goethe's times, it would be impossible to find a more genuine incarnation of that type than in Kuno Francke. Throughout the long years of his academic career, Francke has lived up to this characterization and has won general love and respect, not only for himself, but also for the German mind and the German ways.

Among the students with whom closer relations were formed in those years there was a small circle of descendants from the old Saxon settlers in Transylvania, the first being Brandsch and Albrecht. With them came Husserl, hailing from Moravia and of Jewish descent; he now occupies a chair of philosophy at the University of Göttingen, while Albrecht holds a professorship of physics at the University of Brünn. Brandsch, of whom we were very fond—he was a very lively and highly gifted young student—lost his life in a horrible way. He had gone to Jena to take his doctor's degree. On the morning of the day on which his examination was to have taken place, his mangled body was found on the tracks of the Weimar-Jena railroad. A train had passed over him during the night, and everyone's first thought was that he had sought death. But some friends of him, who at once went to Jena in order to save his body from the dissecting room of the Anatomical Institute, convinced themselves that this supposition was untenable both for circumstantial and inner reasons. On the day before, Brandsch had paid the customary calls on the professors who were to examine him; he had taken his evening meal at an inn in the woods and, returning after dark, had lost the way and finally found

himself on the railroad tracks; at a point where the line made a sharp curve, he had been struck and killed by an approaching train. His sad end moved me very deeply.

Two other students whom we often saw as guests were Karl Neumann and Berthold Otto. The former now teaches history of art at the University of Kiel. He came from Mannheim and was studying history at the time, a young man of great refinement and a spiritual turn of mind: I still recall his expressive eyes as he sat in my lectures. We have kept up our personal relations to this day. Berthold Otto, who is now living at Gross-Lichterfelde near Berlin, is known as the editor of the *Hauslehrer* (The Family Tutor). When he called on me with an introduction from Benno Erdmann in Kiel, I found him a rather queer and dreamy sort of person, gifted and eager to learn, but unable properly to concentrate, which was the reason why he could never make up his mind to take an examination. Hard times were in store for him, during which I came across him now and then; he succeeded at last in applying what energy there was in him to one definite purpose, namely, the reform of education by an entirely new method. He applied his method first of all to his own children and showed great determination in thwarting the efforts of the authorities in Saxony, where he then lived, when they tried to force him to send his children to school. Nor is he unsuccessful in the literary propaganda which he is now carrying on for his new method, which rests on two main principles: spontaneous learning as a general maxim, and isolation of difficulties in regard to details.<sup>4</sup>

The most outstanding personality among the new acquaintances I made during that period was Georg Brandes, the Danish literary critic and historian. I had read his "Main Currents of Nineteenth Century Literature" and greatly admired his masterly presentation. One day—it must have been in the spring of 1879—Professor Steinthal called on me with a friend, and when he introduced him as Dr. Georg Brandes from Copenhagen, my delight was great. We got on very well together and found that our

<sup>4</sup> Rudolf Paulsen, the philosopher's youngest son (see p. 267), married a daughter of Berthold Otto.

opinions agreed at many points, not only in literature but also in politics. His conversation was always stimulating and interesting, and never more so than when one was alone with him, because then he was also able to listen. In a larger gathering his great desire to hear his own voice was likely to become tiresome, although he certainly was the best *raconteur* I ever heard—also, I am afraid, the most unscrupulous. He had been everywhere; in Paris he had consorted with his literary *confrères*, and in England he had called on John Stuart Mill, which greatly added to his stature in my eyes. For a time we saw a great deal of each other, and he was a frequent guest at our house; Emilie also liked to have a talk with him or to listen to him. But gradually our intimacy began to wane. I discovered traits in his mental physiognomy which induced me to put a little more reserve between us, especially a certain lack of discretion, which repeatedly led to heated controversy. I am not sure whether the anti-Semitic movement, which was rapidly gaining ground about that time, helped to focus my attention on his weaknesses. At first I had not even known that he was a Jew, and when I discovered it I was quite indifferent to the fact. But gradually I became more sensitive. Especially the flippant way in which he talked about religious matters in general and about Christian usages, such as baptism, in particular, grated on my sensibilities. As a Jew, he ought to have shown a little restraint, just as I never made jokes about the ceremony of circumcision. My feelings were entirely in line with those of Frederick the Great's grenadiers in Fontane's poem, when the Berlin philistine joins in their grumbling about the king: *we* may do that; but *he?*—not by a long shot! Embarrassing situations also occurred when Brandes was brought in touch with other friends. Once, when I was taking a walk in the *Tiergarten* with a Swedish friend, Dr. Waern, from Upsala, we met Brandes, and no sooner had I introduced them than Brandes jumped into the other's face with the question: "Well, and what are all the old donkeys doing at Upsala?" My companion was so taken aback by this rudeness that he hardly opened his lips any more. Gradually Brandes, too, put on a little more reserve, al-



though this did not prevent me from still finding pleasure in his company; but his return to Copenhagen, in 1882, terminated our personal intercourse for good. He frequently visited Berlin in later years, but I never saw him again. Once in a while we exchanged a letter or sent each other a book, but neither he nor I had any desire to revive our personal intercourse.

With the two faculty members of my department <sup>5</sup> I had no personal relations whatsoever. Zeller had always observed a rather forbidding attitude. In the earlier years of his professorship I had sometimes called on him, but he had always received me with such frigid reserve that I was glad enough to stay away. The later occurrences, on the occasion of my habilitation as *privatdozent*, were not calculated to improve matters; they even disturbed my previously quite satisfactory relations with Professor Harms. In this latter case the fault was partly my own; for he had always been friendly toward me. But my lack of respect for him as a scholar could not but affect also my attitude toward him as a man. In addition, his deafness made any real conversation almost impossible, and so my personal intercourse with him had gradually ceased.

I became good friends, however, with two younger colleagues, who had habilitated as *privatdozenten* of philosophy in the late seventies, Georg von Gizycki and Hermann Ebbinghaus. Gizycki was a practical philosopher, not merely on paper, where his ideas moved in the tracks of English hedonism—with great assurance and little depth—but also, and to much better purpose, in real life. He bore his cruel fate, an almost total deformity and paralysis of his entire body, with great calm and cheerfulness. He knew that his life was hanging by a thread. "Don't be surprised," he once said, "if one of these days you hear that I am gone." Death did take him quite suddenly, in 1895; only a little time before, I had seen him cheerfully and busily occupied, as was his wont.

Ebbinghaus was a totally different nature—healthy and strong

<sup>5</sup> At German universities only full professors of any subject are regarded as faculty members, Harms and Zeller being referred to in the present instance. There are four entirely distinct faculties, namely, those of theology, law, medicine, and philosophy, the latter comprising all subjects not covered by the other three.

and engaged in theoretical investigations. Our first meeting took place in his phrontistery,<sup>6</sup> which he had contrived for the purpose of excluding the sounds of the outside world as completely as possible, as he needed absolute stillness for his experimental investigation of the phenomena of memory. But outside its four walls he was cheerful and jolly, always ready for fun and banter, and many were the delightful days we were to spend together in the following years as good comrades on walking tours through German lands. Our personal intercourse was terminated when he accepted a professorship at the University of Breslau.

We also became friends with a married couple, the Ermans, who lived quite near to our own *Derfflinger Strasse*. Willy Erman was at that time librarian at the Royal Library; with him and his brother Adolf, the Egyptologist, I did my first Alpine climbing. Starting from Innsbruck, we ascended the Stubai valley to the Dresden hut, by way of Renalt, where the toughest goat leather that ever was tanned appeared at dinner under the name of roast chamois. It was the first night I had ever spent at an Alpine hut, and the romantic fascination which the change to ultraprimitive surroundings always has for civilized man worked its spell on me. Leaving at three the next morning, we crossed the snowy expanse of the Bildstöcklhochnfirner in the glimmering of a starry night. After a glorious sunrise, we decided to make the ascent of the Schaufelspitze; that was where my first real climbing came in. From the narrowly confined little plateau on its top we enjoyed an unobstructed, boundless view in all directions. Snow-capped mountain tops greeted us on all sides, and one had the impression that a shout would carry many miles. I was enchanted by the beauty of the spectacle. But prose was approaching in the guise of three students from Leipzig who had already attracted our notice during one of our earlier halts by their persistent card playing. And here they were again and had hardly set foot on the summit, when one of them pulled out their pack of cards, saying in his broad Saxon dialect: "Now come on! Let's get on with our game!" They evidently regarded my indignation as queer and uncalled

<sup>6</sup> Analogous to that of Thomas Carlyle at Chelsea (London); see p. 427.

for; but at least it served to stop them. Descending to the valley of the Oetz, we came to the pretty village of Sölden and then, walking uphill again, to Ober-Günzl, where we put up at the house of the Catholic priest. The parsonage was in reality the inn, and the well-nurtured priest would have done honor as "mine host" to any pub. To me it was an entirely new aspect of the Catholic Church; a Protestant clergyman in the same capacity or in similar surroundings would be unthinkable. On the following day we witnessed two scenes which have left a deep impression on me. In the morning there was a procession through the fields. The priest in his robes, walking beside the canopy and accompanied by the entire population—all of them, young and old, in their Sunday best—consecrated the meadows, on which small field altars had been erected here and there, decked out with red and white cloth. I have not often witnessed a more picturesque sight than that colorful procession, slowly moving along the green floor of the valley, in the midst of the towering snowy summits. We were looking down from the hill on which the village buried its dead. In the evening that same hill was to be the scene of another and very different spectacle. In the afternoon there had been brought in the dead body of a student from Vienna who had met with an accident in climbing. A grave was hurriedly dug in a corner, in compliance with the priest's instructions; he evidently felt greatly perplexed as to whether the dead man was a good Christian or a Protestant or possibly even a Jew! As dusk was falling, he noisily came into the room where guests were drinking beer and gave some directions regarding the burial, and then disappeared; there was no address, no prayer, not even a silent one. In deep emotion we lingered at the grave; the dead body of the stranger, whose young life had been cut off so suddenly, was being covered with earth in dead silence. Returning to the inn, we found the priest encouraging his guests, who had become rather monosyllabic: "Now drink, you folks, and be merry!" A Church must feel itself firmly rooted indeed if it can dare to let itself be represented by men of this stamp.

The impressions of that evening were more or less effaced by a

glorious early-morning climb over the Ramol pass, and for the next night we put up at the Sammoar hut, where we raised no end of smoke, frying a Swiss omelet. The following morning we found ourselves completely snowed in. But descending through the steep and narrow valley of the Karthaus, we soon left those wintry scenes behind and reached the valley of the Adige, basking in Italian summer heat. At Schlenders we took part in the celebration of the Emperor Francis Joseph's birthday, and the next evening came to St. Gertrud in the Sulden valley, where we once more found ourselves at an inn owned by the local priest, but under more dignified circumstances. The reverend old gentleman came over to the inn only for meals; his sisters looked after the cooking and the management, and his presence at the head of the table during the simple meals just set the tone. On one of the following days, as we were preparing to make the ascent of the Piz Umbrail, we were surprised by a terrible storm, which compelled us to abandon our purpose and get under shelter with all possible speed. Drenched to the skin, we at last came to a cowherd's hut; there was no one inside, but fortunately it was not locked, and we even found some wood and kindling, so that we could light a fire, in order to warm ourselves and dry our clothes. After a while we heard steps, and three men entered whose sight might well have filled us with apprehension. Their hirsute appearance—eyes and forehead were the only parts of the face not covered with hair—betokened them as true Graubündeners. They regarded the intruders with astonishment; but after we had explained matters, they became quite friendly and offered us milk and bread. They heated the milk in a pan, and soon we were eagerly sipping the hot beverage. What astonished us more than anything, however, was that these uncouth herdsmen expressed themselves in faultless High German. The language of the people in the Münster valley, they explained, is Ladin; <sup>1</sup> but as German is the language of the school, even simple folk can speak pure High German. After bidding our excellent hosts a hearty farewell, we descended in the late evening to the Münster valley, where we rested our weary limbs

<sup>1</sup> A Rhaeto-Romanic dialect.

in a spotlessly clean old village inn; I still remember the exquisite paneling of the room in which I slept. The rest of our way to Partenkirchen, which took us across the Malser Heath and the Finstermünz pass, we completed for the greater part driving at full speed in a one-horse carriage, and our return journey was more like a flight. I had never been away from Emilie so long, and it was hardly more than a fortnight at that.

In 1880 Professor Harms died, and in the following spring Lotze came from Göttingen to succeed him. The chair had been offered him in 1867, before Harms occupied it, and if he had accepted it on that earlier occasion my own fate would probably have shaped itself differently in more than one respect. But he lectured only during the brief span from Easter to Whitsuntide, in 1881; returning ill from an absence at Göttingen, he died soon after. I felt very sad, for I had been hoping that closer relations would develop between us, in spite of an untoward little interlude some years earlier. I had intended to dedicate to him a collection of essays dealing with the theory of knowledge, but on my submitting a sample for his perusal, in 1874, his reply had been anything but encouraging; so I had refrained and left my essays unprinted. He regarded it as altogether absurd that I should mention his theory of causation in one breath with Hume and Mill; I suspect that, caring little for the English thinkers, he had never studied their writings more thoroughly. But this little incident had neither diminished my high regard for him nor left any ill feeling on my own part; he was very friendly toward me, frank and communicative, when we met. Our first meeting occurred under rather comical circumstances. One day I happened to enter the professors' room at the university a few days before the official beginning of the semester and found a little, insignificant-looking man there, wearing an overcoat; I thought it must be a workman who had been called in to do some repairs. But he came toward me and introduced himself as Professor Lotze. I was so taken aback that I had it on the tip of my tongue to say: "But that cannot be! Surely you must be mistaken!" I had a photograph of him: a clean-shaven, refined and expressive face; but now he had grown a moustache,

which somehow seemed to make him look common. So I continued to stare at him in astonishment, until he asked: "And with whom have I the honor?" I had to laugh at my own expense, and we were soon engaged in lively conversation.

After Lotze's untimely death his chair was offered to Dilthey, then at Breslau, and he accepted it. The faculty had proposed him and Benno Erdmann, who was then at Kiel, and this had first become known to me under circumstances which aroused my feelings and led me to take a wrong step. In the summer of 1882 the professors of the philosophical faculty attended a dinner given at a Berlin hotel to two septuagenarian colleagues, Professors Droysen and Kummer. I was among those present, and Professor Scherer, who sometimes exchanged a few words with me, suggested: "Let us sit together, so that we can talk about something worth while!" After some time he asked me, as if he had only just happened to think of it: "Do you know that Erdmann is to have Lotze's chair?" My amazement was great, for Erdmann was barely thirty years old—much younger than I, both in years and in academic standing. So I blurted out: "But that would be an affront to me! I should have to go!" I had never indulged in any hope that I might become Lotze's successor; but that a man so much younger than I should be appointed right under my nose seemed intolerable. When Scherer saw my agitation, he endeavored to calm me, saying that so far no decision had been arrived at, and then our talk turned to other things. But on the following day I called on Professor Zeller and told him it had come to my knowledge that the faculty had proposed Benno Erdmann; in case he was appointed, I said, I should expect to be promoted to a full professorship, too. Zeller was evasive; he asked me how I could possibly know about it, since the faculty treated such matters as strictly confidential. I replied that it could hardly be wrong for me to know what everyone else knew, and repeated my question whether he was willing to support my demand. He replied that there were only two full professorships of philosophy provided for at the university and that he could see no necessity for a third one. I answered that, such being the case, I should apply directly to the

Minister, which I did. Owing to the recent death of Dr. Göppert, the theologian Bernard Weiss had been temporarily appointed as acting director of the Education Department; so I talked the matter over with him and, upon his request, handed him a written statement to the effect: (1) that, in case Dr. Erdmann should be appointed, I must demand that I be promoted from associate professor to a full professorship, since otherwise I should find myself in an altogether wrong position; and (2) that in my opinion the establishment of a third full professorship of philosophy, namely, a professorship of practical philosophy, such as had existed at the university in earlier years, was in every way desirable, and that this professorship might then be conferred upon me—always supposing, I added again, that Erdmann's appointment became a fact, whereas in the other case, and so long as the full professorships were held by older colleagues, I should remain satisfied with my associate professorship; but that I had no intention of passively accepting an implicit lowering of my own status.

Soon afterward it became known that the professorship had been offered to Dilthey, and that he had accepted it. I cannot say whether my intervention had helped to bring this about; very probably things would have taken that course anyway. And I ought to have let them take their course; for even if Erdmann had been appointed there would have remained ample scope for my own work. But I can understand why I felt differently at the time. What puzzles me is that I did not see through Scherer's real purpose until much later. He evidently wanted to stir me to action against Erdmann's, or rather in favor of Dilthey's, appointment; for he and Dilthey were intimate friends, a fact which I did not discover until long afterward. And the thought that I had allowed myself to be led in such fashion into taking that wrong step added to my vexation.

Dilthey's appointment, however, affected me in still another way of which I had not thought: with Erdmann, I was now proposed for the chair vacated by Dilthey at Breslau. The Minister, Herr von Gossler, requested me to call on him one day about the end of October, 1882, and offered to appoint me to a full profes-

sorship of philosophy at Breslau. If he had expected me to be pleased with that prospect, he found himself disappointed. To be thus torn away from Berlin, from the sphere of my activity and from all my friends, in order to settle down in the east on what was entirely unknown soil to me—it was a proposal to which I found it frightfully hard to consent, and I made no secret of my extreme reluctance. Herr von Gossler endeavored to persuade me. "If I had not consented to go as administrator to Masurenland," he said, "which was not exactly to my taste either, you would not now see me here as Minister." So I accepted provisionally. In the course of our conversation I learned that the Minister had received a sort of denunciation against me. In my article entitled "What Kant Can Be to Us" I had expressed myself with some spirit about religious instruction and its effectiveness, or rather ineffectiveness. One of my colleagues at Breslau, Professor Weber, an adherent of the Old Catholic faith, had drawn the Minister's attention to this. The latter evidently attributed no importance to it, but merely remarked I had better avoid misunderstandings of that sort. To which I replied that I had no wish to do otherwise nor was I to blame for the present misunderstanding, since I had defined my views with perfect clearness. After some further talks with Professor Bonitz and Dr. Althoff, who had just become Göppert's successor, I handed in my official acceptance. I was to have the same salary as my predecessor—M. 6600.<sup>8</sup>

On a Friday in late November I went to Breslau for the week end, to look around and find a suitable home. It was a genuine November morning, rainy and chilly, as I got out of my train in the early dawn. The town was still half asleep; the streets were dirty, and the horse-drawn street cars seemed sticky and shabby, as did the driver and the conductor. I felt deeply dejected. My hotel room seemed cold and looked uninviting; glancing through the morning papers over my coffee at breakfast, I read on every page that this or that was reported from Berlin or had taken place

<sup>8</sup> This does not include the fees paid by the students attending the professor's lectures.



at Berlin—in short: Berlin the center of the universe and Breslau a village on its outskirts! Going out to look for a home, I found things the same everywhere: dirty, dark, sticky, third-rate! Walking along the Oder I came past the old building of the university and found that the entrance did not face the river, but was on the town side, through a narrow alley. Inside I beheld long corridors, looking forsaken and dirty: coals were just being carried in. My courage was ebbing fast, as I crossed the bridge to the other side of the Oder. Under a more cheerful sky the cathedral, rising from its island in the river, might have impressed me as stately and imposing, just as the university looks more dignified, seen from that side. But today everything looked gray and forbidding. I had crossed the river to call at the home of a professor known to me personally, but he was out. Everything seemed against me, and as I returned to my hotel my mind was practically made up to withdraw my acceptance. Nor was the eastern type of the population—hooknoses wherever I looked—calculated to make me take a more cheerful view. In the afternoon things went a little better. I discovered a suitable place to live and also found a former Berlin colleague at home, Professor Gospan, with whom I spent the evening, after I had taken another look at the surroundings of Breslau. But no real cheerfulness seemed able to prevail, not even during our conversation that evening. Everything that was said seemed to imply: no one stays longer here in the east than he must! Was I to leave Berlin and risk having to stay at Breslau for years and years, perhaps all my life?

Returning home on Sunday evening, I found Emilie's mood of dejection matching my own; I had written and told her how things stood. We were of one mind: going to the east meant going into exile. I called on Dr. Althoff, who had seemed very understanding during our previous talks, and told him about my trouble. He simply said: "Well, if that is how you feel about it, why don't you stay here? We can make a place for you. I quite approve of having a younger man here in philosophy, and a full professorship will become available for you sooner or later. I'll see the Minister my-

self about it." So I let a few days go by and then wrote to the Minister, asking him to release me from my word. He consented, but worded his regret so as to make it sound almost like disapproval.

Thus my position was now settled for some time to come. I could hardly hope for a full professorship at any Prussian university after scorning the chair which had been offered me at Breslau. But for the time being I felt quite happy and unconcerned about it all, notwithstanding the fact that no one minced matters in telling me that my refusal was an almost incomprehensible mistake. Even men like Professor A. Wagner, about whose friendly sentiments I could have no doubt, were of the opinion that what I had done would prove a serious, if not an unsurmountable stumbling block to my further advancement. That Zeller and Dilthey made no secret of their disapproval was not to be wondered at; had I been in their place, I should probably have done the same. For it must be admitted that it was an extremely risky step which I had taken. It certainly was not an alluring prospect to stay in Berlin and grow old as an associate professor in the midst of younger men. Nor was there the faintest reason for me to indulge in any hope that the Berlin faculty would ever propose me for a full professorship; indeed, Dilthey once told me quite flatly that a successor to Professor Zeller was already on hand in the person of Dr. Diels. However, it could not be undone, nor did I regret it one single moment; for the time being, all I did was to rejoice in my regained liberty and in the prospect of staying on in Berlin indefinitely. I still was young enough not to worry about the more distant future. My financial position seemed fairly secure. My fixed salary, it is true, amounted to only M. 2400, and a raise was now out of the question; but together with the fees which the students paid for my lectures I had a yearly income of about M. 10,000, not including what Emilie received from Herr von Gruner and what I received or could count on from my parents, so that we were able to live quite comfortably. Nor did I worry about the possibility that the students might some day desert me, although Zeller once said to me: "Don't we all know that the students do

not attend our lectures merely on account of our merits!"<sup>9</sup> I was polite enough to keep my own counsel, but also optimistic enough to remind myself that my own lectures had been well attended all the time, apparently for the sole reason that the students found their contents worth while.

Besides, I had, as a matter of fact, been made a member of the *Wissenschaftliche Prüfungskommission*, or in other words: I had been appointed (in April, 1888) to the professorial committee conducting the government examinations for the Upper Teachers' Certificate. I suppose Bonitz had recommended me. I found no difficulty in this new task, nor was I long in gaining the candidates' confidence. They certainly had not been spoiled by my predecessor, Dr. Kern, the well-known Berlin headmaster. They all hated him, and no wonder: if his oral questions were on a par with the task he set for the written examination, it must have been a martyrdom to be examined by him; and the more so, the abler and cleverer a candidate was. One of his favorite themes for the written examination was: "The Influence of Kant's Philosophy on the Development of Psychology." I made up my mind from the first to look for the positive assets, or in other words: to find out what a candidate knew rather than what he did not know. On the whole, I have reason to be satisfied with the result. Many a time men whom I took to be strangers have accosted me: "You are not likely to remember me, Herr Professor, but so and so many years ago you examined me!" That does not sound as if the dreaded hour had left any unpleasant memories rankling the speaker's mind.

After the birth of our younger boy, on March 18, 1883, Emilie had at first felt fairly well. About the beginning of May, however, she took a turn for the worse and again suffered a good deal from breathing difficulties and resulting sleeplessness. She would doze off about eleven, only to wake up again about one; then I often brought her something to eat and to drink, which usually gave her some relief. Many a time we migrated with pillows and covers to

<sup>9</sup> He meant to say: they give preference to the lectures of those professors by whom they are likely to be examined for the doctor's degree or the upper teachers' certificate. Only full professors can examine for the doctor's degree.

the front room, where she rested on a couch or a low easy chair, sometimes getting a little sleep in that position. Like our physician, we attributed her weakness and insomnia to a cardiac defect, a sequel of the earlier one of two severe attacks of rheumatic fever she had suffered before our marriage. We hoped that a change of air and a stay at a watering place would restore her and decided upon her favorite old Pymont. On June 3 I saw her into the train, and we little thought that this was destined to be our last goodbye. She took our elder boy Hans and our maid Luise with her and safely arrived at Pymont, tired out by the journey, but glad to see the dear old place again.

As always whenever we were separated, she wrote to me every day. Many a time I stood on the stairs, listening for the postman; or, coming home and walking up, my feet were winged with the hope that I might find some lines from her. Every one of her letters has been a bringer of joy to me—from the first one, written at Carlsbad in 1878, to the last one, written on the day before her death, as she was lying in bed. Like all others, it contained no word of complaint; she spoke of getting well again soon. Her handwriting was neat and clear—a symbol of her whole nature; she never crossed out anything: to let a marred letter go out of her hands would have seemed impossible to her.

On Wednesday, June 13, I had started in the early forenoon for the university and did not get back until five o'clock. Walking home through the *Tiergarten*, I came upon Anna, the nurse, with the children, and she told me that there was a telegram and several letters from Pymont. I found one of the latter addressed and partly written in Emilie's own hand; the other part she had dictated. It was not in the least calculated to arouse my apprehension. The other two, written by our maid Luise and by Fräulein Fuldner, with whom they were staying, gave expression to the writers' anxiety. The telegram had been despatched on Wednesday morning by Mrs. Windel, the pastor's wife; it said: "Come at once!" Those were hours of torturing misgiving and fear: there was no train until nine o'clock; and then I had again to wait at Hanover from two to seven in the morning, until I could get a train to

Pyrmont. It was nine o'clock when I arrived there at last, with hope and fear struggling in my mind. No one had come to meet the train; so I walked on into the town and found my way to the house. Women were weeping on the stairs, among them Luise.

Emilie, lying on her bed, looked as if asleep; but it was the sleep of death. A calm and profound peace had settled on her beloved face. Her eyes were closed, as I had often seen them during one of her violent headaches. About her lips seemed to linger the ghost of a painful little smile, as I had frequently seen it, when I came to her bedside, while she was in pain: a smile of gratitude she could always manage.

We laid her to rest in St. Matthew's Cemetery, in Berlin. Her grave is high up on the left, adjoining that of our friend Johannes Heller, who had died two and a half years earlier. There is a wild rosebush growing in that corner, and the wind wafts the petals of the flowers over their two graves. My own grave is there, too. We had always wished we owned our home, and now our wish had been quite unexpectedly granted in this unlooked-for way. As the coffin was lowered into the grave, I felt an inexpressible peace taking possession of my soul. I had dreaded that moment; but now that it had come a comforting assurance came over me, as if to say: she is out of harm's way. I suddenly felt an eager, almost joyful yearning that I, too, might be lowered into that clean, dry earth, to rest by her side.

Pastor Windel, who had married us and baptized our children, spoke at her open grave. In a clear, full, sonorous voice he first recited her favorite psalm: "When the Lord shall turn the captivity of Zion, we shall be like them that dream." And after the psalm the Beatitudes: "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted.—Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

# *Annals*

1883

THE blow that had fallen on me cut deeply not only into my domestic but also into my academic life. A feeling of general desolation seemed to settle over my whole existence. The autumn of life had come, I felt; the blossom time of spring and the fruitful growth of bright summer days were no more. To any feeling of joy my mind seemed closed for all time. There was always the undertone: why bother about anything at all, when she is no longer here to see the things which engage your attention and interest, and to share your pleasure in your progress and success? Of course I went on with my lectures, and as long as I was actually speaking, the necessity of fixing my mind on the matter in hand would temporarily dispel my lethargy; but the moment I had ceased the gloom returned. I met people, as I had done before, and talked about this and that; but my heart was not in it. I went for walks by myself or with friends; but Nature herself seemed like a gold coin that no longer rang true. The outward aspect was the same as it had always been; but the emotional appeal was lacking. In August I joined a friend on a brief walking tour through "Saxon Switzerland," revisiting many of the scenes I had enjoyed in her company six years before: the towering crags of the "Bastei," the valleys and gentle slopes rising to the crest on the opposite bank of the Elbe—they were the same as before, but now they seemed to stare at me with dead eyes, as if life had gone out of them. In the early autumn I paid a visit to my parents; I felt as if I had suddenly become ten years older.

By slow degrees, however, recovery began to make itself felt. There were hours when my normal emotional outlook reasserted itself, at first almost on the sly, as if a still, small voice were whis-

pering to me that it was utterly wrong for me to feel glad. But those interludes grew longer and longer; and although the pain would still return, it no longer had the same poignant insistence. I began to feel interested in my work again. I had been regarding it as a mere opiate, but now I once more took real pleasure in it. The children also roused my interest in their little joys and sorrows. At first their harmless mirth had had a sting in it; but now it soothed my mind and woke my sympathy. Home life and home comforts began to be enjoyable again. When the winter of 1883-84 came to an end, the wound was closed and at least superficially healed; it still was painful, but my grief no longer dominated my whole life.

What contributed more than anything else to this recovery was the circumstance that Emilie's youngest sister Laura came to take charge of my household, and that she also gradually began to fill her sister's place as my personal companion. Emilie, who was very fond of her "baby" sister, had enjoined me more than once: "If ever anything should happen to me, you must let Laura come and look after the children." Not long before she went to Pymont, she said again: "Who knows but my death may yet prove Laura's good fortune." In this connection I cannot forbear to mention a strange dream that came true. In the night before Emilie's death Laura, who was far away, dreamed that her sister laid her youngest child—our Rudi, then three months old—in her arms.

The two sisters differed greatly in nature and disposition. Emilie was rather dreamy and sentimental, given much more to contemplation and esthetic enjoyment than to action. A stranger to the world of reality, if not actually shunning it, she preferred to let things take their course; having no firm will of her own, she also liked to give herself up to moods and sentiments. In a word: she was a belated romanticist, as was also borne out by her predilection for poems conceived in a spirit of romantic pessimism and for poets like Brentano and Lenau; she even tried her own hand—and by no means unsuccessfully—at writing in the forms they affected. It was always a sore point with her that my own estimation of these poems did not quite come up to hers. Her younger

sister, Laura, on the other hand, was her opposite in these respects. She, too, had in her younger years been given to emotional sentimentality; but she had mastered it and risen above it. With a clear understanding she steadfastly envisaged the world of reality. Her intuitive grasp of things, especially in the sphere of human relations, was amazing, so that the children often exclaimed in astonishment: "But, auntie dear, how do you know that?" Endowed with a firm will, she had trained herself, and that same strong and clear will also made her a born teacher of others. The children were the first to find that out; and many of our maids, whom she converted into useful members of human society, afterward expressed their gratitude to her.

The conduct of the household now took on a different aspect. Emilie had left things to the maids and nurses; her persistently poor health hardly left her any other choice. But now there was increasing evidence of a pair of eyes and hands that knew what they were doing. Laura not only looked after the cooking herself, but also attended to the marketing, which led to many a discovery and resulted in radical changes. She liked to talk to the women selling their wares in the stands and, by her sound judgment no less than by her friendliness, she soon won their regard. Artisans, bakers and butchers were not long in finding out that a new hand was at the helm. At all points arbitrary decisions and unbounded possibilities now had to make way for a well-ordered and firmly-established management, and nowhere did the new spirit make itself felt more definitely than in the nursery. The children's own mother being handicapped as already explained, the nurses and maids had been having everything their own way. I knew well enough, of course, that all was not as it should be; especially the dominion of the nurses I cannot recall without a shudder. The first one, whom we had with us for two years, was a dirty, sullen and mendacious factory girl from Steinbach, in Thuringia—"Witches' Steinbach," as it was called. However, Emilie was not to be persuaded to let her go; every attempt on my part to get her out of the house met with an inflexible: "But she nursed my little Hans!" But now there was a big change. The last one of the



nurses, an impertinent creature, who was never satisfied, found herself summarily turned out of the house after a final explosion. From then on, Laura took the management of the nursery into her own hands; with untiring love and devotion she watched over the children, and the three younger ones soon attached themselves to her with touching affection.

Almost simultaneously with this great change in my life, I formed a new friendship which was to play a great part in it. At Easter, 1883, Julius Kaftan, then at Basle, was appointed Professor of dogmatic theology at the University of Berlin. A Schleswiger by birth, like myself, and only a few years younger, he approached me in a spirit of friendly confidence. His young wife—the daughter of a retired higher government official and owner of landed estates in Saxony—and my sister-in-law also felt mutually attracted, and cordial relations developed between them all the more quickly because they both felt themselves strangers in Berlin. Quite accidentally the Kaftans had taken up their abode in our own *Derfflinger Strasse*, only a few doors away, so that distance, the usual obstacle to frequent intercourse in large cities, was eliminated from the first. We soon met pretty frequently and after a little while arranged to spend an evening together regularly once a fortnight—without obligation and without going to any expense. The common attachment to our homeland, the wide agreement in our tastes and opinions concerning great and small things alike, the intellectual contacts in our studies, especially as far as Kant's philosophy was concerned—it all helped to enhance the intimate character of our friendship, which finally found expression in the use of the informal "thou" in our personal intercourse. We ceased to be neighbors for a while when we went to live at Steglitz; but our regular intercourse suffered no interruption, and within a few years we were neighbors once more, since they too came to live at Steglitz. Julius Kaftan is one of those simple and straightforward men whose absolute sincerity inspires one with that unhesitating confidence in their moral and intellectual integrity which makes personal association so enjoyable. It did not take us long to find out that we did not agree in all our ultimate convic-

tions; but as the limits of our agreement were soon ascertained and henceforth respected, the differences in our opinions did not interfere with our exchange of ideas and our mutual understanding. The intimate intercourse between our two families soon led to our sharing our other friends and guests as well, especially the more regular ones.

## 1884

The year 1884 saw the completion of my "History of Higher Education in German Schools and Universities." I had been at work on it for several years; in the winter of 1883-84 I had strained every nerve to get on with it, being determined to find forgetfulness and recuperation in my work. When spring came, I felt so run down that often I was unable to get any sleep; but the elasticity of my nature was still so great that a few sunny April days given to solitary rambles in the vicinity of Naumburg sufficed to restore my strength; the first wild anemones and violets have never seemed so beautiful to me as they did in that year. On my return journey to Berlin I stopped at Leipzig to call on Professor Zarncke, the diligent historian of the University of Leipzig in its earlier years; he gave me a warm welcome, hailing me as a collaborator in his own field.

I have already mentioned how I came to undertake this the most extensive piece of work I had yet ventured upon. My desire to obtain a clear understanding of the educational situation of our own time had induced me to inquire into the history of the schools of higher learning. That Karl von Raumer's "History of Pedagogics," the practically undisputed authority of those days, was in the last analysis little more than a party manifesto had soon become plain to me. Determined to find out the real truth, I resolved to neglect no source of information which could serve that purpose; and I felt convinced that it would be much better served by an insight into the development which things had actually taken—an insight to be obtained above all from the histories of the individual educational institutions and their curricula—than

by any dogmatic treatises and theories, such as those on which Raumer had largely based his work. My task, then, was a thorough investigation of this widely scattered and not always easily accessible literature. Had I seen at once what this really amounted to I am not so sure that I should not have been deterred from setting sail on the boundless sea. However, my original plan was rather more narrowly circumscribed. Indeed, I had at first contemplated only a history of the instruction in Greek; then I decided to include both classical languages, which led me to extend the inquiry to secondary instruction in general, with Latin and Greek still retaining their central position, but so as to bring out their relation to the other subjects. The extension of the inquiry to the universities had shown itself to be necessary from the first, because instruction in Greek was originally given only at the university: up to the beginning of the nineteenth century, it was the business of the "artistic" or philosophical faculty to continue and complete the preparatory general instruction. How little one generally knew about these matters also appears from the fact that in Schmid's voluminous "Encyclopedia" the universities had been left out as a matter of principle and that an offer to supplement the work in that respect was simply declined.

When my book appeared in November, 1884, it was greeted with a storm of indignation, all the orthodox defenders of the classical *gymnasium* rising up to mobilize public opinion. Zarnecke opened the campaign with a scornful and derogatory review in the *Literarisches Zentralblatt*. I could not believe that it came from his own pen and asked him to print a brief reply on my part, which he refused: had I imagined, he asked me, if one side fired with cannon those in the other camp would sit still and do nothing? It was to be war, then! I could not help feeling surprised. I knew well enough, of course, that convictions have their roots in the will rather than in reason. But I had not expected nor should I have thought it possible that in dealing with a work of this character my adversaries would leave reason altogether out of account and restrict themselves to the one question: "Does it serve our own interests?" Further reviews followed in a similar strain, in-

cluding one by Theobald Ziegler in the *Augsburger Allgemeine Zeitung*, to which I replied by an article in the same paper. But from then on I simply let the whole flood pass over my head. After all, the attacks on me brought the book also to the attention of those who favored a reform of the higher schools, and who now welcomed me as their ally. Gradually there appeared a few reviews written in a calmer and more impartial spirit, as, for example, those by Voigt, of Leipzig, in the *Deutsche Literaturzeitung* and by Roth in the *Philologische Wochenschrift*. But, on the other hand, I also was violently attacked because of my unprejudiced appreciation of the Jesuits' schools and chided for my lack of Protestant spirit: I became known as "the Janssen of the history of education."<sup>1</sup> The unforgivable sin I had committed consisted in having proved by documentary evidence that the decline of the schools and universities in the third decade of the sixteenth century was one of the first and most immediate consequences of the Reformation.

In this way my book became within a short time one of the liveliest items on the book lists for that year—not in the sense of a large seller, to be sure, this being precluded by the high price at which it was published; it was a fairly stout volume, but the price of M. 16 was excessive. In my contract with the publishers, Veit & Co., of Leipzig—the actual owner was Dr. Credner—nothing had been stipulated but the number of 1,650 copies and the author's fee of M. 100 per sheet of sixteen printed pages. The price I had left to their discretion, regarding their interests in that respect as identical with my own and assuming that they knew more about such matters than I did. I was not long in finding out my mistake. I had counted on a published price of M. 10 or at most M. 12, thinking that in that case so many copies might be sold within a short time as to make a second edition necessary. But the publishers had entirely different ideas about their own profit: an additional M. 6 per copy, they calculated, might mean a larger total profit to them than two editions, even if the book sold slowly, be-

<sup>1</sup> Janssen's "History of the German People" was notorious on account of its Catholic bias.

ing purchased only by school libraries. Since then, in coming to terms with publishers, I have always regarded an agreement about the published price as the first essential, which had to govern all other details.

And thus I found myself placed right in the brunt of the battle raging around the schools—to my own surprise, for I had not expected that what was after all a purely theoretical inquiry would create such a stir. However, I left it to my book to fight its own battles and, with the exception of that one article in the *Augsburger Allgemeine Zeitung*, I did not publish anything relating to these questions for some years, abiding by my principle that the book must stand the test of criticism on its own merits. Nor did I attempt to influence the judgment of the critics either by selecting favorable reviewers or by attempting persuasion. Even in that form, *corriger la fortune* seemed an unworthy procedure. As a matter of fact, I soon got the book out of my mind altogether by starting on a new one, my “System of Ethics.” My interest being engaged in this new undertaking, I was able to watch the further vicissitudes of the preceding one with perfect equanimity.

My lectures continued to be a source of great pleasure. Among those taking part in my seminar exercises were again several with whom closer relations were established, among them Diederich Hahn, known in later years as the director of the Agricultural League, L. Busse, now professor of philosophy at Münster, and Th. Kalepky, now professor of modern languages at the *Falk-Realgymnasium*, in Berlin.

At Whitsuntide we took the children, who were recovering from measles and whooping cough, to Germode, in the Harz Mountains, and spent an enjoyable week there; it was on that occasion that I first learned to appreciate Laura as a sturdy companion on walking tours. In August we went with the children to Langenhorn on a visit to their grandparents, who had so far seen only our eldest one, but had not been greatly pleased with him, as he did not take to old people. But now the other three bright-eyed youngsters met them with an open heart, and there was much rejoicing. With Laura, too, they were on the best of

terms: the resolute way she had, lending a hand wherever it was needed, was altogether to their liking, and she also became very intimate with the two aunts. There was another circumstance which added to the success of our visit: the farmstead had been sold, and my parents had retired; I had seen to that during my visit in the preceding year. My father was no longer able to look after things, as his strength was declining; especially his mind was beginning to fail. Therefore, disregarding his own unwillingness, I had sold the property to my cousin, Friedrich Ketelsen, who had been a member of the household for ever so long. With the proceeds I had bought a newly built pretty little house in the immediate vicinity with a nice garden and grazing for two cows. Both my mother and my aunt were very glad to be relieved of their hard work, and their spirits revived in the comfortable and attractive little household. The children reveled in the abundance of berries growing in the garden in front of the house, and they also enjoyed the spacious playground afforded by the yard and the meadow. We made our homeward journey by way of Gremsmühlen, and when we entered the dining room of the hotel with four children, ranging in age from one and a half to six years, there was a general shaking of heads; but the youngsters came out of the ordeal with flying colors.

In the early part of September, I joined a friend on a walking tour in the Thuringian Forest, and later in the same month I undertook another one in the Harz Mountains in the company of my old friend Reuter, carrying the two volumes of Nietzsche's "German History" in my knapsack all the way, to provide food for the mind in the evening hours.

## 1885

In the summer semester of 1885 I lectured for the first time on psychology and anthropology. I felt that I owed it to those attending my lectures on pedagogics and on ethics to give them a coherent account of the psychologic categories which had to be taken for granted in those other lectures. It also seemed to me that the

three courses constituted a unity inasmuch as they offered an epitome of our knowledge about man and his nature, his task and his education for this task. The new lectures gave me great satisfaction; much of what I had learned about things human by observation and reflection could be incorporated into this systematic survey. Those were the days when experimental psychology was first heard of. I did not reject what it had to offer, my attitude being rather that of playing a waiting game; but for my own part I was not interested. I was and I still am convinced that the fundamental ideas of human nature and the decisive concepts of mental life, together with the laws governing it, cannot be formed or determined by experiments, but only on the basis of an intuitive apprehension of the typical phenomena. In my estimation, Schopenhauer ranks higher as a psychologist than Herbart, the originator of the first futile attempt to reduce psychology to an exact science. In any case, what I had in mind was something totally different from "exact" psychology; perhaps it came nearest to what Kant had treated of under the title of "pragmatic anthropology." What I intended to give my students can be stated under three heads: a mind trained to apprehend the essential unity of life; convenient categories for the apprehension of individual phenomena; and a grasp of the ultimate interrelations between mental life in its totality and existence in general. At first I also found time for a sketch of a philosophy of history, but later on I decided to omit it in order to gain more time for the discussion of the fundamental problems. I fully intended in those days to reserve the subject matter thus excluded for a special course of lectures, in which the manifold historical investigations I had undertaken, especially from the sociologic, the religious, and the educational point of view, were to find completion and unity. Up to the present I have not been able to spare either the time or the strength needed for it, and whether both time and strength will ever become available in the future I have good reason to doubt. But this much is certain, that the confidence with which I should have embarked on such a course of lectures thirty years ago will not return.

Many were the delightful excursions and wanderings I undertook in that year. In early April I went to Schwerin, where I joined Reuter and his friend Jellinghaus, headmaster of the Seegeberg *gymnasium*, for an exploration of Mecklenburg's ancient towns along the Baltic coast. Wismar took my special fancy: a medieval city, quite intact within its ramparts, surmounted by fine old oaks. The picture is dominated by numerous old churches, whose tall spires and slender proportions perfectly express the spirit of Gothic art: the triumph over the dead weight of earthly things.

At Whitsuntide I could not resist the temptation to join Belger and two other friends on a walking tour along the banks of the middle Elbe; I treasure the memory of those days: it became a veritable journey of discovery. We visited Tangermünde with its ancient walls and steeples, Stendal with its old gate towers, bearing witness to bygone glories, and Havelberg with its venerable cathedral, situated on high ground and forming a landmark for miles around. At Tangermünde especially, where we spent an afternoon and evening, we could hardly see enough of the picturesque scenes which that sleepy old town offers in overwhelming abundance, whether seen from without or from within. The fourteenth and fifteenth centuries seem to rise tangibly from the past, and with them the German Emperor Charles IV of Luxemburg, the builder of the castle whose ruins reminded me of his presence in these parts. Getting up early the next morning—a glorious Whitsunday morning—I went out by myself to the old churchyard adjoining the city wall, to revel in the solitude and muse over the past, with the festive ringing of the bells in my ears. Another day we spent a great part of the afternoon lying on the landspit formed by the confluence of the Havel with the Elbe, and watching the ships go by, which always enliven the two rivers there, for this is the waterway between Berlin and Hamburg. When we started on our homeward journey, we felt as if we were returning from strange and undiscovered countries—it was the old truth all over again: beauty is no more respected in its own country than the proverbial prophet. The tourist has eyes only for Berlin and hardly



ever sets foot on the March; that is why it has remained undiscovered.<sup>2</sup>

In the summer vacation we went south for a stay with Laura's relatives at Höchstädt, on the Danube; the eldest of the Ferchel sisters, gentle and warm-hearted Aunt Lotte, had married Andreas Mauderer, an official in the Internal Revenue Department of the Bavarian government. With Laura and our nephew—"Cousin Gustl," as he was generally called—I undertook a little climbing tour in the Forest of Bregenz, overlooking the Lake of Constance, and afterward a more ambitious one with Dr. Erman and another friend in the Vorarlberg Alps. On this latter occasion I absented myself for a day from the others, in order to pay a visit to the *Stella matutina*, the *gymnasium* conducted by the Jesuit fathers at Feldkirch. Pater Fox, who received me—he is well known in philosophical circles as an authority on Demosthenes—knew me by name as the author of the "History of Higher Education"; he was very obliging and conducted me through the entire institution. It was the most magnificent and best-equipped establishment of the boarding-school type I had ever seen. The classrooms, the dormitories and dining rooms, the church and the great hall were all equipped for sturdy efficiency, but not without elegance or a sense of beauty. The impressive library was well stocked with modern scientific works, and my "History of Higher Education" was also in evidence. A beautiful large garden with playgrounds and recreational facilities of every sort provided an appropriate setting. The great majority of the Fathers and pupils were absent in the summer camp maintained by the school for vacations. Most of the pupils came from the German Empire, especially from its Catholic western provinces; there were several scions of noble families among them. The primitively furnished little room inhabited by Pater Fox himself formed a striking and, no doubt, intended contrast to the stately elegance of the common rooms and the living quarters of the pupils: the individual counts for nothing here and

<sup>2</sup> In its more general sense "*die Mark*" refers to the whole March of Brandenburg; but it is also used, as in the present instance, more especially of its oldest part, the *Nordmark* or *Altmark*, established about 965 by the Emperor Otto the Great as a stronghold against the Slavs.

has no business to have any private wishes—everything exists only for the whole! A few years later I found things just the same on the Freinberg near Linz. There the rooms of the Fathers were small cells built into the round towers of a fort that had never been completed—intended as gun emplacements, I should say. A tablet was hung on every door with several rubrics: *in schola, in ecclesia, in horto*. By means of an adjustable pointer any inmate leaving his cell had to indicate where he could instantly be found at any moment—a restriction of one's autonomy which to an outsider would seem almost like living in a prison. But it was but another manifestation of the same supreme law to which everyone who enters here has to bow once and for all: you are nothing and want to be nothing but a member serving the whole, ready at any moment to answer any beck or call.

The almost-too-numerous journeys of that year came to a conclusion with a visit I paid to my parents after our return to Berlin in September; they always liked to see me at least once a year. On my way to Langenhorn I spent a few days with Tönnies on the island of Sylt. My parents were in good health; they now felt quite at home in their new house; but the dear old house "on the Sands" was in mourning, my beloved Uncle Ketel having died in August. Aunt Johanna bore the separation with great composure; she was convinced that it was only temporary and that she would soon join him again. With calm cheerfulness she spoke to me of her approaching end and bade me goodbye. We should not see each other again here below, she said, but up yonder. She died in the following spring.

## 1886

The year 1886 became our building year. It had always been our wish to live in a little house of our own somewhere on the outskirts of Berlin, and we had often gone house hunting, especially in the Westend and in Charlottenburg, but always in vain; there was no lack of vacant one-family houses, but nothing to suit our

purposes in any way. And now we suddenly had a building plot thrust into our hands, so to speak, and an architect too. Our former neighbors, the Ermans, had for some time past been renting a home at Steglitz, and now they had acquired a building plot on the Fichtenberg.<sup>3</sup> Dr. Erman called my attention to the fact that there was another one adjoining his own for sale, this being the larger half of the entire lot. We had a look at it and decided to buy it then and there. The purchase was concluded on May 15, and on July 7 the workmen were already celebrating the completion of the framework. We had drawn up the building plans ourselves with joyous and ardent endeavor and now intently watched the progress of our future home from week to week; nor was our pleasurable anticipation seriously affected if something went wrong once in a while. We often wondered that our neighbor, whose house was being built simultaneously with our own, could allow himself to be distracted by so many worries and vexations. At that time we still enjoyed the happy optimism of healthy nerves.

It soon became evident that it had been a step in the right direction. Apart from the pleasure of ownership in itself, we revelled in the feeling that it placed us beyond the reach of the whims and speculations of autocratic landlords, by which the tenants of the huge dwelling houses in our large cities so often find themselves reduced to almost serf-like dependence. But what we enjoyed more than anything was the quiet and freedom from neighbors' noises. This "freedom of the ears," as one might call it, is in itself so priceless that it makes up for any inconvenience of living out of town.<sup>4</sup> What I had had to suffer from other people's pianos in both our homes in Berlin and even before that, in my student days,

<sup>3</sup> "Fichtenberg" means "Spruce Hill." The part here concerned was afterward called "Fichte-Strasse," which rather suggests the name of the German philosopher Johann Gottlieb Fichte. In the course of time it became closely associated with Paulsen's own name. But despite all protests it has very recently been renamed "Lepsius-Strasse."

<sup>4</sup> What then was the pleasant village of Steglitz has of course been swallowed up long since by Berlin's ever-encroaching sea of houses.

beggars description. In our first home my desk stood wall-to-wall and back-to-back against a piano in the adjoining house, which was belabored eight or ten hours every day by a young American lady with as little mercy toward herself as toward her neighbors—and all to no purpose. For while Nature had not been niggardly to her in other respects, an ear for music was the one thing that had been denied her. So we both suffered together and often looked at each other so sadly—as much as to say: Alas, it has to be! When we moved to the *Derfflinger Strasse*, we enjoyed tolerable freedom from musical noises for the first six months, but not from disturbances of another sort. On the floor below us there lived a mother with two grown-up daughters, apparently in a perpetual state of war; the noise of their arguing and quarreling and shouting continually came up through the thin ceiling. And when these bellicose ladies left at last, the devil himself brought along a small private boarding school for young ladies to occupy the vacated rooms. Every day these devotees of the Muses—never less than three and often as many as seven of them—practiced on the piano for my delectation; and of course the piano had to stand right below my desk. Many a time I took to flight and sat with a book on a lonely bench in the *Tiergarten*, so as not to have to hear any music. Another three years like that, and I should have been a nervous and mental wreck. To my mind it would be altogether justified if the proper authorities were to forbid any piano to be introduced into any house, except with the consent of all tenants.

The building of our new home prevented us from going far afield that year. At Whitsuntide I spent a few days with Reuter and Jellinghaus in the vicinity of Lauenburg, on the Elbe. In August, Aunt Lotte came with her daughter Mädi to stay with us, so that Laura was free to join me on a ramble in the Giants' Mountains, through which we made our way in five days. In September I paid my visit to my parents, at Langenhorn, but preceded it by a walking tour along the Weser. Always glad to see old German towns and get an idea of their life, I started from Hildesheim, the beautiful. At Göttingen I saw Lotze's house and stood

on Lagarde's<sup>5</sup> doorstep with my hand on the knob, and yet—under the strain of some curious inhibition—forbearing to enter. I was never to set eyes on the man of whom I thought so highly despite his oddity. From Cassel I followed the course of the Weser, more or less, until—with fond memories saddening my heart—I reached Pymont. Then I crossed the Weser Mountains with their enchanting little oak woods, where whole herds of pigs, feeding on the acorns, furnished a cue to the high repute of Westphalian ham. A few days with Reuter at Hamburg, and another few days at Langenhorn concluded this refreshing autumn excursion, during the whole course of which I had been carrying Thucydides in my pocket, reading the history of the Peloponnesian War and the downfall of Athens for the first time in its entirety. Heilmann's old translation had just become accessible again by its inclusion in Reclam's popular series, its small size making it available even on a pedestrian tour. It left a strong impression on my mind and certainly did not add to my respect for the people of ancient Greece. Their unreliability and inconstancy, their proneness to envy and cruelty, which comes to light again and again and is made all the more offensive by the eloquent attempts at justification—the great historian's mercilessly unflattering picture makes it all rise before one's eyes with terrifying distinctness.

Among the students with whom closer relations were established during that year were the following: Raffel, who entered the Colonial Service in German East Africa and then became president of German Samoa; Pëus, the son of an Elberfeld cabinet maker, an honest but rather passionate man, who later played an active part in the Social-Democratic Party; Hinneberg, now editor of the *Deutsche Literaturzeitung*; Nordhorst, a pupil of Reuter, who came from Glückstadt and is now a preacher in Schleswig,<sup>6</sup> Köhncke, another of Reuter's pupils, now keeper of the archives at the Royal Academy of Sciences; and Adickes, now professor of

<sup>5</sup> Paul Anton de Lagarde (a pseudonym, his real name being Bötticher) was an orientalist and philosopher (1827-91). In his *Deutsche Schriften* he discussed the political, social, and religious ideals of the German people.

<sup>6</sup> He afterward became "general superintendent" of Schleswig-Holstein, which corresponds to the rank of archbishop.

philosophy at Tübingen. I have remained in touch with all of them. Then there was O. Prall, whose father, the Provost of Heide, had married a girl schoolmate of mine from Langenhorn; he became very dear to me. Arthur Drews, now professor of philosophy at Karlsruhe, also attended my seminar for awhile, but we did not get on so well together; he had eyes and ears for no one but Eduard von Hartmann, the philosopher of the Unconscious. To a somewhat later generation belonged W. Stern,<sup>7</sup> now *privatdozent* of philosophy at Breslau, and Jonas Cohn, now professor of philosophy at Freiburg.

## 1887

The year 1887 saw us in our new home. We took possession on March 27—a happy day, ushering in a succession of happy years.

The house had been designed to meet our practical needs: there was no showy exterior nor any appointments for grand social affairs, but just what we wanted for our own domestic purposes. Each of the two stories contained four rooms, grouped around the hall and the landing: on the lower floor were the living rooms and the kitchen, which I had not placed in the basement, to make it more accessible for Laura and my daughters so that they could keep an eye on the maids; the upper floor contained my study and three large bedrooms. In the basement there was abundant space available for any purposes, in addition to two small rooms for the maids. Later, when the children grew up, we had three attic rooms built for them along an airy balcony.

The situation, too, left nothing to be desired. An attractive garden in front of the house separated us from the street, to keep all dust and noise away. The roomy veranda facing this garden, partly open and partly under cover, has served us well these twenty years

<sup>7</sup> Louis William Stern taught philosophy and psychology at Breslau from 1898 to 1916, when he was appointed Professor of Psychology and Philosophy and director of the psychological institute and philosophical seminary at Hamburg. Upon the advent of the Third Reich he emigrated to America and became professor of psychology at Duke University, Durham, N. C., where he died in March, 1938. He originated the concept of the intelligence quotient (I.Q.).

on every sunny or balmy day from springtime until late autumn, especially for taking our meals in the open air. The window at which my desk is placed also looks out on this garden; between two old pine trees I get a glimpse of the spire of our church, with no other building in sight. The yard behind the house we divided into an orchard, a vegetable garden, and a playground for the children. There was a sand plot, ideally suited for pitching tents, digging ditches, and building castles. There also was a swing and a set of horizontal bars for gymnastic exercises, and even a skittle alley and a bocchia game\* were not wanting—a real paradise as compared with the dust of Berlin's streets and front gardens. In the first years the growing of vegetables and berries offered me a welcome opportunity to carry on old-accustomed activities. The crops were meager, it is true, because the barren sandy soil had never seen any of the manure which had been so generously accounted for in the estimates and the bills. It is not easy to make up for that afterward; and besides the garden got less and less sun, owing to the growth of our own and our neighbors' trees.

The surroundings proved equally delightful. The most enjoyable walk in the immediate vicinity of Berlin was right at our own door: around the Fichtenberg, with a panoramic view in all directions which for a long time remained unobstructed; to the north the towers of Berlin and Charlottenburg; to the west Dahlem, surrounded by green grainfields, and on the horizon the edge of the Grunewald Forest on rising ground; to the south Potsdam, the tips of its spires being visible above the blue ridge of the Glienickeberg; to the east Lichterfelde, our rapidly growing neighboring community. There was hardly a day on which we did not take a walk "around the Berg" or over its top; it must have listened to many a confidential chat. The Grunewald Forest could be reached in half an hour, either by a road planted with old cherry trees or by narrow footpaths between waving grainfields, with the rewarding shade of the tall pine trees beckoning. It takes only another half-hour walk to reach Grunewald Castle, the old hunting lodge of the Hohenzollerns. The lake on which it is situated in

\* A game of Italian origin, which is played with wooden balls of different colors.

the midst of the forest invites one to rest and dream on its shores. In winter it is covered with a mirrorlike sheet of ice; we spent many an hour there skating, not only in sunshine, but also by moonlight. Another walk of two or three miles leads through the gorges of the Saubucht to the top of the Karlsberg. Before the Kaiser-Wilhelm Tower was erected, we often took a rest here, stretched out on the bare height and looking across the picturesque sheets of water at the evening sky. Then we would walk on to Wannsee by moonlight, wending our way along the glittering lake-like expanses of the Havel.

This first year in our new home was devoted to steady work. My "System of Ethics" was taking shape, and I could not tear myself away until August, when I visited my parents at Langenhorn for a few days. On my return I spent a week with Laura on a walking tour in the Harz Mountains, and in September I went to Carlsbad, in Bohemia, where my friend Reuter was seeking recovery after a railway accident which had shaken up his whole system. Starting from Meissen, with its towering castle and cathedral, I made my way through the beautiful valley of the Zschopau up to the crest of the Erzgebirge. Watching the sunrise one early morning from a height near the poor and forsaken little mountain town of Kupferberg, I looked down on the fair land of Bohemia, wondering what Fate might yet have in store for that sorely plagued country. Surrounded, both geographically and culturally, by German neighbors, and yet nursing hostile sentiments toward them: will it ever get on and prosper? Much will depend on its ability to forget—to forget all it has had to endure.

I found my friend Reuter in anything but commodious quarters at a wretched inn outside Carlsbad; he wanted to retrench, but was paying more than I did for my very comfortable furnished room. Nevertheless, when we left, he insisted on mailing the amount of the tax which the municipal authorities levy from patients staying at the health resort, but which no one had asked him to pay because he was not living in town. Once again: Don Quixote! We made our homeward journey by way of Prague and Dresden. Prague exceeded all expectations. The magnificent pal-



aces of the Bohemian nobility, the old streets, the bridge across the Moldau, the castle, and the cathedral—I doubt that such an array of grand and historically significant sights is to be found in any other city within the confines of German culture. In those days Prague still made a predominantly German impression, nearly all the stores in the principal streets bearing German names. Nor did I ever meet with any hostile attitude on asking a question in German; on the contrary, people were usually willing enough to speak German, even when their command of it was inadequate. The picture which has remained most vivid in my memory is that of Wallenstein's palace, with its regal hall, facing the park. That this edifice was destined for the future king of Bohemia is written on every stone. There was probably no other way, in those days, for the House of Hapsburg to maintain its position, except by the deed perpetrated at Eger. Times have changed, indeed, when a man like Bismarck can be disposed of quite simply by retiring him as the Duke of Lauenburg and letting him spend his latter days on an estate in the Saxon Forest: the stability of the organized power of the State has grown tremendously.

## 1888

The spring of 1888 brought the last illness and the death of my dear mother. She died on March 21, at peace with God and the world and in the joyous hope of eternal life. That she lived to be nearly seventy went beyond all expectations; for almost as long as I can remember she had been in delicate health, having never quite recovered from her breakdown in 1854. That she had nevertheless by a supreme effort accomplished the tasks incidental to her sphere of life was due to her strong and firm will, which placed duty first and regarded her own well-being as of minor importance. A lady of gentle nurture would have given up long before and spent her days in watering places and nursing homes as a confirmed invalid. I wonder whether in the last resort a strong will and devotion to one's work may not have more power to keep life going than effortless submission to physicians and therapeutic

treatments. My heart goes out to my mother in deep gratitude. She watched over me with tender and loving care when I was a child; she brought me up as a boy in strict discipline and humble modesty; she bore with me in my youthful indiscretions with infinite patience and forbearance and never lost her faith in me; her thoughts followed me during my later years with never-failing sympathy and ever-renewed delight; her love and devotion accompanied me and my children up to the day on which she died. Not that there had never been any friction between us: it distressed her that I could not share her religious convictions, and she often tried to win me back. In resisting such efforts I was not always as careful as I ought to have been not to hurt her feelings, and that was the reason why we sometimes did not get on so well together. In later years both of us became more cautious and more tolerant, and then all friction disappeared. I am very happy to think that she was spared to see me well established in my career.

The autumn of the same year saw the publication of the second of my more ambitious works, the "System of Ethics." It had been planned a long time; the leading ideas and constructive principles had been settled ever since I lectured at the Victoria Lyceum in the late seventies. There was even a publisher's contract dating back to those days. Then the "History of Higher Education" intervened, and this gave me an opportunity to go over the whole subject again and again in my lectures, while at the same time my occupation with the history and theory of education served to enrich and add depth to my thoughts. Most of the actual writing was done during the years from 1885 to 1888. I regard it as a great gain for the book that it thus had a chance to mature for a span of ten years. According to Aristotle, even to study ethics is not a fit subject for young people; and there can certainly be no doubt that to write a book on it is a task for mature manhood that has been seasoned by life with its struggles and labors and obstacles. The chapters dealing with social ethics and with sociology and politics also benefited from the delay. Youthful idealism is all too prone to be carried away by enthusiasm for general theories and to shut its eyes to the obstacles, especially to the myriads of trivial

hindrances which reality opposes to the fulfillment of even the most plausible ideas. Not until one has come to grips with life and its concrete tasks—in one's professional work as well as in the management of one's domestic life—can one fully realize the truth of those oft-quoted lines by Schiller in which he speaks of ideas that dwell so peacefully side by side in the mind, while bodies crash so harshly upon one another in space; and, above all, of stubborn heads which offer such obstinate resistance, the moment one proceeds to put principles into practice.

I had ample opportunity to engage in reflections of this sort during a visit of our friend Tönnies, who came to stay with us for a few weeks in April. Various difficulties came between us, arising for more reasons than one, some of them small and trivial enough, such as his lack of decision at every step he took, a torment to himself no less than to those around him, and often creating embarrassing situations. But the principal reason why we did not always understand each other was the cardinal difference in our views concerning the relation between idea and reality. He stood up for the sovereign right of the idea, ruthlessly rejecting reality and its natural growth at every point; whereas I was much more inclined to recognize and acknowledge reason manifesting itself in the world as it is. As regards public affairs, for example, I was of the opinion that the social reform movement upon which the government had embarked since the seventies deserved support, as it opened the way for a favorable development of our national life. Tönnies, on the other hand, saw nothing but dissolution and ruin; his antagonism against Bismarck's policies and against social reform under the monarchy had probably reached its greatest intensity just about that time. The same discrepancy prevailed in our views regarding the existing organization of academic life. He rejected it *in toto*, not only for himself, but also for others. What he wanted was a free academy, similar to that of ancient Athens, where learned masters and inquiring youths were to hold unhampered intercourse without paying any heed to the world of reality and its needs. Nor was this merely a theory with him; he regarded it almost as a serious plan: in Switzerland, he thought,

some such institution could and should be established. I countered by pointing to the world of reality and the tasks which it offers in superabundance to anyone willing to undertake them; perhaps I also resented it as a slight of my own work that such activity in the practical world was to count for naught. Tönnies, on the other hand, may have felt it as a sort of reproach when I spoke of visionaries who either could not or would not come to terms with things as they were and who turned their backs on the world, merely to have an excuse for not putting their own hands to the task of bettering existing conditions. He had been a *privatdozent* at the University of Kiel for a number of years; but Kiel, with its university and its students, was so far beneath his dignity that he rejected every opportunity which offered itself for lecturing. He regarded it as low to adapt oneself to the needs of the students, and any special preparation for a lecture he scorned as theatrical humbug. On one occasion the faculty had proposed him for a full professorship of political sciences, whereupon the Administration provisionally offered it to him as an associate professorship *cum spe ordinarius*. He rejected this offer as a slur on his dignity: as if he had first to be put to the test! There were still other scruples lurking in the background: he could not see his way, he said, to take the oath of office, since it implied either servitude or unscrupulousness. Thus the way was prepared for the solitude in which Tönnies has been living for many years, although it gradually became mitigated after he had founded a family of his own. Such uncompromising insistence on an altogether negative attitude toward the world we live in could not have led to anything else. And the resulting feeling of loneliness is bound to call forth fresh reproaches against the world: can it be anything but a worthless world, being thus indifferent to my fate? All these traits may be studied in Nietzsche in an exaggerated or perhaps rather in their exemplary form. It took some time to get over the resentment laid up in those days; it only subsided when he, too, had been mellowed by the years, with young life stirring at his feet.<sup>9</sup>

<sup>9</sup> Ferdinand Tönnies died in 1936 as one of the leading German sociologists. In the last letter I received from him, a few months before his death, he repeated and

In March I went to Langenhorn to visit the grave of my mother and found it still under deep snow. This sad journey was followed in April by a very merry one, a three-day Whitsuntide ramble with Belger and three other friends through the fertile lands between the Thuringian Forest and the Harz Mountains, starting from our beloved Naumburg. Wandering along paths where tourists are not often seen, I realized once again how rich our German country is in beautiful scenery and in places of historical interest. To mention only a few of the highlights, there was the castle of Neuenburg with the "Edelacker"; <sup>10</sup> Freyburg, situated on high ground, where the German *Turnvater* Jahn lived in banishment; the picturesque little town of Nebra; Memleben, where the Emperor Otto the Great died in 973, with its beautiful ruins; Wiehe, where the great historian Ranke was born; Rossleben, with its old convent school; the two castles known as the *Sachsenburgen*, near Artern, where Goethe's ancestors lived; Frankenhausen, where Thomas Münzer, the leader of the Anabaptists, was captured in 1525; Rathsfeld, the hunting lodge of the counts of Schwarzburg; the Kyffhäuser, with its legend of the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa; and the ruins of another old castle, the Rotenburg, destroyed in the Peasants' War. On our homeward way we also saw the old school at the little mining town of Mansfeld, where Martin Luther learned the three R's. One other picture has remained very vivid in my memory. Our friend Belger was getting rather stout and suffered tortures from heat and thirst. One day, after vainly trying to get some relief by cutting open the elastics of his shoes, he sat down on a stone by the wayside: "*J'y suis, j'y reste!* I am done!" Angrily he repulsed every attempt to make him get up and walk on; so we had to leave him to his fate. Half an hour later we were overtaken by a wagon, laden with wooden boards, and on the top of these we beheld our friend, looking down on us in triumph. Another hour's walk brought us to Nebra, and there we found the

emphatically underlined a phrase which I had used in my preceding letter—"the lost paradise of the past." T.L. (See also pp. 288 ff.)

<sup>10</sup> "The Nobles' Acre," thus called because Ludwig II, the "iron landgrave" of Thuringia (d. 1172) forced his recalcitrant nobles to plow it. The historical allusions in the text have been slightly amplified for the benefit of the non-German reader.

dear man, sitting at a large round table in the inn, enjoying a beefsteak and a glass of foaming beer in exuberant spirits.

In September I spent two or three enjoyable weeks with Laura in southwestern Germany. Starting from Baden-Baden we devoted most of the time to rambles in the mountains of the Black Forest, with our knapsacks on our backs. We also visited Strassburg and Württemberg's two university towns, Freiburg and Tübingen. Strassburg with its Frenchified ways made a rather chilly impression on us; neither the richly equipped university nor the hulking and gloomy edifice of the Emperor's castle, nor the cathedral held us longer than a day. Freiburg pleased us all the more, and I can well understand that as a university town it has left Strassburg far behind. In addition to the cathedral with its beautiful spire, airily rising to its lofty height with an almost inconceivably easy grace, the Castle Hill has left pleasant recollections, with its charming promenades, not forgetting the snug old inn "The Holy Ghost," patronized by the Catholic clergy. It had been my intention to call on Alban Stolz, some of whose books had pleased me greatly. He had a very independent, original, and fertile mind, and some of his writings appeal to Protestant readers, especially: "Observations on Spain for Educated People, The Evening Prayer of My Life" (his autobiography), and his collected aphorisms. But I went through the same experience again as at Lagarde's door, in Göttingen: again I stood on the doorstep and did not enter, my hand being kept off the bell by the fear of intruding or calling at an inconvenient hour. At Tübingen we only stayed one day, just long enough to get the odor of this old Swabian stronghold of learning—and it was an odor in the literal sense which we carried away in our memory, the aromatic odor of drying hops, which were spread out wherever we went, in all houses, on all balconies, on the floors of all rooms in the Protestant Seminary. After paying Stuttgart a flying visit, we followed the course of the Neckar downstream to Heidelberg and then pursued our homeward way northward along the Bergstrasse skirting the Odenwald Mountains. I have never been more deeply impressed with the beauty of our German lands than in those glorious autumn days; everywhere we

saw the trees laden with fruit, and on our way to the summit of Mt. Melibocus the most delicious ripe walnuts fell in showers at our feet.

Aunt Lotte had been staying with the children at Steglitz all this time. She left us about the beginning of October, but we kept her daughter Mädi with us so that she might attend one of the higher schools. In return our own Lotte accompanied her aunt to Höchstädt, to make her feel less lonesome. During the two years of her stay there she attended the school kept by the convent sisters, as Mädi had done before her.

### 1889

On the first of May, 1889, my father died at the age of eighty-four, little more than a year after my mother. He had outlived himself. Physically, he remained fairly hale and hearty to the end; but his mental powers, which had been declining for a number of years, had almost reached the zero point. His memory was completely gone and with it also his power of judgment. He continually repeated himself in his questions and answers almost from one minute to the next; only what had happened in the remote past he still could clearly discern. In the years of his vigor he had been a man of outstanding insight and ability, enjoying the confidence of all about him and occupying a prominent post in the administration of the community. There was hardly anything about which the neighbors did not come to him for advice: it might be the treatment of a sick animal or the raising or investment of capital or the utilization of a piece of land or whatever else. All our relatives respected him absolutely as the head of the family. His brother and sisters never moved an inch without first listening to his advice and ascertaining his pleasure, and their grateful devotion was unbounded. I, too, owe him an immense debt of gratitude. My upbringing, it is true, he left to my mother; he felt that she was closer to her child, and he trusted her skillful guiding hand. But there was never any lack of paternal solicitude nor of paternal discipline either, when that was called for. Most of all have I to

thank him for providing the means to satisfy my yearning for higher things. That he allowed his fatherly sentiments to prevail in giving his consent to my leaving the home he had founded, in order to go in for a university career, is in itself enough to place a deep obligation upon me.

At Whitsuntide I again went to Langenhorn, this time for the purpose of bringing dear old Aunt Grete back with me to Steglitz, as she was now released from her long service as nurse to my father. She stayed four weeks with us and greatly enjoyed her visit; quite likely those were the first leisurely and carefree weeks she had ever had in her life. Town dwellers, who can count on their regular vacation and opportunity for travel, little know what a relentless drive life is in a farmer's household.

There were various changes in our household during that year. Especially the fact that Rudi, our youngest, now also went to school brought to a close the real childhood of our children. He applied himself to his studies with great enthusiasm and with ardent zeal and devotion. A thoroughly healthy, bright, and likable boy, he was always ready to enjoy a game and eager to be doing things. Between him and Laura the happiest relations developed. His two sisters also had very cheerful dispositions. Grete seemed to become more like her grandmother every day, both physically and mentally. When I saw her coming up the garden path on her return from school and looking up to my window with her red cheeks and shining eyes, I seemed to see the face of the grandmother. She was pleasant and attentive toward everyone, and always liked to save up part of her treasures so that she could make presents to others. Her younger sister, Lotte, on the other hand, seemed to become the image of her mother: the cut of her features, her dark eyes, her hair, and her brunette complexion—it all unmistakably recalled Emilie's face. Her movements were brisk, quick, and determined; they seemed to betray an impetuous will and a passionate feeling, such as Aunt Lotte was said to have shown in her younger years. Emilie had something of that, too, although in her case it had been toned down and softened by the self-control she had acquired as a member of a strange household



and also by her physical weakness. For a long time Lotte seemed to be rather overshadowed by her elder sister, who was the favorite of everybody, especially of the teachers at her school. She learned very easily, and when on occasion she had been remiss, she escaped censure; her ingenuous face safeguarded her against any suggestion of negligence or flightiness. Lotte did not learn quite so easily; she made greater efforts and was perhaps altogether more conscientious in the fulfillment of her duty, but she lacked her elder sister's confident manner or did not share her happy natural disposition to meet others half way. There were times when she seemed rather shy, reserved, and distrustful. All these considerations had induced us to let her go away with her aunt the year before: there she would be the only child and would have everybody's love and attention for herself. In the autumn we decided, after long deliberation and strong opposition on Laura's part, to send our elder boy, Hans, to the boarding school maintained by the Moravian brotherhood at Niesky. He had been our child of sorrow from his birth, and his presence among the other children was becoming an increasingly disturbing factor.<sup>11</sup>

On April 16 I attended a meeting of the *Realschulmännerverein*<sup>12</sup> and read a paper on "The Realgymnasium and Humanistic Education," making many new friends in those circles. My purpose was to show that the education acquired at a *realgymnasium* is in every sense a predominantly "humanistic" education, as being based on the study of mankind and its history; I wanted to do away with the silly old prejudice attaching to the term "realism." I have reason to think that my efforts were not altogether in vain, despite the fact that my views encountered opposition even within the ranks of the association itself, namely, on the part of those who one-sidedly favored instruction in mathematics and natural science. But my lecture heartened those who were more in favor of the humanistic subjects; I think it served to rally the adherents of the *realgymnasium* and to clarify their ideas.

On May 16 I received the offer of a full professorship at the

<sup>11</sup> About the further fate of the elder son see pp. 267, 459.

<sup>12</sup> An association of headmasters of semiclassical and modern schools. See p. 261.

University of Munich; the faculty had proposed me for the chair that had become vacant through Prantl's death, whereupon Dr. Lutz, the Bavarian Minister of Education, offered it to me. Deeply honored as I felt by this call, I could not make up my mind to follow it. The transplantation to another town was in itself unwelcome to me, for I had everything I could wish for: a sphere of activity which satisfied me completely; a home which was exactly what I wanted; a circle of friends from whom I should have been most reluctant to part. My ambition to play a prominent part as a faculty member was extremely slight; rather did I feel averse to shouldering the burden of hampering administrative duties and of social obligations such as inevitably would have been laid upon me had I joined the philosophical faculty of another university. The beery atmosphere and the epicurean propensities for which Munich is noted could not attract me either. I talked the matter over with Dr. Althoff and Minister von Gossler, and although the latter seemed on the whole to think it wiser for me to accept the offer, I gained the impression that they did set some moderate value on my remaining at Berlin. So I decided to stay, following the old maxim:

*Si qua sede sedes atque tibi est commoda sedes,  
Illa sede sede, nec ab illa sede recede!*<sup>13</sup>

On the part of the administration my decision found formal acknowledgment in a slight raise of my salary (from M. 2500 to M. 3100). The Munich professorship was conferred on Carl Stumpf, the psychologist.

An essay which I published in the *Deutsche Rundschau* (May, 1889) on "Hamlet, the Tragedy of Pessimism," brought me a number of enthusiastic letters; from Vienna I even received the request to draw up stage directions in accordance with my idea of the play. But I also received a number of violent protests, some of them almost defamatory in their tone. One English lady felt so indignant about my idea of Ophelia's character that she could not have found much harsher words had I been Ophelia's seducer. So

<sup>13</sup> "If you have a seat and find it comfortable, then stick to it and don't give it up."

real can persons become who have no other existence but in the poet's imagination!

In the summer we spent a month in the Bavarian highlands. At Hohenschwangau we visited the gorgeous castle of Neuschwanstein, which roused mixed emotions in us. For in all its parts, especially in its interior, it bears the unmistakable imprint of the sinister mentality of its royal originator. From there we made our way on foot through the entire length of the Bavarian Alps, down to Salzburg, carrying only the most indispensable necessities in the knapsacks on our backs and finding a parcel with fresh undergarments waiting for us here and there. The very rainy weather often interfered with our progress and made us prisoners for days at a time. On one such occasion we read *David Copperfield* from beginning to end, for we had brought our Dickens with us, and the cheerful company to which he introduced us hardly let us become conscious of our captivity. Once, when we had to stop for the night at the little village of Sebi, the landlady would have it that I was the "reverend gentleman" and therefore must have the best bedroom. Only by contradicting her in the most emphatic way could I prevail upon her to give it to Laura. But she had a bed made up for me in the assembly room: all my eloquence had evidently failed to convince her that her identification of my person was erroneous. On our way home we stayed a few days at Munich to recuperate from this the wettest of all our peregrinations.

## 1890

Greatly to my own surprise, the publisher of my "System of Ethics" requested me in the course of the winter to prepare a new edition. It appeared in July, 1890, and the publisher in question was Wilhelm Hertz, the proprietor of the Bessersche Buchhandlung, a man of sound judgment and obliging ways. When I first approached him, in the spring of 1888, with the suggestion that he might publish the book, he took up the idea at once and asked me to state my terms. I answered that I regarded a reasonable

price as the most important point, so that anyone, seeing the book offered for sale, could not help feeling that, far from being overcharged, he had a chance of a good bargain. I stipulated that the price was not to exceed 20 *pfennige* per sheet (sixteen printed pages) and asked him to make his calculation on that basis and then make me an offer regarding my fee. He immediately fell in with the proposal, and the terms on which the contract was ultimately drawn up stipulated M. 60 per sheet as my share. On several later occasions our negotiations were completed even more quickly. The contract for my "Introduction to Philosophy," which was signed in 1892, fixed the published price at 15 *pfennige* per sheet, all other conditions remaining the same.

I give all these details because I had come to regard the whole question as a matter of principle. In my opinion the high and steadily increasing price of books, especially of textbooks and handbooks in all branches of learning, was becoming a serious obstacle in the way of university students. I felt convinced that a published price of 30–50 *pfennige* per sheet was bound to restrict the sale of a book which might have commanded a wide distribution to the small number of those who were actually compelled to purchase it. Under these circumstances the student cannot acquire the works which he needs, and the author is deprived of his proper audience. In later years I published articles advocating the same ideas, and at Leipzig the "Academic Protective Union" (*Akademischer Schutzverein*) was founded in 1903 as an organization serving identical purposes; but this latter movement was launched independently of my own efforts. Mr. Hertz was quite willing to listen to such considerations, although he may not have attached the same importance to them that I did. But at any rate there can be no doubt that the result justified my views. The first edition of my "Ethics" appeared in two volumes comprising more than nine hundred pages at the price of M. 11, and this price remained the same for the following editions, up to the sixth, although the two volumes had meanwhile become larger and larger. Had the book been published at the customary price of M. 15–20, the author would scarcely have had the pleasure of seeing his wish fulfilled

that it might find its readers among all classes of the German people. For that had been my ambition. I never intended to write a book which would provide "professional philosophers" with subject matter as well as a suitable occasion for endless discussions about abstract principles, although it is perhaps conceivable that it would not have been beyond me to do so. I wanted to write a book that could be a help to the educated reader, the clergyman, the physician, the man in public life, and above all to the student—in short, to anyone earnestly willing to grapple with the problems of life and its values and with the shaping of his own individual life as well as that of the whole community. That this wish has been fulfilled far beyond my earlier expectations is a result for which I have never ceased to feel grateful to my friend Wilhelm Hertz.

From the fourth to the seventeenth of December the famous School Conference took place at Berlin, and I was designated as a member. I do not intend to write its history here but only to give a few personal impressions. In the last analysis it was a great deception and intended to deceive from the first. The Minister had announced his intention to convoke representatives of all shades of opinion and give them an opportunity for unfettered discussion. But the actual composition of the conference did not answer that description in the least. The orthodox defenders of the classical *gymnasium* formed an overwhelming majority, while outstanding representatives of dissenting views had been ignored. The debate was tied down to a detailed program of definite questions, with "referees" appointed beforehand. Resolutions were arrived at by majority decisions, and then these resolutions were described as representing the general public opinion and were made to serve as a basis for the "School Reform" of 1892. All this could have been achieved without so much ado by simply convening a meeting of the heads of the provincial boards of instruction. There was great indignation among the members of the *Realschulmännerverein*. It was even suggested that it would be better to have nothing to do at all with this sort of "conference" but to reject any participation under protest. For my own person, however, I declined to

identify myself with that suggestion; I pointed out that I had been invited to take part in a "deliberation," not as a representative of any group or association, but as an individual member, and I insisted that I neither could nor would evade that responsibility. So they refrained from taking that step.

The careful *mise-en-scène* described above suffered a curious diversion through the unexpected appearance of the Emperor at the opening meeting. All members of the conference had to be presented to him, after which he spoke to the assembly about his own "experiences" and apprised it of his imperial "will." It is not too much to say that the tone and the contents of his address produced the most painful impression on all those present (with the possible exception of Dr. Göring).<sup>14</sup> Speaking to specialists and trusted advisers of his Minister, gray heads most of them, this man, still young in years, far younger than anyone else among those present, in order to parade as the leader of the modern age, destined to open the way into a new future, threw into the discard with supercilious disdain what most of them had been working for all their lives. To ears attuned to the accents of the declining nineteenth century this sounded very strange, like an echo of the eighteenth century, when there were only princes and servants. The way in which he criticized the Ministry by substituting a series of questions he had jotted down on a piece of paper for the elaborate program they had drawn up for the *enquête*, a program which had been in everyone's hands for weeks—not without adding a jeering remark about the term *enquête* (there was a German word for it, he said, namely, the word "question")—it all intensified the impression that an autocrat, speaking to an assembly which had been convened for purposes of deliberation, was telling its members what advice they were expected to give.

The final scene at the conclusion of the conference, which had continued for fourteen days, was quite in keeping. The Emperor

<sup>14</sup> Dr. Hugo Göring, the author of *Die neue deutsche Schule*, took a very active part in the school-reform movement. He described the conference as a theatrical performance enacted to deceive the Emperor.

expressed his thanks to the assembly for having followed his instructions and then presented the Minister, before the eyes of all of us, with his portrait, bearing the inscription: "*Sic volo, sic jubeo!*" He could hardly have made it more plain that what he needed was not advisers, but only menials and underlings.

In this last meeting of the conference, in which the Emperor again took part, I was scheduled to speak about the *realgymnasium*. On the preceding evening the Minister himself had strongly suggested to me that I had better withdraw. The doom of the *realgymnasium*, he said, had been definitely decided upon. I replied that, if such was his wish, it was far from my desire to push myself forward; but on the other hand, I added, I was entirely willing to plead for the lost cause, and I could not help thinking that to refuse a condemned man a last word was bound to produce a bad impression. "Very well, then," he replied, "go ahead and speak for the *realgymnasium*."

In my address I endeavored to demonstrate the indispensability of this type of secondary school in the shortest and most impressive way possible by pointing out that there were professions which could do without Greek, but not without Latin. The military profession, I added, was a case in point, as was evidenced by the fact that the curriculum of the *realgymnasium* had been adopted for the training of officers in the military academies. I had been specially warned not to allude to this point, as the Emperor was extremely touchy about it; but I did not think fit to forgo my strongest argument. The Emperor, who was sitting at the same table a few feet away from me, kept his cold blue eyes fixed on me in an almost threatening manner; but I continued quite calmly to advance my arguments. All I got for my pains was one remark which the Emperor made in his concluding speech. With regard to the proposal that had been brought forward to copy in other secondary schools the curriculum adopted at the military academies, he must point out, he said, that these military academies stood exclusively under his own authority and did not concern us here in the least. It would hardly have been possible to offer a

reply to this statement, which completely confused the question at issue, even if the formal break-up of the meeting had not made any further words impossible.

This is not the place to enter at any length into the wirepulling which all the while went on behind the scenes, so that "resolutions" might be arrived at which were not only acceptable to the assembly but also presentable as far as the Emperor was concerned; the privy councilor, Wehrenpfennig, on the one side and Professor Schiller, of Giessen, on the other were particularly active in that respect. I will only say this, that honest men who were sincerely concerned about the outcome could not but feel disgusted with all these machinations. I rather think that was the reason why Oskar Jäger<sup>15</sup> and I soon found common ground to stand on. He had violently attacked my "History of Higher Education" upon its appearance, and it was he who had invented my nickname: "The Janssen of the history of education." Before the first meeting of the conference I met him in the street, and upon our being introduced to each other I said to him: "I am still in your debt, *Herr Direktor!*" He gave me an astonished glance. "Why," I said, "blow for blow! I haven't answered you yet!" He laughed: "You are right!" After that we became stanch comrades, first at the conference, where we made common cause against Frick's<sup>16</sup> "unity school" (*einheitsschule*), and also later. The conference finally adopted this "unity school," although no one really wanted it. But it was just the result that was needed to bring it home to the friends of the classical languages that they had been following a wrong lead, with the further result that hardly ten years later a new school reform was carried through which was based on the principle that the classical and the modern *gymnasium* should be conceded equal standing. It was the road to which I had been pointing all the time. That Oskar Jäger, too, finally took this road and became a leader of others marked a turn of events for which I may perhaps claim some little credit.

<sup>15</sup> Oskar Jäger (1830-1910), the noted historian and educator.

<sup>16</sup> Otto Frick (1832-92), prominent educator, director of Francke's Foundations at Halle.



In the second half of April we spent a week wandering about the Thuringian Forest and its vicinity, rich in historical associations. The violets were in bloom, and in the beautiful valley of the Schwarza there were green tips on the long yellow-brown shoots which the beech trees extended into the balmy spring air. On our way home we saw the Liebfrauenkirche (St. Mary's) at Arnstadt and the stately cathedral of Erfurt.

In August I paid a visit to my old homeland together with Laura and Grete and Rudi. At last my long-cherished wish was to be fulfilled: to see the *hallig* of Oland, where my father was born. A sturdy Ockholm skipper took us over; he had a full boatload, for Cousin Friedrich and other relatives from Langenhorn were accompanying us. We disembarked at a spot called the *Piepe*; in olden times there had been a *werft* here, and my grandfather's first house had stood on that raised ground. The name was familiar to me from the tales of my aunts; but now the place was under water at high tide. The children gathered fragments of broken kitchen crockery in the mud of the shore; they may have been in use in the hands of my grandmother more than a hundred years ago. We went to Lorenzen's for our midday meal and were solemnly treated to the Frisian national dish: noodles and ham. The past rose up vividly before us, as they took us to call on an aged woman who had been bed-ridden with gout for more than twenty-five years. She was of the same age as my aunt Paulene, and when I told her who I was she at once began to talk about her and my other two aunts and father, saying that she had gone to school with them all. We also visited the house where my father and his sisters had grown up, or at least what remained of it, the larger part having been swept away by the great flood of 1825; the part still standing was being used as a stable by the owner of the adjoining house, built under the same roof.

Our return crossing nearly brought us an adventure. We had to wait until late for high tide, and then there was no wind; the progress we made by rowing was slow, and the water soon began to fall rapidly. Only by a hair's breadth did we escape the fate of being stuck in the mud, where we should have had to remain all

night until the next high tide. By a supreme effort our skipper, Wirck Matthiessen, managed to maneuver the heavy boat into the Bottschloter Deep and then brought us safely to the sluice, where the carriage had been waiting for us ever so long. It was midnight when we reached home.

We made another new acquaintance in those days. In the church of Oland we found a painter at his easel, Jakob Alberts. We soon got to talking, and when he came to Berlin the next winter, he called on us. He has since become a dear friend of the family.

From Schleswig's west coast we proceeded to Glücksburg on the east coast, where we took up our quarters at a rope-maker's house, situated on the edge of the woods. The firth of Flensburg with its sloping shores and their beech forests showed itself in its most alluring light. We retraced the paths I had followed with Reuter twenty years earlier, when the storming of the Düppel Redoubts was still fresh in everyone's memory. At that time the redoubts had been completely restored, and a new attack seemed to be impending at any moment. But now there was profound peace; the fortifications had disappeared, and the country had become German for all time. It was on that same occasion that I first set eyes again on my old teacher, Pastor Thomsen, who had prepared me for the *gymnasium* thirty years before. Since 1886 he had been pastor at Sterup; so I called on him there, and I shall never forget how taken aback I was as I entered his study and saw before me a gray-haired, rather tired-looking old man. Of course I might have remembered that those thirty years had passed over his head as well as over my own; but the picture I had been carrying in my mind was that of the fair-haired man in the thirties, whose movements had been so easy and brisk, and who had looked at us with his keen eyes so many times. My surprise was repeated when he took me to see his wife; the youthful bride had become a matron in the course of the years. All day long I could not get over the impression; never again have I seen old age clashing so harshly with the picture of youthful days.

In October I enjoyed a delightful ramble in the Harz Moun-

tains with Belger and two other friends. Before I joined them, I visited the former university town of Helmstedt—alone, by myself; in this way it is easier to attune one's mind to the life of the past. The whole town looks as if it had fallen asleep a century and a half ago. I visited the many-gabled *Juleum*, the stately edifice in which Duke Julius of Brunswick housed his newly founded university about the end of the sixteenth century.<sup>17</sup> The entire upper story is occupied by the library, which forms one large hall with deeply recessed bookracks lining its walls; the old volumes, large and small, all bound in pigskin, seem to look down as if from caverns upon the huge old double desks which fill the long hall in a twofold row. That is where men like Calixtus and Couring used to sit gathering knowledge some two hundred years ago. Everything is exactly as they left it. I wonder if they do not sometimes hold a conclave here by moonlight, nodding their sage bewigged heads at one another across these desks? The same breath of the past is exhaled by the old churches, from whose walls the portraits of those learned old worthies look down on one, as if to ask: Why do you disturb our rest? There is no one left in this town who knows our names or troubles about us; so what brought you stranger here, and why are you looking at us so inquiringly, as if you knew us? The same feelings are called forth once again in the old churchyard: sunken and timeworn gravestones with half-effaced inscriptions, wherever one looks—once upon a time there *was*, that seems to be the burden of it all. And once upon a time there will be another day when someone living in that far-off future, sauntering through a neglected old churchyard, will stop to read the inscription on a stone and will wonder: is not that the name I came across somewhere, reading about the scholars of the nineteenth century? Why, of course! He was a Berlin professor, and, if my memory does not deceive me, he wrote a "History of Higher Education."

<sup>17</sup> The Protestant University of Helmstedt was founded in 1574 and suppressed by Jerome Bonaparte in 1809.

## 1891

The year 1891 was largely devoted to the task of putting my "Introduction to Philosophy" into literary shape. Ever since the completion of my "Ethics" I had kept that purpose in view and had even done some preliminary work on it. I felt that I owed the readers of my "Ethics" a systematic account of the general view of existence which they found everywhere referred to. The general outline was furnished by the course of public lectures on the same subject, which I had been giving for the past two years twice a week before a large audience. At first I had placed the theory of knowledge in the foreground; then my main interest had gradually shifted to the problems of metaphysics. But I had another reason for publishing the book: I wanted to discontinue the lectures. I gave them in the afternoon, and especially since we had gone to live at Steglitz this meant an expenditure of three hours for each lecture, which I found more and more intolerable. Five forenoons for private lectures and a seminar course, and three afternoons for public lectures and examinations: it really could not go on forever.

Besides, if I had hitherto reached a wider audience by my public lectures, I was now finding it to an ever-increasing degree through my activity as an author of articles dealing with questions of the day. The school reform, a matter agitating all minds, had first forced the pen into my hands; I discussed the problems at issue in a number of articles which appeared in the *Deutsches Wochenblatt* and later in the *Preussische Jahrbücher*. I was well aware, of course, that I thus laid myself open to fresh insinuations on the part of the strait-laced "academicians." But I had decided long since to dispense with their esteem; nor had I really much to lose after the publication of my "History of Higher Education." Most of my colleagues were unanimous in their opinion that this book was a disgrace to a university professor, especially to a Berlin professor—to repeat the words used by Privy Councilor Klix, the head of the provincial Board of Education, in speaking to a friend of mine. I had acquired a very thick skin. Moreover, I had gained

the conviction that the gulf between the learned professions and the more or less educated masses of the population was an evil. Once "public opinion" has been accorded the right to influence public affairs through the press and through the chamber of representatives it is not right that those who are really able to judge of such matters should refuse to guide public opinion. It is a spurious affectation of superiority to want to write only for professors. Undoubtedly there are questions which have to be and can only be settled by specialists among themselves, and in such cases "popular" treatment would be out of place. But there also are questions concerning which public opinion has a right to demand information from those who have expert knowledge, and if the latter shirk that duty the consequence will be, not that the public will remain altogether without information, but that it will obtain it from those least qualified to give it. And a further consequence will be that real knowledge, based on scientific methods, will be eliminated from among the factors shaping our institutions and our life. In this as in other respects it seemed to me that we had a good deal to learn from the English. In England not only the monthlies and weeklies but also the daily papers engage the services of the leading authorities for the purpose of disseminating information, and even the most eminent scholar would not think himself above that task. It is owing to this circumstance that both from the intellectual and from the moral point of view the general level of their periodical literature is higher than ours, and that, in such company, even the journalist writing for the daily papers acquires a new outlook and learns to make higher demands upon himself.

The spring excursion was becoming more and more a necessity to me, to clear my brain after the winter's work and dust. That year I undertook it together with my colleague Ebbinghaus in the second half of April. We followed the course of the Lahn downstream to its confluence with the Rhine, visiting the university towns of Marburg and Giessen on our way and tracing Goethe memories at Wetzlar.

Then we again joined forces in the late summer for an ex-

ploration of the Salzkammergut, in the Austrian Alps, with its beautiful lake and mountain scenery. Traveling south, we stopped at Prague and at Linz, where we paid a visit to the Jesuit Fathers on the Freinberg. On our homeward journey we followed the Danube downstream from Linz to Vienna. The beautiful old Benedictine monasteries St. Florian and Melk testify to the taste no less than to the wealth of that monastic order; in former times their "imperial suites" served as temporary quarters for the court, when the emperor was traveling. But the grandest sight of all that are stored in my memory was Maria-Taferl, a pilgrims' church situated high above the Danube, near Pöchlarn. It was a glorious late afternoon; from the path ascending the height our view extended far across the waters of the Danube and the beautiful hilly country of Lower Austria to the Styrian Mountains. The church stands on the very summit. It seemed impossible that there could be any heightening of all the light and brilliance; and yet, on entering the vast interior, one had the impression that this was the climax, intended as such by nature herself. Built in the Baroque style, the gorgeous structure, glimmering with gold and shining with light, seemed to make the transition from earthly splendor to heavenly glory perceptible to the very senses. I have never been so impressed with the esthetic value of these festival halls—for that is what the Jesuit churches really are—as here, where they enter into competition with nature's own supreme efforts, impossible as that may seem. One feels so exalted and overwhelmed by this abundance of light and color that one hardly stops to think of architectural forms and their values or of sculptural details; all these are only contributory factors of the total effect, serving to entrance the enraptured eye by their endlessly diversified refractions of light. As a contrast, think of the gray monotone of the Bamberg cathedral: it is like comparing a cavern to the radiant vault of heaven.

And thus my senses themselves seemed to bring home to me the great power of the Catholic Church. For this is what the people are hungering for: to be lifted up above their daily drudgery, out of the oppressive gloom of their misery into the beatific light of

heaven. Here a foretaste of the paradise that was promised to the poor and suffering may be freely enjoyed by all. The doors are always open; for this is what the Church preaches: Enter here, whoever you are; and no matter whether you are clad in a coarse peasant smock or in the rags of a beggar you have the same right to feel at home here, and even the beggar's coat you wear will be gilded by the heavenly light! Had this beauty spot been situated in a Protestant country, Switzerland, for example, who can doubt that a showy hotel would stand there, which the natives would shun, slinking past with a shamefaced air? For the hotel would cater only to the international traveling folk—to those spending their gold in the vain attempt to find liberation from their boredom. A native would find entrance only as a servant, to receive tips, or as a workman, to be got rid of again, the sooner the better. Supposing even some wealthy Englishman founded a chapel nearby: there it would stand, morose and locked up, and even on Sundays a worshiper wearing the costume of poverty or dressed as a peasant would be looked at askance as an intruder. If the Reformation, and with it secularization, had had its way, what would have become, I wonder, of the convents and religious houses? Manorial estates, maybe, with a park, at the entrance of which would stand the menacing figure of a gatekeeper, granting admittance only to those able to qualify as members of "Society." But a convent or even an aristocratic religious house no one is forbidden to enter; and somewhere there is sure to be a little door, at which the poor hungry wayfarer may knock, and a porch or lowly cell, where he can enjoy the milk and bread which he receives. The Catholic Church is and will always remain the Church of the people. The Protestant Church is the Church of the educated, the Church of those who have special interests to serve; it lacks the joyous and unsophisticated spirit, which is essential to popular appeal: it scorned that appeal as *paedagogia puerilis*, and now finds that it has slipped forever from its grasp.

In Vienna we stayed six days. There can be no doubt that it throws Berlin into the shade as far as the older parts of the city, now forming its center, and the "Ring" are concerned; but the in-

terminable suburban streets are horrible as compared to Berlin. Of the picture galleries and other collections we did not see much, because a general rearrangement was in progress. My deepest impressions were those I received while visiting the tombs of the old German emperors in the crypt below the Church of the Capuchins. It is a whole world of human destinies that has been laid to rest there, far down below the light of day. There is Maria Theresa and her philosophical son, Joseph II, whose likeness still meets our eyes everywhere as the most telling representation of the old Imperial German Austria. Then there is the Duke of Reichstadt, the son of Napoleon and Louise, and the unfortunate Emperor Maximilian of Mexico. The most recent addition was Crown Prince Rudolf, carried off before his time by an inexorable fate. We were conducted through the vaults by a Capuchin monk in speechless silence, and this stillness made a deep impression. When some tourists began to exchange loud remarks in English, he hushed and cautioned them in a few well chosen words.

## 1892

The autumn saw the publication of my "Introduction to Philosophy." My philosophical colleagues had not much to say that was pleasant to read. A *privatdozent* at Berne wrote a review for Avenarius's *Vierteljahrsschrift für wissenschaftliche Philosophie*, and he sent me the manuscript with the inquiry whether I had any objection to its publication. I returned it to him unread, pointing out that the responsibility for the contents of his journal rested on him and not on me, and disclaiming any desire on my part either to silence unfavorable opinions about my book or to get favorable reviews into print. He thereupon thought fit to publish the said review or rather maltreatment of my book—it was as incompetent as it was abusive—in the *Vierteljahrsschrift*. It made a sufficient impression on me to induce me to turn my back upon the latter from that time on. Similarly disparaging reviews were published by Professor Baumann of Göttingen, and by Professor Glogau of Kiel—the latter, or rather both of them, insinuating



that I had been guided in my ratiocination by foresight (that is, ulterior motives) rather than by insight. This hunting for derogatory motives betrays a vulgarity of mind which is, I suspect, to be found only in Germany. My "History of Higher Education" had been the object of similar aspersions: I was accused of having shaped my opinions to please Bismarck, the realist, or the Center Party, which was just becoming powerful, following the maxim: *Do ut des!*

I have never allowed one single hour of my life to be embittered by such base insinuations. If one is a German university professor, especially a professor of philosophy, one has to regard them as a matter of course. My publisher, Wilhelm Hertz, took a similar view; in his opinion favorable or unfavorable reviews are a negligible factor, as far as the sale of a book is concerned. If that be true, I am free to assume that I have had an unusually liberal share of such disfavor. The first edition was sold out within a short time, and since then a new edition has come out almost every year. In addition to the wide distribution which the book found in Germany, the English translation had a very large sale in America, where it is frequently used as a textbook at the universities; which is also true of my "Ethics." This is largely due to the excellent translations of both works by Frank Thilly, now at Cornell, who then was professor of philosophy at the University of Missouri. It greatly helped to strengthen my conviction that the book, which I had intended to serve as an introduction to philosophic thought, was proving equal to its task. So also did my observation that candidates coming up for examination had found it very useful in getting their first bearings in the realm of alternative philosophical standpoints. I think it may be said that it has stood the test of teaching.

As to the positive philosophical views presented in it, I have been often counted among Fechner's followers and disciples. It can give me nothing but pleasure to see my name associated with this excellent and venerable man; but I am bound to state the fact that the development of my own views has been influenced by him only to a very slight degree. I did not make the acquaintance of

his books until much later, when my convictions concerning all essential problems had already assumed definitive shape; in the seventies and eighties Fechner was little known and generally misjudged as an author. Among the philosophers who exercised a decisive influence on my own thought in its formative period Lotze occupies a much more significant position. I devoted myself to an intensive study of his works as early as 1870 or so, whereas my first contact with Fechner's writings can hardly date back much before 1880. In addition to Lotze I should have to name Spinoza, Kant, Schopenhauer, and, in another field, John Stuart Mill and his predecessor, David Hume. As to Fechner, I regretfully count it among the numerous missed opportunities of my life that I never tried to get in touch with him either by correspondence or in the form of personal intercourse. Today I should give anything to have called on him, as I might so easily have done when I was at Leipzig in 1886; I had got as far as making a note of his address. I did call on Wundt on that occasion, but he was not at home; and so I have never set eyes on him either to this day, although we not only hold many views in common but also have relations of a more personal kind.

The summer of 1892 brought a change in our domestic arrangements: my dear sister-in-law became my wife. We were married on August 5 from the home of Aunt Lotte, in Höchstädt, only the nearest relatives being present.

When Emilie died, nothing could have been farther from my thoughts than the idea of marrying again. And since Laura so naturally took her sister's place, both as housewife and as mother, accomplishing both tasks to perfection, the situation which often prompts widowers with children to take another wife did not arise in my case at all. We had become so used to each other on the basis of the most intimate friendship and the most absolute confidence, and I was so contented under the new régime that the thought of any change in this arrangement never seriously entered my mind. Whether it was as satisfactory to Laura, or whether it might sometimes cause her unpleasantness and difficulties, especially in her dealings with the outside world, that was a question

which never occurred to me at all; in my naïve egotism I fancied that when all was well with me it must be so with others too. Her own delicacy forbade her to speak of unpleasant experiences, although there was no lack of these; she even prevented others from drawing my attention to it. It was almost by accident that on one occasion I suddenly became aware of all the embarrassing situations that might arise for her out of our relationship. The moment this state of things dawned on me, I was determined to end it. After some misgivings and hesitation she accepted my proposal of marriage; and it was an auspicious moment which joined our hands together. That is how the children felt about it and our friends and above all we ourselves. It would hardly have been possible for two people to feel more certain that their characters and sentiments were in perfect accord than we did after the test of living together for nine years. And every one of the fourteen years which have gone by since then has been a further happy confirmation.

The wedding took place at the church of the former Jesuit College in the neighboring Dillingen, which at that time had been turned over to the Protestants. It was followed by a very merry wedding trip together with the children—six of us in all, or rather seven, as Mädi was also with us part of the time. We stayed a week in the hilly country of the Swabian Jura, until the children had to get back to school. I have a vivid memory of one beautiful evening when upon returning rather late from Seeberg to the "Post" inn, at Urach, we found the whole village alight with the greenish phosphorescence of countless glowworms. In October we went on a second wedding journey, this time by ourselves, to Dresden and "Saxon Switzerland," where sunny days of wandering were followed by bright evenings, with the full moon casting its trembling reflections on the waters of the Elbe.

In his novel *Auch Einer* Friedrich Vischer offers counsel regarding the choice of a wife. His *alter ego* and mouthpiece, "A.E.," puts it into the following words: "One always reverts to the simplest: look for a wife who is good without being stupid, with an open mind for things of the world and at the same time sensitive

to the deeper things of life; and if she is then regarded by commonplace people as dull—what does it matter? No doubt such women exist somewhere, but to find them one would have to be luckier than the likes of me.” When I read these words in the summer of 1906, they seemed to have been written for my special benefit, to make me fully realize my great good fortune. In truth, compared to powers of quick perception, sound judgment, and beneficent work, combined with the great art of Carlylean silence—what does it really amount to, this furious eloquence in talking about everything under the sun, which we commonly call “education”?

## 1893

During the summer semester I had given a course of public lectures on German universities and university studies. In the following winter I was commissioned to write the General Introduction, dealing with the character and the history of the German universities, for the work on the German universities which the Department of Education had in preparation for the World's Fair at Chicago. Afterward I elaborated it into my own book on the German universities.

In April I again spoke before a meeting of the *Realschulmännerverein*. The subject of my address was the present state of the secondary schools in Prussia. After giving an account of the condition of things brought about by the ill-fated “School Reform” of 1892, I urged the members of the association not to let what had happened lessen their determination to insist on the establishment of a modern form of the *gymnasium*, enjoying similar privileges, and I predicted that their efforts would be crowned with success ere long. The protagonists of the classical *gymnasium*, I pointed out, had long begun to feel uneasy about their victory, so that it might become possible to arrive at an understanding or perhaps even to make common cause with them for the purpose of getting rid of the insufferable “unity school.” Both parties, I

continued, were also equally interested in securing greater liberty of movement within the school, since the curricula set up in 1892 imposed intolerable restrictions on the individual teacher; for example, by tying him down to a rigid program of instruction. This led to a little encounter with Privy Councilor Stauder, who had fathered the curricula. He went so far as to assert that the teachers were now enjoying greater liberty than before 1892; but when I demanded proofs, he failed to produce them. This Mr. Stauder was really a very insignificant person; as a successor of men like Wiese and Bonitz, in such an important position he was a disgrace to German officialdom, or at any rate to the Ministry of Public Worship and Instruction. He had originally found his way into the Ministry because of his Old-Catholicism, I was told, in recognition of such "loyalty to the State,"<sup>18</sup> and had then been promoted in accordance with the principle of seniority. When soon afterward the second edition of my "History of Higher Education" appeared, in which I had not mentioned him as the author of the curricula, he wrote to me, asking whether I had refrained in order to spare his feelings. I replied that the reason was that I did not wish to place the responsibility of those curricula on anyone's shoulders, since they had come into being under outrageous pressure. They certainly marked in every respect, including also their literary style, the low level to which official school wisdom had sunk.

In August I was quite unexpectedly offered the chair of philosophy and pedagogics which had become vacant at the University of Leipzig through the death of Professor Masius. Wundt sent me a very friendly letter to the effect that the whole faculty, especially he himself, would be delighted if I could see my way to accept the offer. It was the first call that really tempted me. In the cases of Kiel, Würzburg, Breslau, and Munich I had had the feeling that a transplantation would mean a lessening of my sphere of influence. But Leipzig, a large central university with an old-established

<sup>18</sup> The Old-Catholics rejected the dogma of papal infallibility, and those had been the days of the *Kulturkampf*.

tradition—that was quite another matter! And to become the colleague of such men as Wundt, Hildebrand,<sup>19</sup> and others, whom I held in high esteem, while at the same time belonging to a faculty where I was not treated altogether as a nonentity and where I could feel that I was wanted—it certainly was a temptation. The financial conditions were also favorable and could easily have been further improved. But on the other hand my natural preference for settled conditions, greatly strengthened by my long residence in one place, pointed in the opposite direction. Leipzig with its surroundings could not bear comparison with Berlin and Steglitz, and I also dreaded the social obligations entailed by my entrance into another faculty. If I stayed where I was, I could continue my secluded life and my informal intercourse with my intimate friends. So, even while my heart was still in doubt, my mind was already made up that I would stay in Berlin provided that I was made full professor. I found Dr. Althoff quite willing to redeem his old promise. As I was very modest in my demands regarding salary—I asked for M. 6000, whereas Leipzig had offered me M. 7500—there was no difficulty on that score; when I suggested the amount of M. 6000 to Minister Bosse, he replied: “Well, that is about the least, I should say, that we could offer you.” Since the faculty had just proposed Professor Carl Stumpf, then at Munich, as Zeller’s successor, the Minister decided that we should both enter the faculty<sup>20</sup> together at Easter, 1894. That, too, was quite agreeable to me; I felt anything but impatient to join it and saddle myself with its administrative concerns. If my position among the other associate professors, most of them much younger than I, had not become too awkward, especially in my intercourse with others and most of all with my students, I should have preferred to remain free and unshackled as I was.

In April we enjoyed a number of delightful spring days, wandering along the Rhine. For a while we made Bingen our headquarters, making excursions to the old castles in the vicinity, for

<sup>19</sup> Rudolf Hildebrand (1824–94), Professor of Germanic Languages and collaborator of Grimm’s “Dictionary.” His book “On Teaching German” was widely read.

<sup>20</sup> See note on p. 295.

example, to Oberbrunnburg, where we took our midday meal under a plum tree standing near the ruins; it was in full bloom, and thousands of bees were buzzing around it. Another time we visited the Ebernburg, Franz von Sickingen's castle, with a beautiful monument to him and Ulrich von Hutten. It was the first representation I had seen of the latter which seemed to me to express his character—the character of a ruthless agitator and instigator who wrecks the lives of others, having nothing to lose himself. From Bingen we slowly made our way along the Rhine down to Cologne.

After the summer semester I went to Langenhorn to join Laura and her brother, who were staying there. Once again Wirck Matthiessen took us over to Oland. Pastor Prall, of Heide, and his fiancée were also in the boat, and when we approached the shore, there stood the pastor of Oland at the water's edge and welcomed Prall as an old friend of his student days, whereupon I saluted him as the son of Dr. Siefert, my old teacher at Altona *gymnasium*. So we all went to the parsonage and dined on roast mutton; the joint, which had just arrived, had been intended to last over Sunday and the following week.

In September we first paid a visit to our friends the Doebners, at Hildesheim, where he was keeper of the archives; thus we had an expert guide on this occasion. Then we joined forces with my colleague Ebbinghaus and spent a week or two in the Thuringian Forest, returning home by way of Weimar and Jena, where I met the professors Eucken and Rein.

In November our Mädi left us for the winter. After graduating from the Kühn School, she had attended the Berlin Academy of Design for two years and then passed the examination as drawing mistress. Now her former teacher inquired whether she would be willing to teach drawing and painting during the winter months in a Polish family living in the country near Punitz.<sup>21</sup> We liked the idea at once and had no cause to regret it; it was a refined family, consisting of the Countess Micylska and two daughters, who had a warm welcome in store for her. She was treated like a

<sup>21</sup> In the Prussian province of Posen, now ceded to Poland.

daughter, accompanying the others wherever they went and taking part in all their doings. She would hardly have been received in a similar spirit into any German family of equal social standing, least of all into that of a Prussian *Junker*. When she returned after nine months, one could see that her sojourn among strangers had been all to the good. We remained in correspondence with the family for a considerable time and gradually welcomed almost all its members at Steglitz.

## 1894

My entrance into the faculty as full professor took place in April without ceremony. Nor was it attended by any change in my relations to the other members, not more than three or four of whom offered me their congratulations, nor to my students either, which was just what I wanted. The one and only change consisted in a new burden, all my Thursday afternoons now having to be sacrificed to faculty meetings and examinations for the doctor's degree. Neither of these gave me much pleasure. In the meetings interminable eloquence was expended upon the infinitesimal. The philologists *omnium ordinum* distinguished themselves above all others by endlessly chewing the cud and stubbornly insisting on what they had said; the rights and wrongs of a question were quite ignored, and the only thing which really mattered was that they had their way. The examinations, too, often sorely tried my patience, especially the examinations of students of chemistry, who had to take philosophy as one of their minor subjects. It had been an old custom for them to choose the pre-Socratic philosophers of ancient Greece as their special field, and it took considerable time and persuasion to make them take any interest in the problems of modern philosophy. Another annoying circumstance concerned the grading of a candidate's general achievements; unsatisfactory results in a minor subject were invariably used to lower the distinction of the degree, whereas excellent results were not counted sufficient reason for raising it. Here again, the philologists were hard and obstinate beyond all others; the representatives of the



natural sciences were more amenable when one suggested a higher degree in acknowledgment of outstanding achievements in philosophy. Again and again I have made this same observation, that among philologists a fair and comprehensive judgment is much more uncommon; they look for shortcomings and deficiencies and like to count them up, one by one. I am inclined to connect this trait with the conceit with which the philologists at our German universities<sup>22</sup> are generally so puffed up that one might call it their occupational disease. I should say that the University of Berlin is entitled to the distinction of having furnished the most typical cases, from F. A. Wolf down to the present.

Whitsunday found us in the Harz Mountains, ascending the Brocken. It was so overcrowded everywhere that it was impossible to obtain even some light refreshment. To forestall this contingency we henceforth bought our provisions every day at bakers' and butchers' shops and then enjoyed our meal lying down in the woods somewhere near a spring. The children had learned their lesson on earlier occasions: anyone who complained of being tired or thirsty stayed at home the next time. They were on their feet all day, not without adding many an extra tour of their own, but they never grumbled or became weary.

In the summer vacation we turned our steps northward. On our way to Langenhorn, where I paid a brief visit with Laura to Aunt Grete, we spent some days at dear old Gremismühlen, always eager to renew our acquaintance with the beautiful woodlands and lakes of eastern Holstein. From Langenhorn we proceeded to the island of Sylt. We soon tired of fashionable and overcrowded Westerland and exchanged it for friendly little Werningstedt. Our forenoons began with a glorious bath in the North Sea; Werningstedt was still quite primitive at that time, and so one was left to one's own devices. I always swam out a long way, gently rocked by the waves, which are never at rest on that shore. Then we looked for a spot higher up amid the dunes, where we were sheltered against the west wind. Stretched out on the wind-borne, slowly trickling sands, amid the waving ears of the sea oats, and gazing

<sup>22</sup> See note on p. 217.

at the little white cloudlets floating in the sky or at the snowy sea gulls circling over the dunes, we read at intervals from Hebbel's "The Nibelungs" or St. Augustine's "Confessions" or Homer's Odyssey; one's mind is acutely receptive in that stillness and solitude. In the afternoon we usually went for a longer walk, either across the heath, where the prehistoric sepulchral barrows fostered Ossianic moods in the evening twilight, or along the cliffs. When the sun has disappeared in the green waves, the glowing evening sky still lingers for an hour or more, hanging over the western horizon like a tapestry shimmering with gold until night approaches from the east, covering both sea and heath with its "purple darkness."

Our homeward journey we made by steamer from Wyck, on the island of Föhr, to Hamburg. A strong west wind made the small vessel roll very uncomfortably, but after we had entered the lower reaches of the Elbe, at Cuxhaven, we had smooth water. The Holstein marshes were enveloped in a haze; steeples, windmills, and farmsteads stood out in monochrome against the sky, like a pale etching. And only now we discovered that an old friend of ours had been on board all the time: Dr. Husserl, at that time *privat-dozent* of philosophy at Halle. He had a good deal to complain about: personal misfortune, ill health, and other troubles. At Altona I spent a few days with Reuter and helped my old *gymnasium* celebrate the anniversary of the battle of Sedan at Pinneberg; of the teachers of my own time, only one was left—the one from a training college, who had taught the *septima*.

Having meanwhile received news of Uncle Ipke's death, I once more returned to Langenhorn to attend the funeral. He had been the youngest child of my father's parents and now was the last of them to leave us. This made me the oldest surviving member of the family, and no one was left to perpetuate its name but I and my sons. They were serious thoughts, therefore, that occupied my mind as I followed his coffin, which was carried twice around the church, after the old custom. We all felt very sorry that not long before his death Uncle Ipke had sold the home and farmstead where our ancestors had settled seventy years before, after the great flood had driven them from Oland. The work had been get-

ting too much for him, and as he did not care to employ any help he had quickly made up his mind to get rid of the burden and had then bought a small house nearby, where he spent his last few years leading a rather shabby life.<sup>23</sup> If he had but breathed a word to our relatives "on the Sands," they would have been only too glad to take the farmstead over so as to keep it in the family. This shows the curious secretiveness of his nature. Then, after living like the poorest of the poor, he left a very handsome estate. Yet he was by no means stingy; during his last years he had set aside very considerable legacies for public purposes.

## 1895

In August, 1895, the first volume of the second edition of the "History of Higher Education" was published. In the course of the past few years it had grown to twice its original size. Everywhere I found additions to make, embodying newly discovered materials and guarding against misconceptions or refuting erroneous judgments; above all, I had to write the history of the last decade, *cujus aliqua pars et ego fui*. There could be no doubt: the general feeling had undergone a great change in those ten years. In 1884 the orthodox defenders of the classical *gymnasium* still publicly professed and indeed sincerely entertained the confident belief that its monopoly was in the nature of things and that anything else was unthinkable; but now that position had been abandoned at all points. The humanism of the sixteenth and the realism of the seventeenth century were now regarded from a totally different point of view, and the existing situation as well as the possibilities of the future were also seen from a new angle. It would no longer do to rehash Karl von Raumer's or Eckstein's <sup>24</sup> words. Under the leadership of Jäger and Cauer a radical change was taking place in the outlook of those who favored the traditional *gymnasium*, their goal being no longer the preservation of the monopoly of the classical *gymnasium*, but the preservation of the

<sup>23</sup> See p. 84.

<sup>24</sup> Friedrich August Eckstein (d. 1885), headmaster of the *Thomas-Gymnasium* at Leipzig and professor at the university.

instruction in the classical languages itself—at the price of granting equivalent privileges to those obtaining the Leaving Certificate at a more modern school, such as the *realgymnasium*. Under these circumstances the second edition of my book did not give rise to any fresh excitement; indeed, I hardly saw any reviews at all, which may have been largely due to the short-sighted business practices of the publisher. Were I to live long enough to see a third edition, I should have the great satisfaction of being able to say in the Preface that, after long being denounced as a heretic, I had now been received into the camp of orthodoxy—not, however, because of any change in my own convictions, but on account of the great change that had taken place in the world outside. The cause that once was persecuted has emerged victorious. That is a greater triumph than the veriest flatterer could have wished me when the first edition appeared.

In the winter of 1895-96 I lectured for the first time on philosophy of law, a course on that subject having been stipulated as one of my official duties when I was made full professor. These lectures, too, became a source of great pleasure to me. Nine-tenths of those attending them were law students, and I had to begin by finding out and gradually adapting myself to what they had been accustomed to. When I gave these lectures the first time, I made the mistake of troubling too little about precise formulation. On subsequent occasions, with an eye to the students' requirements, I expressed myself more in the form of definitions and exactly formulated statements, and then I had never again to complain about an emptying lecture room. I also found satisfaction myself in thus giving my thoughts a somewhat sharper point. Not that I ever ceased to dread the petrification of living thought in a rigid scholastic system; but still I yielded in every way to the students' demand for a definitely worded abstract of the lectures—much more so than I first had meant to do, being loath to offer them my thoughts "in black and white," as something "to carry home" and have done with.<sup>25</sup>

<sup>25</sup> An allusion to Mephistopheles' satirical advice to the freshman in the famous passage in Goethe's *Faust*.

In the same year I found myself for the first time involved in public disputes about political questions. The "Subversion Bill" had just been brought in. It had been devised at the direct instigation of William II for the purpose of crushing the Social Democrats; he found it unforgivable that the "comrades" had not forthwith responded to the first advances he had ever made to them by "falling in like noncommissioned officers," to repeat Bismarck's words. The front of attack had then been widened by the Catholic, or Center, Party: what was the good of fighting socialism, they asked, without blocking up its source by closing the godless universities and deposing the atheistic professors? Maximilian Harden, the editor of the *Zukunft*, had repeatedly asked me for an article; it appeared in the February number and was entitled: "The German Universities and Subversion." It was followed by another article in Schrempf's *Wahrheit* on "The Monarchy and the Parties," and in January, 1896, by a third article, dealing with the question of the *privatdozenten*, which appeared in the *Preussische Jahrbücher*. I mention all three articles here because they belong together, their purpose being to beat back a general attack on the universities and their freedom of teaching, which had been organized by the extremists, led by Baron von Stumm and associates.<sup>26</sup> William II was at that time under the influence of this group, and the Minister of Public Worship and Instruction was, like his colleagues, weak enough to give in to the pressure. The Subversion Bill was defeated, it is true. But its defenders now joined in a relentless campaign against a Berlin *privatdozent* of physics, Dr. Arons, who was a Social Democrat. The faculty could not be prevailed upon to expel the miscreant, and the minister's disciplinary authority was called in question. Thereupon a special law was framed and passed by the Chamber of Representatives, which made it possible for the government authorities to dismiss Dr. Arons. In this action the government found a protagonist in Professor Hinschius, the same one who had sided with the ministry in the seventies, when the *Kultur-*

<sup>26</sup> Karl Ferdinand von Stumm was a large industrialist; he supported Bismarck's policies in the *Reichstag*.

*kampf* was in progress.<sup>27</sup> His line of argument was to prove that the ministry had the right to discipline any official, and then to add the assertion that, in a sense, the *privatdozenten* were officials; I refuted this by pointing out that the whole sense of the institution of *privatdozenten* centered in the idea that in his earlier years the university teacher was not to come in contact with the sphere of officialdom and its laws. I showed that this view was not only in agreement with the historical development and with the logic of the situation but was also confirmed by the statutes of the Prussian universities. Needless to say, my article did not stop the legal action; but I do not think it was written in vain—at any rate inasmuch as it showed that at the universities the will to defend their old liberties was not yet dead.

Meanwhile the philosophical faculty had been discussing the case of Dr. Arons at its meetings. It had been requested by the minister to proceed against the latter. I strongly opposed the proposal made by some of those present that the dean of the faculty should be authorized to instigate an investigation of Dr. Arons. I suggested that the decision of the faculty should be based exclusively on the material presented by the government, adding that possibly a reprimand might be in order on account of one or two of Dr. Arons's utterances. A few days later I received a request from Dr. Althoff to call on him at the ministerial offices. The moment I arrived I saw that I had incurred displeasure. He had quite evidently been informed in full detail about our discussions; he even knew how the individual faculty members had voted. There was of course no other explanation but that some member of the faculty had divulged these matters to him either directly or indirectly; but I am not certain who it could have been. He reproached me violently. I seemed to have the idea, he said, that a university had the right to constitute itself as a republic, a State within a State, entirely independent of the government. I replied that I had no such notion, but that I was of the opinion that the faculty, convened to act in its judicial function as a disciplinary court for *privatdozenten*, should not and must not

<sup>27</sup> Paul Hinschius (d. 1898) was professor of church law at the University of Berlin.

listen to directions given to it by the Minister, and further that the faculty in the same capacity must be free to decide whether there was to be further investigation, or whether the case was to be adjudged solely on the basis of the material submitted by the government.

Without entering into this legal question, he then said that it was altogether intolerable that a university professor should hold the tenets of the Social Democrats, since he was in the service of the State, after which he abruptly terminated the conversation with a sudden "*Adieu!*" pronounced in an almost threatening tone. I felt no less angry myself, so I picked up my hat and walked out with an equally abrupt "*Adieu!*" It was quite evident that he intended to intimidate me. As a matter of fact, he had already told me on a previous occasion, when he happened to meet me soon after my article in the *Zukunft* had appeared, that it was hardly permissible for a university professor to appear as a contributor to a weekly paper, every single number of which contained passages guilty of *lèse majesté*. To which I had replied that in my opinion the relation of a writer to a periodical in which he occasionally published a signed article was not a matter of such serious import.

To bring this matter briefly to its conclusion, the consequence was that Althoff cut me for a considerable time. As we were both living at Steglitz, we often passed each other on the street; and as he went by without responding to my bow I finally cut him too. However, in due time the storm clouds dispersed again. After the "subversion" storm had blown itself out and the Emperor's interest in the persecution of the Social Democrats had begun to flag, Althoff took steps to restore our former friendly relations. He asked me to call on him—it must have been in the spring of 1897—and received me in a somewhat apologetic manner. That painful occurrence of some time ago had been like the loss of a personal friend to him, he said; I had no idea, he continued, what experiences a man in his position had to go through, and how he was sometimes deceived. "Take my word for it," he concluded, "when one is placed as I am, one has a chance to see

the *Herren Professoren* from many an angle that remains hidden from you." So we became reconciled; henceforth he let me go my own way and never again attempted to make me change my mind either by threats or by promises. Quite on the contrary, in the years to come he often asked me to give him my opinion about candidates and their personal qualifications as well as about other questions at issue, not only in private talks—he often looked me up on a Sunday—but also in official deliberations about university and school concerns. This gave me frequent opportunity to realize what sound sense he had: under whatever whimsical guise it might masquerade, it never lost sight of the goal, nor of the way leading up to it; and I also saw how benevolently he was disposed toward individual persons. His manners were apt to be harsh and forbidding, and his behavior, especially in dealing with younger men in a dependent position, was not always so gentlemanly as befitted a man in his station; but he had a kind heart, and if anyone impressed him as capable and efficient he would help him to make his way. Being so close to him, I have seen that more than once. I am thinking here for example of the warm interest and the trouble he took on behalf of *gymnasium* teachers who were yearning for leisure and liberty to undertake a piece of original work of their own; and also of the pleasure it gave him to find the right place for younger university men, where they could do their best work. His term of office extended through decades, and that he achieved great results during that time in the interests of university studies and scientific research no one is likely to doubt. No trouble or effort was too great when he wanted to get something done that he considered necessary. With uncommon tenacity of purpose he upheld the claims of the universities and schools of higher learning against the demands of the other departments of the general administration, all fighting for their own special purposes. I believe it can also be said that on the whole he has stood for freedom of scientific research. In no sense could he be called a narrow-minded partisan of any faction, and least of all of the obscurantists, for which I could adduce several instances dating from a later time, when he made a de-



terminated stand in favor of the liberal movement in theology. In saying all this I do not mean to deny that he played the political game. If he found it altogether impossible to achieve his ends, or if powers stronger than he exacted his toleration or support of plans that could hardly be supposed to have his approval, he did not on that account deem it necessary to resign from office. It is probably true that in this respect he was partly guided by the wish to maintain his position: there can be no doubt that he enjoyed the power he wielded. But be that as it may, it is no less true that a certain amount of flexibility on the part of an official is also in the public interest. A theoretician may ruthlessly draw the last consequences of his thoughts and allow himself to be guided only by the light of reason. The political practitioner has to adapt himself to the existing facts and circumstances, since his success depends on his ability to achieve what is possible under the given conditions; stubborn obstinacy, insisting on "all or nothing," would be a disqualifying factor. When Virchow accused Bismarck of a change of front in his policy, Bismarck was quite right in saying: "I cannot make the wind; all I can do in order to approach the goal is to steer according to the wind!" No doubt Althoff had learned from Bismarck, and—if he had to learn it at all—perhaps he had also learned from him not to be too particular in making use of others nor in the way he treated them. But again he also shared Bismarck's tenacious perseverance and his powerful will to get things done and to reach his goal.

Least of all would I hold it against Althoff that he frequently disregarded the expressed wishes of the faculty. Anyone who has seen how these things are done is hardly likely to feel that deep respect for a faculty vote which the organs of the daily press entertain or pretend to entertain. Indeed, there could scarcely be a body more truly without a conscience than a corporation where no one feels that he is responsible. The candidate is proposed by one member or by a few members acting in accord; the plenary body defers to the opinion of the specialists or experts, being as a rule quite unable up to that point to form any opinion of its own, and thus what is really the vote of one man is dressed up with the

authority of the whole faculty. To raise an objection is hardly feasible; the general impatience to have done with the matter is in itself sufficient to crush any such attempt. Thus it may happen that a man who has no achievement to his credit, a nobody and a know-nothing, is extolled to the skies and praised as a shining light of learning—when all the time the real purpose probably is to prevent the appointment of the one man who could fill the post, but who is not looked upon with favor by some faculty potentate or other. It may also happen that highly qualified men are passed over or disparaged and unfavorably criticized in order to make them impossible. I have myself seen all these things happen, and therefore I am prepared to state it as my opinion that to make the faculties the sole arbiters in the appointment of professors would be the quickest way to ruin the German universities. The very fact that the proposals of the faculty are subject to revision by a higher authority keeps arbitrariness within bounds. But in many cases, I think, the central administration is actually better able to arrive at a sound decision. For, true as it undoubtedly is that a personal opinion concerning the value of scientific achievements is necessarily restricted to a small circle, this deficiency is largely compensated for by the fact that the central administration has a more comprehensive knowledge of the candidates available for a position and that it can always obtain information from various disinterested sources.

There can be no doubt that in both these respects Althoff was unusually well equipped. It was amazing what a number of men he knew in the sphere here concerned; his quick grasp and his phenomenal memory for such things stood him in good stead. Nor did he ever fail to make the most of any opportunity to procure opinions and information from many different sources, and in this latter respect it is probably true that the ways he chose were not always above reproach. But there certainly can be no doubt that the information about persons and circumstances which he gathered by such means could not have been found in any similar completeness in any other head. That is why he was so pre-eminently able to dispose of the candidates available for a chair

and to put capable men into the positions where they were most needed and where they could do most good. To satisfy all individual wishes was of course impossible, as it must always remain impossible. That is the reason why a man in his position could never steer clear of detraction and hatred. Althoff has had his full share of these, but that is no argument against the soundness of his administration.

It cannot be denied, however, that he did incur not a few justified reproaches and a good deal of unnecessary hatred by the way in which he treated men who felt that they were dependent upon him. His attitude was not quite that of the true gentleman, who knows how to combine benevolence and reserve in the proper proportions. His manner was apt to be rash, impatient, excitable—I had almost said: plebeian. He could be arrogant and grossly offensive on one occasion and could then again make himself equally objectionable by striking a note of adulation; and yet he could also be very charming and obliging if he wanted to win someone over. Napoleon's character, as depicted by Taine, shows a similar curious mixture of traits, and one might add that Althoff also showed the same masterful will in the realm over which he ruled: "It is the *imperare*," I have heard him say, "that makes the statesman." He also shared Napoleon's indifference toward party shibboleths and party doctrines; to him nothing mattered but personal character and personal efficiency. "I have never joined in a campaign against anyone," he once said to me, "neither against the Jews nor against the Catholics nor against the Liberals; I judge each man on his own merits."

In April I joined Professor Kaftan and Dr. Nohle on a five-day ramble in the mountains of the Erzgebirge, and in the summer vacation I went with Laura to Switzerland, which we then saw for the first time. I had always felt prejudiced against it as a country overrun by foreigners, with an international traveling public crowding its hotels, and therefore preferred to climb in the German or Austrian Alps. I have to confess that I returned completely cured of my aversion. As far as the beauties of nature are concerned, Switzerland is beyond compare, and my contacts

with the Swiss people were pleasant almost without exception. Their independent and self-contained attitude has remained unimpaired by the crowds of visitors from abroad. Wherever one goes one meets with courtesy and kindness. Clear and definite in statements and demands, they are also honest and reliable in their fulfillment of promises or of reasonable expectations. Nor did we find any great difficulty in avoiding the international mob from the east and from the west—perhaps by good luck rather than by our own cleverness.

Starting from St. Gall, where we visited the old convent, we proceeded to Appenzell, where we found homely and comfortable quarters at the "Pike" inn. There was a surprise in store for us: we learned that the landlord was at the same time *Landammann*, or in other words, president, of the Republic of Appenzell! Our astonishment increased when we were waited on at table the next day by the president's daughters in their national costumes, and it reached its climax when, coming down very early one morning, I found his wife sweeping out the dining room with the maids. Coming as I did from East-Elbian Prussia, I could not but feel surprised at such wholesome views about the dignity of manual labor. In Prussia even the noncommissioned officer is too grand to touch anything with his own hands. One of the first rules he learns in the Prussian army tells him to leave that to the "common" soldiers, whom he "commands," and the regulation that he has to wear gloves serves to keep that rule constantly before his mind, the gloves being very evidently intended to make it impossible for him to bear a hand. One might say that this difference between those who only command and those who only do things with their hands is made the basis of the whole organization of the State. For it is in the person of the noncommissioned officer—the *unteroffizier*—that the ordinary citizen first comes in contact with the State; and then he meets him again throughout his later life, doing duty as policeman, as tax collector, and so forth, in various capacities, but never without gloves! As an officer of the reserve I once had to take part in an endless debate concerning the question whether the son of a certain Berlin hotel owner was

eligible as an officer of the reserve. There was nothing against him; his character was without blemish, and his financial circumstances were brilliant. But there was one great scruple: might it not happen, it was suggested, that in the momentary absence of a waiter he could not refrain from waiting on the guests with his own hands? And that scruple, weighed and discussed interminably *pro* and *con*, was found so insuperable that the majority finally decided against his eligibility. And now we suddenly found ourselves transported to a country where, not some unknown officer, but the first family of the State, and not the sons, but the mother and the daughters, took part in the housework with their own hands and even waited on table. I almost felt as if I had been transported back among the old-world farmers of my North-Frisian homeland with their democratic ideas about no one being the worse for working with his hands—ideas so very incorrect from the Prussian point of view.

During our stay at Appenzell we made the ascent of the Säntis with a friendly and patient guide. Our next stay was at Brunnen, on the Lake of Lucerne, where we found ideal quarters, with a magnificent view, at the house of an artist.

Our numerous excursions by water and by land included ascents of mountains such as the Rigi, the Fionalpstock, and the St. Gotthard. We also took part in a Wilhelm Tell festival at Altdorf, where the stately monument of the national hero was about to be unveiled. The celebration began with the performance of a play, written for the occasion and acted in the market place; after that, addresses were delivered by the president of the Swiss Federation and by the *Landammann* of Schwyz, both of them using simple words that went straight to the heart. The military show was of course not likely to impress anyone accustomed to witnessing military parades in Berlin; but the whole proceedings produced the pleasing impression of a community kept together not by armed force but by the age-old forces of usage, tradition, and the commonweal.

Our last stay was at Grindelwald, in the Bernese Alps, where we ascended several peaks of moderate height, such as the Schei-

degg, the Lauberhorn, and the Faulhorn. There was a cloudless sky day after day, with the snowy summits of the Central Alps standing out against the deep blue; I have no other words for it but the poet's praise of the works of the Lord, surpassing our understanding and "beautiful as on creation's morn."

## 1896

I began the new year with a lecture which I delivered on January 12 in the great auditorium of the Berlin Town Hall on the occasion of the 150th anniversary of Pestalozzi's birth. The presence of the Empress Frederick tended to disturb rather than to enhance the occasion. The Minister of Public Worship and Instruction had told me only at the last moment that she was coming, adding that it was absolutely imperative for her to leave punctually at one o'clock so that she could take luncheon with the Emperor at the Royal Castle. I had only jotted down a brief outline of my lecture, as I wanted to forestall any temptation to read it off, so that it was quite feasible for me to shorten or lengthen it at will. I soon found that I should have to compress it very severely in order not to overstep the stated hour, and the Minister, who sat right in front of me, rather gratuitously kept reminding me of it by repeatedly looking at his watch in an impatient manner, which finally induced me to pull out my own watch somewhat demonstratively and to place it on the desk before me. All this was hardly calculated to create an expansive mood in the speaker, and I was glad enough when I heard myself utter the last word punctually at one o'clock; and—sure enough—at that same moment the exalted lady arose and walked out. I really think it would be in everyone's interest if such "all-highest" personages, who are so sorely pressed for time, would withhold the honor of their presence on such occasions. The whole lecture had become so distasteful to me that I did not even care to revise it for publication—not that I think it was any great loss to the world.

I had my work cut out for me in that year, having not only to complete the second volume of my "History of Higher Educa-

tion," but also to prepare a new revised edition of my "Ethics;" it was the fourth, and it appeared in the same summer.

My lectures and seminar exercises never ceased to give me pleasure. Among the students with whom I became more intimately acquainted in that year was especially Theodor Lorenz, a highly gifted student in his later semesters. During several terms a blind student from Frankfurt, Hohenmacher by name, attended my seminar; he kept up with the proceedings without difficulty. Two brothers Horneffer also came as guests to our house; one of them afterward took a post at the Nietzsche Archive. An examination for a scholarship before the dean of the faculty led to my first acquaintance with Willy Kabitz, a little Berliner with an unusually keen and agile mind. There also was a Count von Dohna, a man who was already getting on in years: he had resigned from active service with the rank of major. He took part in my seminar for a considerable time with great zeal and insight. Among other names, I might mention here those of Baensch and Mayer, both of them now *privatdozenten* at the University of Strassburg. Then there was an Alsatian, Albert Schweitzer, whom Curtius had recommended to us; he often came to our house and is now also a *privatdozent* at Strassburg.<sup>28</sup>

In April we spent a week in the land of the old Franks, making Würzburg, Laura's real home town, our headquarters. Among our most unforgettable experiences was an excursion to Rothenburg ob der Tauber. I doubt that there is any more picturesque old town to be found in the whole world. It is really like a fairy tale, this coming-to-life of the sixteenth century in the nineteenth! The old walls and towers, the stone stairs and passages—one fancies that the bells might ring out at any moment, summoning the burghers to man the ramparts.

The greater part of the summer vacation we spent climbing in the Tyrolese Alps, part of the time in the company of Professor Ebbinghaus; but our enjoyment was greatly marred by rainy

<sup>28</sup> As a matter of fact, Albert Schweitzer did not come to Berlin until 1899, as appears from his book entitled *Aus meinem Leben und Denken* (1931). Unfortunately Paulsen did not live to witness the unexampled later achievements of Schweitzer's life.

weather. The last fine week we spent with the Kaftans and Professor Kautzsch <sup>20</sup> on the Obersalzberg in the vicinity of Berchtesgaden.

On October 22 dear old Aunt Grete died, at Langenhorn. Already in the spring of the preceding year her life had been endangered by illness and failing strength. I had gone to Langenhorn on that occasion, and, when I stepped to her bedside quite unexpectedly, she cheerfully greeted me with the words: "Why! I'd have been less surprised to see Death coming than you!" And now death came after all more or less unexpectedly; Laura had quite recently stayed a few days with her, with our own Grete, and they had found her weak, but calm and cheerful in her way. Her whole life was spent in serving others. As a young girl she was in the service of Pastor Iversen, first at Enge, then at Neukirchen, in Angeln. She never married, but lived with my grandparents and after their death with her brother; she was a true aunt—a sister to his wife and a mother to his children. In the end she came to my parents and made it possible for my mother to spend the last years of her life in quiet leisure. Then she tended and nursed my father to his last day. I have never heard her utter a harsh or angry word. She did feel hurt sometimes; but the only retort she ever made was a sad glance from her eyes. Always ready to help wherever she could, she never expected gratitude and for that reason met with gratitude and affection all through her life. Her brother's children could not have felt more attached to her had she been their mother; and in the same way she was a mother to me. So I am very happy to think that she was able to spend the last years of her life at our house, enjoying a peaceful and serene old age. There is a local saying in those parts which I have sometimes heard from her lips: "I am sitting here like a pearl set in gold!"

When we returned to the empty house after her funeral, I had the feeling that an epoch had come to an end in my life. Until then I had always looked upon the house of my parents as my real home. Every year I had returned to it for a new contact with

<sup>20</sup> Emil Kautzsch (1841-1910), the great authority on the Old Testament.



the earth and my own youth. Now the house stood desolate and was bound to pass into other hands ere long. I had once thought of keeping it in my possession; but without inhabitants the place would have been a wilderness in no time, and leased to outsiders it could have no interest for us. So, there in my own homeland, we now felt like strangers who did not belong. Moreover, with the death of Aunt Grete there had passed away the last of my race who had seen my own youth from above, so to speak; and also the last living link of an unbroken tradition about our family and forebears. During the last years of her life, when I was alone with her in the evening, she had talked to me many a time about my mother's girlhood days, about my father's entrance into the family circle, and about his brother's boyhood.

All this now lay behind me like a book that has been closed for good. We felt sad at heart as we selected some pieces of furniture and other things to take away with us to our own home, where they now serve to remind me of the days of my youth.

## 1897

The year 1897 was my Kant year. I had undertaken to write a volume on Kant for Frommann's series *Klassiker der Philosophie*, but had hitherto been prevented by the pressing work on the second edition of the "History of Higher Education." The moment that was off my hands, I started on the preliminaries for the book on Kant and completed it in that same year; it appeared at Easter in 1898. My purpose was twofold. On the one hand I wanted to give my own interpretation of Kant's philosophy in the form of a complete presentation of his system; on the other, I wished to explain my personal attitude toward his views. In giving an account of his philosophy I wanted above all to lay stress on the positive ideas contained in his system, in contradistinction to the widespread negative interpretation by which Kant's philosophy is either limited to the doctrine that reality is unknowable or reduced to a new method—the "transcendental" method—of solving epistemologic problems. It had been my firm conviction.

ever since I had begun to study Kant's philosophy in 1873, that Kant had not only a positive theory of knowledge to offer but also a positive metaphysics—a metaphysics resting on a totally different foundation, to be sure, from that of the old dogmatic metaphysics, which operated with "pure" concepts. Each time I had dealt with Kant in my seminar exercises I had become more confirmed in that conviction. In defending my views I meant above all to point out the contrast between the historical and evolutionary standpoints of the nineteenth century and the formalistic and rationalistic standpoint of Kant and the eighteenth century, in order to show that it is no longer possible for us to think exactly as Kant did at any one point. I meant to break the spell in which so many minds are held by the formalistic presentation of his system in order to deliver Kant's real thoughts from the bondage of that formalism and to show that they can be of vital interest to us in our own days.

This renewed occupation with Kant also led me to write two rather extensive articles on his philosophy. The first one, entitled: "Kant, the Philosopher of Protestantism," was written during the winter of 1898–99 and appeared in the May number of Vaihinger's *Kantstudien*; the second one bore the title: "Kant's Attitude towards Metaphysics," and it was published in the February number of the same journal in 1900. This latter article, like many another, came to me during a walk; I was on my way from Starnberg to the old Benedictine monastery of Andechs, and by the time I arrived at my destination I had a complete outline of the essay in all its parts on a piece of paper. It seems to me that in this article the general character of Kant's philosophy, more especially his positive attitude toward a metaphysical *weltanschauung*, has been demonstrated in a particularly convincing manner. All the different parts of his system—his epistemology, his metaphysics, his ethics, his natural philosophy, and his philosophy of history—gravitate in the same direction toward the standpoint of objective idealism. If by this interpretation Kant is placed close to Plato and Hegel, those are the neighbors whom he would have chosen himself.

Two publications, by Tönnies and by Kaftan,<sup>80</sup> induced me to write an article on Nietzsche for the Sunday supplement of the *Vossische Zeitung*. It brought me a charming letter from Theodor Fontane, and from then to the time of his death we continued to correspond and to exchange our writings. I have a number of his books which I thus received from his own hand. I had always greatly appreciated his "Wanderings in the March of Brandenburg"; but it was not until now that I read any of his novels. "Before the Storm" was the first; we read it aloud on the Kurische Nehrung, when we visited the shores of the Baltic that summer. The circumstantial account of the setting, the epic abundance of human characters—as in Homer's epics, new persons whom the poet knows are continually entering upon the scene, just as in a dark night star after star shines out from the void—and also the leisurely tone of importance: it all makes this novel an achievement of the first rank. Later I also read "Effi Briest," "Irrecoverable," "Stechlin," and other novels of his, some of them a second time. Fontane is a past master of the art of making his characters reveal themselves by their own conversation; and even when there really is not anything in what they have to say and when nothing is happening, one likes to listen to them, as in "Stechlin." His "Effi Briest" I regard as a masterpiece in every respect; the way in which the conflict is brought about, the portrayal of the situation, the suggestive treatment of the action, the tragical solution, the inner development of the characters—it would hardly be possible to surpass the force of it all. His "Poems and Ballads" has also become one of my favorite books.

For my spring excursion I went in April with Rudi to Weimar, where we picked the first violets and anemones in Goethe's garden. After paying a visit to the Schiller house and to the castle, we proceeded to Eisenach to see the Wartburg and explore the beautiful surroundings. The "Dragon's Gorge" made such a deep impression on the fourteen-year-old lad that we had to see it a second time the next day. During the remaining part of our week

<sup>80</sup> Kaftan, *Das Christentum und Nietzsches Herrenmoral*, 1897. Ferdinand Tönnies, *Der Nietzsche-Kultus*, 1897.

we roamed about the Thuringian Forest. At Friedrichroda we came across Professor Weber—he occupied the chair of history at the Posen Academy—and spent an enjoyable evening with him. My attention had first been drawn to him by an unfavorable review of the first edition of my “History of Higher Education,” which he had published in the *Preussische Jahrbücher*. Afterward, on reading some of my other publications, he had changed his mind and called on me one day to tell me that he now regretted having written that review. In this way friendly relations had been established between us. Making the ascent of the Inselsberg, we found it still partly under ice and snow. At Georgenthal we came past the church just in time for the Good Friday sermon; those were paths I had followed many a time with Emilie seventeen years before, and I now had her youngest child walking by my side. Being thus thrown with him, I found opportunities for many a good talk; and I also found that, seen with the eyes of youth, even places that had long been familiar could still yield new impressions.

At Whitsuntide we gathered up courage to go to the Harz Mountains together with Mädi and all three children, and we enjoyed some of the sunniest days of all our wanderings. On Whitsun Eve the approaching holiday caused so much noise and unrest at our hotel that it was impossible to get any sleep; so we started out at three o'clock in the morning. A glorious day was dawning, and, since there was a heavy dew, the meadows were decked out in twofold splendor: the gorgeous colors of their own flowers and the sparkling radiance of the dewdrops.

Our summer journey, from the middle of August to the middle of September, took us to East Prussia. With the book on Kant occupying my mind, I wanted for once to breathe the air in which he had lived at Königsberg. We made Kranz, the little seaside resort on the northern coast of the Samland peninsula, our headquarters and went by train to Königsberg whenever we felt so inclined. It did not make any great impression on us; the streets were narrow and dirty—suggestive of the eastern frontier—the more so, as a new sewerage system was in course of construc-

tion. But I was interested in the old university, the cathedral with the *Stoa Kantiana*, containing Kant's tomb, the old castle with the Muscovite Hall, the Friedrichs-Gymnasium, and the old canals with their ships and their bridges; Kant must often have walked along them, immersed in deep thought. I wonder whether my greatgrandfather, Paul Frercksen, ever set eyes on him there; he sailed his ship more than once from Amsterdam to Königsberg in the fifties and sixties of the eighteenth century. We also heard genuine reverberations of that older Prussia at the house of Mr. Brinckmann, the deputy mayor of Königsberg: sharp criticisms of doings in the political world; outbursts of hatred exploding every moment against the bloated *Junker* class, flaunting their pretensions and demands as masters, demands upon everyone but themselves—one might have heard it all just like that from Kant's own lips. It really is curious how that assertive tone seems inherent in the Prussian dialect; every word comes out hard and sharp—flinging down the gauntlet, as it were. What a contrast, as compared either to the pliant and supple utterance of a Saxon hailing from Dresden or to the bluff and blustering way of the Bavarian or to the even cadences of the inhabitants of northwestern Germany, who rely altogether on the cogency of the underlying reasons. In the Baltic provinces one finds an exaggerated form of that East Prussian manner and mentality: the long-time masters on that Slavic soil have become used to expressing themselves only in words of command. Kant's own diction has that sound all through: one can hear it through the printed lines. He presents his thoughts in the form of a pointed juristic deduction like a pleading lawyer—always ready to anticipate objections, to forestall exceptions, and to demolish refutations by a sharp rebuttal. His polemics, too, sound like the inveighing speech of an attorney who does not want to listen or to consider, but only to carry his point. His humor, or rather his wit, is stinging like that of Voltaire, not good-natured like that of Fechner. All this came home to my mind very vividly in the keen air of the East Prussian capital.

Kranz itself also had interesting sights to offer. The population

of eastern Europe in its various forms was represented by typical examples: Russians, Poles, and above all Jews, in their grimy and shiny caftans, with long beards and the hair falling down in ringlets over the forehead. There is a fine beach, with larger waves than one often sees on the Baltic; and in addition to the dune country, including the Kurische Nehrung, there are steep cliffs crowned with fine beech woods. We also visited Moditten, the idyllic forester's house where Kant wrote his "Thoughts on the Beautiful and the Sublime," and Juditten, the birthplace of Gottsched, the polemic and didactic champion of German literature.

On our way home we broke our journey to see the Marienburg, the old castle of the Teutonic knights, rising like a mountain out of the flat country, and then stayed a few days at Danzig. The old city was still encircled by its fortifications, their demolition having only just begun. I know of no other town—aside from Rothenburg—that presents such a homogeneous and harmonious aspect. In the narrow streets, lined with tall gabled houses, with their arcades and stoops, one meets the seventeenth century face to face; I should not have been greatly astonished if that grim and proud commercial magnate, old Schopenhauer, the philosopher's father, had suddenly crossed my path. Stettin, on the other hand, presented the picture of a rapidly rising modern city; one could see that it was going to leave Danzig and Königsberg far behind.

## 1898

After my book on Kant had come out, in March, I felt ready for my usual spring outing; with Laura I spent a week or two exploring the beautiful country of the Moselle, almost the only one of our great German rivers that had so far remained practically unknown to me. Starting from Weilburg, we followed the Lahn downstream to Ems, not without stopping to visit the cathedral of Limburg, towering on its height, which had already arrested my steps more than once. Then we made Moselkern on the Elz our headquarters for a few days. Eltz Castle is a sight which takes one by surprise: coming from Münster-Maifeld, where Charle-

magne used to hold muster of his forces, one suddenly finds oneself on the brink of the Elz valley and faces a steep rock rising from its depth, with the small castle on its narrow top, all complete with draw-bridge and battlements. It is still inhabited by three different branches of the same old family, each of them occupying its allotted space. In the vineyards along the Moselle, which we then followed upstream, many hands were busy; baskets filled with manure were being carried up from the valley by hand or on the back, and then their contents were cut up and chopped—to prepare the ground for the excellent vintage of 1898. At Trier (Trèves) the Porta Nigra, the famous gate built by the old Romans, impressed us greatly. We had just seen the new monument erected to Emperor William I on the “German Corner,”<sup>81</sup> at Coblenz, and its pedestal had seemed clumsy and small to us—as though vainly striving to hold its own among the surrounding natural heights. That old gate of the Romans, on the other hand, looked big and yet light, even elegant and graceful, without detracting from the stern character in keeping with a fortress. During our stay at Metz we visited all the battlefields of the Franco-Prussian war of 1870–71, from Gravelotte to St. Privat, about which Sergeant Dörschlag had so often talked. In Metz itself we were surprised by the many German names over the store windows and by hearing people speak German everywhere; the stupid exodus of the French had made it easy for the German element to gain the upper hand.

I will not leave unmentioned that on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of Schleswig-Holstein's rising against Denmark I delivered the commemorative address before a large gathering of Schleswig-Holsteiners at Kroll's assembly rooms, on March 24. It was a total loss—if for no other reason, because my voice was quite unable to hold the attention of that huge drinking and smoking and chattering crowd. But, apart from that, what I had to say was not for them. All that the occasion really called for were some high-sounding commonplaces, to be received with noisy cheers. But that is not in my line: I can address myself only to the in-

<sup>81</sup> Formed by the confluence of the Rhine and the Moselle.

tellest; I do not know how to stir up people's nerves and instincts—an art that is indispensable to a public orator.

I had brought home an essay from our excursion to the Moselle country. When I put the third volume of O. Willmann's "History of Idealism" into my knapsack to have something to read, I had had no thought that it would prove particularly exciting. But I had scarcely begun to turn the pages when I saw what the author had set himself to do; his purpose was a systematic vituperation of modern philosophy as a product of unbelief and arbitrary speculation. I resolved at once not to remain silent, and the outcome was an article entitled "The Latest Court of Inquisition on Modern Philosophy," which appeared in the August number of the *Deutsche Rundschau*. I had repeatedly shown that I was free from any prejudice against the Middle Ages and the Catholic religion; I had always done my best to give a fair historical account. But for that very reason it now seemed right and proper for me to show that neither was I willing to deliver up our modern age to judgment and condemnation from an entirely unhistorical point of view, with no guide but schematic dogmatism. Perhaps my article helped to sober the judgment of the author and his panegyrists.

In this connection I might mention another article I wrote in the following year in reply to a lecture by Baron von Hertling which I had read on my way to Starnberg, in Bavaria. My article was entitled "Catholicism and Scientific Research," its purpose being to reassert and define the claims of scientific research against any restrictions in favor of church dogma. Similar considerations guided me in composing a short essay on "Fichte in His Struggle for Freedom of Thought," in commemoration of his expulsion from Jena a hundred years earlier; it was written in October of the same year (1898) and appeared in the April (1899) number of the *Deutsche Rundschau*. My views, which had also found expression in my book on Kant and in my essay on "Kant, the Philosopher of Protestantism," met with considerable opposition and led to a controversy with Father von Nostiz-Rieneck, S.J. My adversaries' last word was invariably to the effect that unrestricted



liberty of speech was bound to lead to revolution. This same argument had been set forth in a book entitled: "From Atheism to Anarchism"; its author, N. Siegfried, gave a highly edifying account of the life of a student who had been robbed of his faith and his conscience by certain Berlin professors, these being mentioned by name.

Another public controversy in which I found myself involved concerned the Semitic question. In speaking about nationality in the third edition of my "Ethics" I had added some remarks about the Jews and anti-Semitism, which drew embittered attacks upon me. All I had intended was to make it clear that we had to deal here with a very genuine difficulty, a difficulty felt as such even by men whose sentiments were anything but anti-Semitic. I wanted to point out that the rate at which the Jews were pouring into the academic professions foreshadowed a sort of monopoly, and that long before this monopoly could become a reality the elementary instincts of the indigenous nationalities were bound to be roused to such a pitch as to make a catastrophe inevitable. There was only one way, I added, to forestall this course of events, and that was genuine assimilation, or in other words: the disappearance of the Jews as such through absorption by the other nations. That is still my view today; it is the only alternative: either absorption by whatever European nation is concerned, or a return to their former status as protected residents. This latter is the real aim of anti-Semitism, as far as its adherents have any clear idea of their aims at all; and Jewish nationalism, as recently organized under the name of Zionism, is a movement following the same direction, whether its votaries know it or not. These objective considerations were denounced by Jewish writers and associations as an insufferable assault on the Jewish people. I thus enjoyed the distinction of being attacked on two fronts. On the one hand, the ultramontane extremists among the Catholics recommended me to the serious attention of the government in *Reichstag* speeches and in various publications as being an atheist and anarchist; so long as I was tolerated at the University of Berlin, it was futile, they said, to fight the Social Democrats. On the

other hand, Jewish speakers inveighing against me in the "Association of German Citizens of the Mosaic Faith" stated it as their conviction that, so long as a man such as I was professor of ethics at the University of Berlin, there was no hope that anti-Semitism, that "disgrace of the century," could be wiped out. Through good report and evil report! I hasten to add, however, that there are Jews among my personal friends, and that they have taken no exception to what I have said.

More favorably received was a short article I published in the *Vossische Zeitung* "On the Overburdening of the Upper Teachers." It was the first of a series of such articles in which I espoused the cause of the upper teachers, the hardest-worked and at the same time the worst-paid and least-respected of all German officials. A number of articles which I wrote for W. Rein's "Encyclopedic Handbook of Pedagogics" also attracted considerable attention, the titles being: "Enlightenment," "Education," "Humanism and Realism," "Philosophical Propaedeutics," and "Examinations."<sup>32</sup> Especially the article entitled *Bildung* was reprinted many times and also translated into other languages. I myself took particular pleasure in writing an essay in which I endeavored to bring out a trait in the personality of Jesus which seems to have been overlooked. It was published in the October number of the *Christliche Welt* under the title: "The Element of Irony in the Attitude and Utterance of Jesus." As far as I can see, it has received little attention.

On our summer excursion to the Tyrolese Alps we first suffered from excessive heat, which made walking and climbing very tiring, and then rain set in. So we returned to Starnberg, where the Mauderers had settled after his retirement from office, and stayed for three weeks. We became very much attached to the beautiful surroundings in the foothills of the Bavarian Alps, especially the Starnberger Lake with its magnificent scenery. To bathe in it is one of the greatest physical delights I know; nor could there be a

<sup>32</sup> *Aufklärung, Bildung, Humanismus und Realismus, Philosophische Propädeutik, and Prüfungen. Philosophische Propädeutik* is the preparatory instruction in philosophy (mainly logic and psychology) given during the two final years at the *gymnasium*. *Bildung* means "education" in its more general sense, akin to "cultivation."

greater treat to the eye than to row on it in the evening and watch the countless iridescent tints and shades merging into one another on its surface, with the red-roofed white steeples of the village churches standing out against the luminous sky.

## 1899

The year 1899 began with a little *affaire* at our university. Writing in his monthly review, the *Preussische Jahrbücher*, Professor Delbrück had subjected the Germanization policy of Herr von Köller, the new governor of Schleswig-Holstein, to very severe criticism. For this he was to be summoned before a disciplinary court for nonjudicial officials, with a view to his dismissal. In an article which appeared in the *Deutsche Wochenschrift* I tried to show how grotesquely improper this procedure was, making no secret of the fact, however, that I was not prepared to identify myself with all the terms my colleague had used, a reservation which induced him to heap bitter reproaches on me. Whether my article made any impression on his adversaries I cannot say; but, however that may be, the case was terminated in a very unlooked-for manner. Professor Delbrück was condemned to pay a fine; but before he had time to comply he had acquired political merit by standing up for the government's naval policy in public mass meetings held in Berlin. This merit was regarded as important enough not only to counterbalance the fine, which was remitted by way of grace, but even to yield a little surplus: he was decorated with the Prussian order of the Red Eagle (of the third class). It shows how closely merits and misdeeds can dwell together, and how a conscientious government hastens to take note of and acknowledge either in the appropriate manner. Due reward and punishment have probably never followed a deed with greater precision—one might call it government in telegraphic style.

Two further articles of a political nature, entitled "Parties and Party Politics" and "Politics and Ethics," appeared in the March number of the *Preussische Jahrbücher* and in the April number of the *Christliche Welt*, respectively. In these articles I endeavored

to define the nature of political parties and the interrelations between the claims of politics and those of ethics.

In March my beloved old teacher Professor Steinthal died. Death was a release to him from a life that had been losing its zest for a number of years, as he was no longer able to take pleasure in his studies and activities. His mental powers had been impaired by a slight stroke, although physically he had recovered and was still fairly vigorous. It was very painful to see him, always a busy man, still trying to get this or that done and always having to give it up in painful resignation, his mind being no longer willing to do his bidding. In the preceding year dear old Brodersen had died at Langenhorn; I am inclined to think that they were the two teachers who have exerted the greatest personal influence on me. I dedicated an "In Memoriam" to each of them, and a third one to my old friend A. Reichensperger, in the form of a review of Pastor's biography in the *Deutsche Literaturzeitung* (February, 1900).

At Easter we made an excursion to the Harz Mountains, and at Whitsuntide I spent a few delightful days with Reuter and Tönies at Gremsmühlen, after which I went to Kiel, to deliver a lecture at the Evangelical Social Congress on the great historical changes in the ideal of education from the Middle Ages to our own times, with special regard to present conditions and the demands of the future. Whereas in the preceding year it had been so difficult and distasteful to me to speak at Kroll's in Berlin, I here found it easy and pleasant enough to speak before an audience that was willing to listen attentively and patiently. It has always been so with me: one single disgruntled individual in the audience can spoil the mood I need for my pleasure and success in giving expression to my thoughts. If I get very nervous I may even address myself to the disturber and ask him to leave.

I made many new friends at Kiel and met many old ones, among them, to my great delight, Pastor Thomsen, my old teacher. A visit to the Imperial Navy Yard proved of great interest, not only because of the technical wonders, but even more so on account of the provisions made for the workers, especially their charming dwellings, with roses or other flowers in front, and vegetables,

berries and fruit trees at the back; the tenants paying M. 405 a year on the rental-purchase system. Mr. Franzius, the inspector of the Navy Yard, told us he had asked the workers whether they would rather have beer sold to them at net cost or pay 10 *pfennige* per bottle, as they did everywhere else, adding that in the latter case the surplus would be used for the erection of homes. A majority vote had brought about this happy result. There also was a rest house in a beautiful park, with refreshment and reading rooms. I have never been so impressed with the efficiency of our modern big industry, even in the matter of the living conditions of the workers. A rationally organized utilization of their income makes a standard of living possible which is far above the average enjoyed by small artisans, not to speak of day laborers. And these workers also have more leisure and liberty than they have ever known before.—I cannot leave unmentioned a few unforgettable days which we spent with the children and with our old friend Belger at Tangermünde and Stendal.<sup>33</sup> Belger was beaming with good humor and in a very cheerful and chatty mood—of which a field of red poppies glowing in the sunshine just outside of Tangermünde seemed a fitting symbol! It was destined to be our last outing together.

In the summer vacation we went south. From Regensburg (Ratisbon) we visited the Walhalla and Kehlheim, both of which left us rather cold; I think it was because they lack any content in keeping with the sumptuous exterior: like temples without a holy of holies.<sup>34</sup> After spending some days roaming about the mountains of the Bohemian Forest, with its mighty firs, we proceeded to Passau, one of the most beautifully situated of all German cities; our eyes never ceased to be enchanted by the view from the high northern banks of the Danube across three river courses and the long land spit formed by two of them, the Danube and the Inn. And a hostelry like "The Blackamoor" one also finds only in such old German towns of moderate size. We stayed there for a few days and explored the surroundings in all directions. Then after

<sup>33</sup> See p. 318.

<sup>34</sup> Both the "Walhalla," near Regensburg, and the "Hall of Liberation," near Kehlheim, were erected by Ludwig I of Bavaria—the former as a German "Hall of Fame," the latter to glorify the victories over Napoleon during 1813-15.

a brief rest at Starnberg, we started on a long tour through the southern Tyrol, reveling in the view from many a peak. Bidding goodbye to this beautiful country, we promised ourselves that it should not be our last visit; sunshine, light, and color give it a great advantage over the rainy north.

## 1900

In April appeared a volume of collected essays under the title: "Schopenhauer, Hamlet, Mephistopheles"—with an appendix: "The Element of Irony in the Utterance of Jesus." All of them had first been published in the *Deutsche Rundschau*, and I now brought them out together, because their ultimate purport is the same: to show the danger of giving oneself up to pessimistic ideas and deadening unbelief. The little volume was printed a second time in a doubled edition, but never again after that. I am still convinced that there is a good deal of worldly wisdom contained in these essays and that they deserve more attention than they have found.

In the March number of the *Preussische Jahrbücher* I published a rather extensive review of Harnack's "History of the Berlin Academy of Sciences." The respect for the achievements of that institution which found expression in my article was by no means unqualified and certainly much less absolute than my appreciation of the learning, the skill, the clarity, the profundity, and the ingeniousness of the author. One opinion which I heard about my article suggested that it was a case of sour grapes; but I very much doubt that I should have held the Academy in higher esteem if I had been a member. I have not been able to discover that membership in this corporation of scholars has ever increased the scientific efficiency or the wisdom of any of its members; nor have the achievements of the Academy, as far as I am aware of them, sustained my faltering belief in the "organization of science and learning on the analogy of modern big business." The edition of Kant's works, for example, could have been brought out by a competent publishing firm, collaborating with some able young

scholar, in half the time and with more sense and consistency, had some agency placed M. 20,000 at their disposal. Waste of labor and waste of money—that is all I can see in this modern organization on a large scale. I am willing to admit that a more favorable judgment may be justified where projects in the natural sciences or editions of inscriptions are concerned. But one danger will always remain: once money has been provided, it clamors for utilization; and if it cannot be turned to good account it is spent anyway, no matter how unprofitably—one need only think of the *Monumenta Germaniae Paedagogica*. And for the individual scholar there will always be the danger that the spontaneity and freedom of his productive urge will be lessened: the necessity of producing something for the Academy from time to time, something that can lay claim to the highest standards of scientific perfection, far from stimulating his creative spirit, is much more likely to repress it.

I absented myself from the bicentenary celebration of the Academy: we spent a month in Italy from the middle of March to the middle of April. The days we devoted to Verona and Venice were completely spoiled by cold and rainy weather and by miserable bronchial colds, contracted while visiting the unheated collections and churches with the winter chill still in them. And the cities themselves, including their inhabitants, which had impressed me as gay and colorful when I first saw them in autumn, now seemed unspeakably dilapidated, damp, wretched and squalid, with the gray sky above the dirt of their narrow streets. Nor was there any sign of spring or of flowers in the open country. The wide plain looked just as wintry and bleak and wet as the marshes of my Frisian homeland at the same season. Northern Italy with its towns must be seen in autumn, when the air is warm and the sun casts its golden splendor over the drab streets and glorifies even the rags and tatters of the beggars. At that time the inhabitants, too, who now stood about, their teeth chattering with the cold, can be seen cheerfully working or amusing themselves in the open air and enjoying life in a harmless way. By way of Bologna, which impressed us after Venice like a rich and proud patrician's daughter in comparison to a decrepit old beggarwoman, we proceeded to Florence,

where we stayed more than a week. All the while we continued to suffer from the inclement weather and to nurse our colds. From an otherwise very obliging landlady in the Via del Presto we had rented a room of such enormous dimensions that, if we stood in opposite corners, we almost had to shout to make ourselves understood. The tiny stove, into which half an apronful of wood was put at a charge of one lira, was about as effective as it would be to burn a match in a room of normal size. Even after putting on all the clothing we had with us, we found it almost impossible to stay at home; nor did we fare better in the galleries and churches. Out of doors it was more endurable, so we spent the greater part of our time on excursions to Fiesole, Boboli, San Miniato, the Certosa, Oliveto, Arcetri, and the Villa Petroja. But any hopes of finding flowers and shrubs in bloom were again doomed to disappointment; the only flowers we saw were cut flowers offered for sale on the bridges over the Arno. It goes without saying that, all hardships notwithstanding, we studied the Uffizi Gallery and the other palaces and churches and convents with German thoroughness.

Not until we came to Santa Margherita on the Italian Riviera on April 4 did we begin to feel that we were in Italy, the land of spring. We filled our lungs with the balmy air rising from the sun-warmed bays of the sea, while feasting our eyes upon the picture of the steeply rising Ligurian coast, bathed in bright sunshine; and so it did not take long for our sore respiratory passages to heal. I have never beheld grand scenery in such overwhelming abundance; we enjoyed the beauties of nature with all our senses, roaming through olive and chestnut woods carpeted with violets, primroses, and anemones or making our way through thickets of white-flowering, sweet-scented heather as tall as a man. We climbed to many a height, to revel in the entrancing view along the coast and of the mountains in the distance, among them Mont' Allegro, Sant' Ambrogio, where Nietzsche conceived his Zarathustra dreams, like inspirations from on high. Adjoining the attractive garden of our own Hotel Métropole there was a park of a Genoese marchese, which was open to the public; it had been skillfully landscaped, especially along the much-indented coastline; grottoes and caves,



natural archways and tumbled-down masses of rock, calling up memories of Preller's pictures of scenes from the *Odyssey* in striking reality. After a week's stay we departed from this little paradise in the hope that we might see it again—a hope that was destined to be fulfilled, but not exactly as we had conceived it.

Genoa and Milan were our next objectives. Genoa *la superba* deserves its name; one should see it from the lighthouse in the evening, steeply climbing as it does from the harbor right up to the mountains, with snow-capped peaks of the Alps and Apennines near the margins of the picture. Milan has no such proud beauty to offer, but all the more history and art. Its cathedral is meant to be admired, not from without, but from within, which more or less holds good for all Gothic churches: the view of the exterior always gives one the impression of embarrassment, the more so, the more the architect has taken pains to conceal it. We visited it on Easter Sunday and found the enormous structure filled with a festive throng; but there was no crowding. It was an unwonted spectacle to me to see the archbishop appear in the pulpit with a retinue of clerics, who remained by his side, forming his setting during his sermon—just like adjutants of secular majesties. The Catholic Church neglects no opportunity to influence the mind by way of the senses, nor is it mistaken in relying especially on the eyes: the greatness and importance of a man's position within the institution he represents could hardly be demonstrated more effectively than by providing such a setting for his public appearances. How tedious and ineffective in comparison is the way through the ears and the understanding! That is how the Middle Ages always figured it out; the *Rector* of a university, for example, never appeared in public without followers, and even the simple *Magister* made his *scholares* walk behind him.

On our way to Milan we had broken our journey at Pavia, where we made Italy's acquaintance in one of her less engaging moods. On the point of entering the local train for the Certosa, I was hustled by two men, one of whom wedged himself into the train right in front of me, while the other pressed against me from behind. Engaged as I was in putting our bags on the rack, I had paid

no further attention to them; but scarcely had we taken our seats when I wanted to look at my watch and was horrified to discover that it had disappeared, together with the chain. I got out and appealed to the *capo di stazione*, who listened to me with complete equanimity. Two *carabinieri*, following his instructions, walked up and down along the train just once, looking into the railway carriages, and that was all; my watch and chain were gone. They had evidently been stolen by those two men who had taken me between them as I entered the train: while the one in front, getting out again, wedged me in and pushed me backward, the one behind had pulled the watch from my pocket. No doubt they had hurried back to the town, which was crowded with people attending a great fair for hiring servants. On our arrival at Milan I called at the German consulate to ask for advice concerning my loss, amounting to M. 250 or so. Here again the matter was treated with much greater equanimity than I had shown in stating my trouble; such things happened every day, I was told, and the best thing I could do was to let the matter rest there. I might publish an advertisement and offer a reward; perhaps I could recover the watch in that way. I departed uncomforted and decided to take my loss without any dealings with the Camorra; but some bitterness lingered in my mind for a long time—perhaps not so much on account of the loss itself as of the lamentably comic figure I must have cut in the hands of those robbers. Besides, I could not help blaming myself and feeling that I had perhaps got no more than I deserved. For one thing, I had cursed the watch on that very day and threatened to throw it into the river Po because of its nasty old trick of stopping for ten minutes, then going on again, which had put us to great inconvenience. And then I had exhibited it to public view by setting it by the large clock in the railroad station: the two scoundrels watching me had no doubt thought that I was “asking for it!”

This little experience made such an impression on me that to this day I never get into a crowd or enter a railway station without involuntarily buttoning up my coat. It shows how effective such lessons are. On the other hand, I can never look at an Italian police-

man without seeing again those two faultlessly attired gentlemen, pacing up and down at the station of Pavia, with their peace of mind so completely undisturbed. It seems to me that the Italian people might save the cost of maintaining all these dressed-up gentlemen without any loss to public security—or rather: without greatly increasing the existing insecurity. And the same might be said of the army maintained by the Italian people: it would hardly be a great loss to Italy's military position if the soldiers were told to go home and do some useful work. I never ceased to be astonished to see wherever we went—at Venice, at Florence, at Genoa—larger or smaller groups of soldiers, handsomely attired, with white collars and cuffs, sauntering along the street. Do these gentlemen ever go through any military drill? And what is it like? In Berlin soldiers are seen in the street only when marching to the training ground in rank and file or in their duck suits when they attend to other business. Even in the capital a soldier going for a walk is an unknown figure, unless it be on a Sunday afternoon.

There is another bad symptom: the glorification of robbers as popular heroes. Of course one must not forget that for four centuries the Italian people have not known any other national heroes—I mean of the warlike kind—than *condottieri* and robbers. But it remains a reprehensible trait for all that. When we were on the Riviera, the papers were full of the feats and ruses of a notorious robber, and when he finally escaped the most heartfelt sympathy was voiced in the press as well as among the public.

On our return journey we spent a few heavenly days on the Lago Maggiore: everywhere light and color and flowers, and the higher mountains still in their shimmering snowcaps. Sitting high above the lake under a flowering fruit tree, which shaded us against the sun, we read Dante.

During the week of Whitsuntide, on our upper balcony, among the rustling branches of the old pine trees, I wrote my article on Ernst Haeckel as a philosopher. Delbrück had asked me to contribute it to his *Preussische Jahrbücher*, and I had promised to do so, more or less unwillingly. But the moment I began to read I felt interested, and soon I was completely absorbed in it. I had always

esteemed Haeckel as a highly imaginative, if sometimes daring, natural scientist. It was of great merit in any case to have attempted for once a concrete account of the whole evolutionary development, even if fantastic interpolations were given too much scope; at any rate, the task which the Darwinian theory had set for natural philosophy could not have been stated more clearly. In "The Riddles of the Universe," however, Haeckel pursued a totally different aim: he proposed to present a comprehensive *weltanschauung*, which was to remove all metaphysical difficulties; and then, throwing down the gauntlet to all "professional" philosophers, he claimed not only truth but also sincerity as the exclusive hallmark of his own philosophy. All philosophers, from Kant on, he averred, were dualists and liars—liars, because they knew quite well that monism was the true philosophy and only lacked the courage to profess it in public because of their "fear of the Lord." As a disciple of Kant I could not let this challenge go unanswered, and thus I wrote my article under the spur of immediate anger. I never expected it to make any impression on Haeckel. It merely caused him to give vent to his flaming indignation against "the Berlin metaphysician," not only by invectives of all kinds under his own name, but also through a rabble of journalists by which he had surrounded himself. This latter circumstance showed more than anything else how essentially untruthful, and indeed how low-minded, his whole mental attitude really was. I had foreseen it all; nevertheless I have never regretted my article, nor do I think that I wrote it quite in vain. I rather fancy it helped to fortify men like Bölsche and Wille in their interpretation of Haeckel's philosophy.

From the middle of August to the middle of September we enjoyed another stay at Starnberg, undertaking many a ramble in the Bavarian mountains and also visiting the passion play at Oberammergau, which made a great impression on me; I gave an account of it in the *Christliche Welt*.

In October I read a paper on parties and party politics at Dresden, having been invited to do so by the executive committee of the Gehe Foundation. I had a large audience of about eight hundred persons, who listened to me with patient attention for an

hour and a half or more. The lecture, which took place in the evening, was followed by an animated gathering, in the course of which I made the acquaintance of several members of the Saxon State ministry.

On our way to Dresden we had enjoyed a few beautiful October days, revisiting "Saxon Switzerland." Returning to Berlin, we learned that our dear old friend Mrs. Curtius had died. This meant that a house whose hospitality we had delighted in for thirty years was now closed to us for all time. Professor Curtius had preceded her by a few years, dying like a hero—clear and confident in mind, even at the moment of death.

In the late autumn we decided to buy a building plot at Starnberg. The rooms we had been renting had become impossible, and since no other suitable quarters seemed available we thought it best to buy land and build a home of our own. Our experience at Steglitz had been very encouraging, for we had bought at a favorable time, and our property had appreciated considerably in value. I expected the same thing to happen at Starnberg; suburban train service from Munich at reduced rates was bound to be established ere long, I thought, which would rapidly increase the number of residents and therefore also the value of land. So we bought a plot on the Mill Hill, a commanding height, near enough to the village to make housekeeping easy. It was one of our great delights during the following winter to work out the ground plan and design of a small residence to be erected there; Mädi took care of the more artistic features, while I made myself mainly responsible for the arrangement of the interior. The building proceeded so rapidly that the house was ready for occupancy by the following July. In our financial speculation, however, we had reckoned without the Bavarian Railway Administration. For although frequent train service at reduced rates was established in that direction it stopped short just about one mile outside Starnberg, which is sixteen miles from the capital—the joke being that the only suburb in all Bavaria was left without suburban train service! No doubt the financial authorities of the government thought that on Sundays people would travel to Starnberg anyway, and that the higher rate would

then bring in a larger profit; apparently it never dawned on them that in the other case many more people would be induced to live at Starnberg who would then go by train to Munich every day. Another example of their sagacity was the reply of the responsible official to my petition for an evening train to Starnberg after eleven o'clock, at which hour the last train left Munich. He had the passengers of this train counted for some evenings and found that quite a number of seats remained unoccupied, so that no one had to be left behind, from which he concluded that there was no need for a later train! That a more satisfactory train service had to precede settlement on a larger scale had evidently never dawned on that bright mind either—or shall I say numskull, as my brother-in-law called him. So the grocers and pork-butchers of Starnberg were happy in the thought that there would be no cheap suburban service to Munich which would allow people to make their daily purchases there. That sort of provincialism will never die out in Germany. But when all is said and done I think we shall not complain if Starnberg remains a quiet village on a beautiful lake.

### 1901

Hard feelings having been expressed in the Chamber of Representatives by Dr. Miquel, the Finance Minister, regarding the insatiable greed of the upper teachers and by Dr. Bosse, the Minister of Public Worship and Instruction, regarding the necessity of putting a stop to their boundless agitation, I felt prompted to publish an article in the *Nationalzeitung* (March 12, 1901), entitled: "The Complaints of the Upper Teachers," in which I defended these complaints as justified. The one thing the higher teaching profession could not tolerate, I said, was the refusal "on grounds of principle" to put it on a formal equality with the legal profession, so as to make the upper teachers rank with the judges, since that was tantamount to belittling their professional honor, which it was the duty of all professions to uphold. My article aroused immense enthusiasm on the part of the teachers and was reprinted again and again; but it caused some displeasure in min-

isterial circles. Dr. Althoff called on me and told me the Minister was going to give me a piece of his mind at the next meeting; putting the upper teachers on an equality with the judges, he added, was out of the question: that principle would never be adopted. I calmly replied that the teachers would never cease to strive for it and would, I felt convinced, attain their purpose sooner or later, since the circumstances of the case demanded it.

In April I addressed a meeting of the *Realschulmännerverein*, at Cassel, on the higher schools and universities in the twentieth century. I explained the significance of the School Reform of 1901 and enlarged upon the further steps which it made necessary. On the whole, the subsequent development has proceeded along the lines I laid down. I did not fail to stress once again the just demands of the upper teachers, insisting that those demands constituted an important part of the school reform.

Similar thoughts found expression in an article which I published in the November number of the *Preussische Jahrbücher* under the title: "The Upper Teachers and Their Position in the World of Scholarship." It met with such approval on the part of the ministry that Althoff called on me and asked me to issue a reprint, which was then sent out to the faculties of the individual schools. My line of argument was that the respect for the teaching profession rested mainly on the teachers' achievements in scholarship and that it could never be otherwise; as officials pure and simple, I pointed out, they could never hope to compete in social standing with the military and legal professions. From this point of view I hailed the government's decision to provide for the regular appropriation of a suitable amount for the purpose of encouraging original work on the part of the teachers by granting traveling stipends, providing substitutes, and the like. But I again insisted that the government could not shirk the duty of giving expression to its own estimation of the teaching profession by putting it on a footing as nearly equal as possible to that of the legal profession; and I added the further demand that the teachers must be enabled to find time and strength for original work by reducing the size of classes and the number of teaching hours.

In August we went to Starnberg, burning with impatience to see our new summer home; the Mauderers had been living in the house since July. Arriving about midnight, we could not resist the temptation of a tour of inspection from cellar to attic. The rooms impressed me as comfortable, and some of them as even stately; the space had been utilized to the best advantage. In the morning we hurried out into the garden. The land was not yet under cultivation; but we were very pleased with our wide view from the top of the Mill Hill: on the extreme right the jagged peaks of the Karwendel Mountains, where the river Isar has its source; then, hiding the lake, the Castle Hill, surmounted by the jaunty steeple of the old church and the hoary castle (now used for administrative purposes), standing out against the sky directly opposite; right below the castle, a water mill, driven by the Maisinger Brook, which flows through the meadows separating the Castle Hill from the Mill Hill; still farther to the left, opened up by the precipitous declivity of the moraine formation composing the Castle Hill, an unimpeded view along the Mill Valley, a wide expanse of brown moorland, watered by the meandering Würm (the outlet of the Starnberger Lake), and bounded on the horizon by wooded heights. For a number of days we busied ourselves laying out the garden, marking off pathways and places for arbors, selecting ornamental and fruit trees, and arranging the vegetable garden. That accomplished, we started on new excursions through the Tyrol in all directions. Once, on our way to Welsberg, we passed a chapel specially recommended to unhappy lovers; always human and kindhearted, the old church offers advice and help in all human needs and provides a special intercessor for every extremity. In the churchyard we came upon a gravestone erected to the memory of a former landlady of the "Golden Lamb" bearing the inscription:

Maria Schmid, whose maiden name was Klenk.

Born August 15, 1800. Died May 24, 1894.

A godly woman, full of love for human kind,

Caring more for others than herself.

She died the death of the just.

Guarding the good name of her house,

She did not eat her bread in idleness.



I read the inscription with moist eyes: did it not seem to have been specially written for her who was standing by my side? We put up at the "Golden Lamb" that night and found that the virtues of its former landlady were still living. I promised myself to pay another visit here ere long. So far it has not come to pass; and I doubt whether it now can ever be.

Returning to Starnberg, we found the news waiting for us that Rudi had passed the leaving examination. In mathematics he had been a complete failure; but his outstanding achievements in Greek and German had saved him. For more than six years futile attempts had been made to bring him up to requirements in mathematics; he could not have solved the simplest problem in second-year geometry. How much better it would have been to expend all that time and effort on subjects for which he had an aptitude! These personal experiences helped to mature a conviction I had entertained for years and which I now began to defend in public, that there ought to be greater freedom of movement in the instruction of the upper forms, so as to allow more scope for individual gifts and tastes, with a view to leading the student from the mechanical accomplishment of set tasks to spontaneous work and independence.

After our return to Berlin I discussed Rudi's plans for the future with him on many a ramble through the lake-studded woodlands in our vicinity. I did not quite approve of his intention to study classical philology; he hardly seemed cut out for an academic career, and I greatly doubted that he would be happy as a teacher. I should have liked to have him study medicine, for I felt sure that the steadily progressing curriculum would have a beneficial effect and that the profession of a medical practitioner would prove congenial to him; from his boyhood he had always shown a kindly and helpful disposition. I should have had no objection to his studying law, although it was not exactly what I had hoped for. But he insisted on studying philology; he assured me that teaching would give him full satisfaction and that he was quite willing to work for the Upper Teacher's Certificate in addition to the doctor's degree. He also fell in with my suggestion that he should get

through his military year at once; so we decided that he should join an artillery regiment stationed at Erlangen, where he would of course become a member of my old *burschenschaft* and find many old friends who had called on us at Steglitz. We hoped that some difficult traits in his temperamental make-up, which we had observed during his boyhood, such as a certain touchiness and perhaps occasional stubbornness, toward teachers, for example, would be readily overcome by military discipline on the one hand and self-discipline in the *burschenschaft* on the other.

But alas for our hopes and our plans!

Those cheerful September days of 1901 were the last really happy and carefree days I have known. The following years brought us grief and worry of every sort.

## 1902

The new year began with a great personal loss: to my great sorrow Professor Scheffer-Boichorst died on January 17. About ten years earlier, he had come to Berlin from Strassburg as Weizsäcker's successor in the chair of medieval history, and we had gradually drawn closer together. I suppose he found that I understood many traits in his nature which other colleagues failed to appreciate. No doubt my sympathetic attitude toward the Middle Ages and Catholicism—he came from a Catholic family of Westphalia—was another reason why he found pleasure in our intercourse. Not that he could in any sense have been called a Catholic churchman; even on his deathbed he firmly refused to receive the visit of a Catholic priest and was therefore buried without the ministrations of the Church. But neither had he any sympathy with the zealous Protestantism with which he found himself confronted on the part of other colleagues. A warm friendship had thus gradually grown up between us. He often came out to Steglitz, especially to share our midday meal on Sundays, and at such times he was always glad to meet our old friend Belger; the two old bachelors liked the free and easy intercourse of our home. In the beginning of winter his

health had begun to fail, and after Christmas all hope was abandoned. He had to go to a sanatorium, where he lay desperately ill for some weeks, until death released him. It was touching to see the affection of his students; there was nearly always one of them present, to be at the patient's every beck and call. And in truth, he had been like a father to them; while making the highest demands on their work, he had acted toward them like an older personal friend and always had an open heart for all their concerns and worries and an open purse too, if that was needed. He had a very considerable income; but the only treasures he laid up were in the hearts of the living. The speakers at his grave were two of his colleagues: Tangl<sup>85</sup> and I. And on that occasion I realized once again how little we know of one another, even when we are associated in our work and are with each other every day: several of my colleagues told me they had had no idea that we two were such intimate friends.

In April my book appeared, entitled: "The German Universities and University Study." It was an amplification of the briefer account I had furnished for the World's Fair at Chicago, in 1892, so it was published by the same firm (Ascher & Co., of Berlin). The reviews were more favorable than those of any of my former books; especially the daily papers, to which the publishers had sent copies, contained a number of highly appreciative notices. Nevertheless the sales remained far behind those of my other books, although the price was exceptionally low. The first edition of only 1,500 copies has not been sold out yet, after four years. Thus I saw again how right my friend Hertz had been in saying that reviews are of no great account and that personal recommendation by one reader to another is the best propaganda. But that was just the trouble: professors do not read books about universities, nor do students. It may also be that a moralizing little volume published by Theobald Ziegler on "The German Student at the End of the Nineteenth Century" made it rather hard for my own book, which was

<sup>85</sup> Michael Tangl was a member of the editorial board of the *Monumenta Germaniae*.

written from a theoretical point of view, was twice as large, and cost twice as much.

About that time I also wrote, at the request of the Minister, a treatise, "The Principle of Equal Standing of the Three Types of Schools of Higher Learning," which was published in a volume of collected treatises edited by W. Lexis and entitled "The Reform of the Schools of Higher Learning in Prussia." Its purpose was to describe the new organization of the higher schools in somewhat greater detail than is possible in formal curricula.

At Easter we spent a few days in the mountains of northern Bohemia, ascending the Schneeberg and other heights. At Whitsuntide I was invited to speak at Weimar before a meeting of the Goethe Society held in commemoration of the seventieth anniversary of the poet's death. So we first spent a few days with our two daughters at Ruhla, revisiting Eisenach and the Wartburg and many other familiar scenes amid the mountains of the Thuringian Forest.

My lecture on Goethe came off very well in spite of the hoarseness I had contracted in the mountains. The subject was "Goethe's Ethical Views," and I characterized them by contrasting them with those of Kant and Schopenhauer. The fountainhead of Goethe's ethical views is his faith in nature and in life. Kant's faith in "laws," coupled with his unbelief in nature is totally at variance with Goethe's inmost being. And Schopenhauer's repudiation of reality and life is either morbid or diabolical: Goethe has depicted it in Mephistopheles as the root of Satanism. Accordingly, this lecture on Goethe forms the positive counterpart, so to speak, of my collected essays "Schopenhauer, Hamlet, Mephistopheles."

In the early summer we enjoyed some delightful outings in our own Brandenburg, especially an excursion to Rheinsberg, where Mädi had been staying for some days depicting the flowering springtime in a series of charming little watercolors; even the incessant rain could not dampen our merry mood. From August to September we spent a restful month at our summer home in Starnberg. The only longer excursion we made that year was to Lake Chiem; in exploring its beautiful surroundings we made Mar-

quartstein our headquarters. Once we were benighted after a very fatiguing day, and it was pitch-dark when a farmhand drove us back over the Klobenstein Pass to Marquartstein. A few days later we retraced that same way on foot in the opposite direction and shuddered to see the precipices along which we had driven on this narrow track in the darkness of the night, with nothing to rely upon but the pathfinding instinct of our horse. From this latter excursion—it was on a glorious Sunday in September—I brought home a little essay, which I afterward published in the *Münchener Neueste Nachrichten* (September 8) under the title: "Quiet Catholicism." My reflections were written around three chapels we had passed on our way—all three of them with an entrancing view from a commanding height, preaching in the midst of nature of the things that are above nature. This article found great favor not only in Catholic but also in Protestant circles.

Starting for home, we decided to pursue our northward course along the Rhine. At Miltenberg we called on our nephew, Gustav Mauderer, who, in his capacity as district judge, was busy drawing up a new register of landed property. I had a talk with him about the unbelievable splitting up of the land into small holdings which I had observed in that region, side by side with large princely estates. Looking from Miltenberg across the River Main at the plowlands on the opposite slope, one has the impression that one is beholding a patchwork quilt, composed of thousands of tiny scraps, some of them not larger in reality than a fair-sized room. He told me that in many cases it was quite impossible to identify the owner, because it no longer paid to defray the cost of registration. The devastating effects of unreasonable laws of succession could not be demonstrated in a more graphic way. We also visited the mysterious "Huns' Columns"—huge red sandstone columns, lying on the ground in the midst of a forest on the other side of the Main. They were evidently quarried and worked where they now are, but by whom and for what purpose is not known.

At Düsseldorf we visited the Rhenish-Westphalian Exhibition, where the marvels of modern industry—cast steel blocks, ship's screws and shafts, machines and guns of unheard-of dimensions—

made a deep impression on us. Nothing seems impossible to man any more! So, when on our way to Berlin we afterward came through the busy Ruhrland, the columns of smoke no longer annoyed us, as they had done a few days before when we saw them from our steamer on the Rhine; for they now appeared in a different light. Those streaming banners floating across the sky now heralded a portentous, a fabulous, truth: the victory of modern man over the forces of nature; in his hands the elements have become like wax in the hands of a boy.

In October I had to undertake another little journey, which came unexpectedly. I received an invitation to attend the centenary of the birthday of my old teacher, Professor Trendelenburg, which was to be celebrated at his birthplace, Eutin. To decline was, of course, out of the question. On the evening before the appointed date a telegram from Berlin reached me at Eutin, requesting me to act during the celebration as the official representative of the Minister of Public Worship and Instruction. It was extremely awkward, for I had brought no dress suit with me. But help appeared; the landlord of the Voss House lent me his, and I never looked so grand in any other dress coat as I looked in that borrowed one. The celebration took a very dignified course. Professor Eucken, of Jena, delivered the speech of the day, an excellent characterization of Trendelenburg the man and the scholar, and his place in the historical development. The banquet in the afternoon brought together all living members of the Trendelenburg family, one son and five daughters, in addition to former students and pupils, as well as leaders of Eutin society. It moved me deeply to exchange reminiscences with the daughters, whom I had not seen again since I had frequented their home as a bashful student thirty-three years earlier.

Leaving Eutin, I enjoyed a few beautiful autumn days in the company of Tönnies and Professor Stumpf. On the shore of the Uglei, a little woodland lake, we happened to meet our friend Alberts, who was painting the beech forest, glowing in the sun in its autumnal glory.

## 1903

The years now following were fraught with cares and trials<sup>86</sup> and brought sickness and infirmity into our house for the first time.

At Easter I visited our old friend Adickes, at Münster, where he had the Köppes affair on his hands. He had denounced Köppes, one of his colleagues, for plagiarism and the latter was subsequently dismissed. I was implicated too, to the extent that I had to render an expert opinion.

At Whitsuntide we visited my old homeland with Rudi and our two daughters. Tönnies had asked me to stand godfather to his third child, the disappearance of several disturbing factors having allowed our relations to become more cordial again. Ever since he had a family of his own, he had become calmer and more cheerful, and the acrimonious and bitter traits of his nature had greatly softened; the intercourse with his children had been his saving. His external circumstances, too, had taken on a pleasanter aspect. A professorship, it is true, had not materialized; he had always felt averse to becoming an academic teacher and so had remained a *privatdozent* at Kiel, or rather a *privatdozent in partibus*, inasmuch as he lived at Eutin and went to Kiel only once every week or fortnight to deliver a lecture. It was a great pity and a great loss to himself as well as to the pupils he might have had; for he really was a born teacher and felt a great need to have students and disciples around him—a need which in his loneliness and aloofness from the university he sometimes satisfied in curious ways. But that was not to be helped now, and it certainly was a great compensation that he thus could enjoy what was really most indispensable to him: the peace and quiet of his home and study, undisturbed by official duties and by the frictions which an official position always entails. His excellent wife managed the household with great ingenuity so as to eke out his very modest income. Thus the few days we had with them were very pleasant; we were staying at Gremsmühlen and went over to Eutin every day.

<sup>86</sup> In this, as in similar later allusions, Paulsen is thinking first of all of his elder son. See p. 335 and footnote.

From Gremsmühlen we proceeded to Langenhorn, where we now were the guests of my cousin Friedrich. I had not seen my native village for years and felt quite a stranger. A large conflagration had totally changed the appearance of our old familiar neighborhood. We visited the graves and the church, where I had dedicated a stained-glass window to the memory of my parents, a copy of Dürer's St. Paul. Oland, too, was changed completely; it now was joined to the mainland and on the opposite side to Langenes by causeways built of stone. We went over by boat and then, without staying, walked across the causeway on the other side to Langenes.<sup>87</sup> The little *hallig* was decked out in its springtime beauty, which our friend Alberts has painted so many times. The green ground was interspersed with red flowers, making the little island look like a huge shimmering carpet in a red and green design, the elevated ground of the *werft* rising above it in green and white—due to the flowers of white clover, which grows right down to the water line of the high tide. Over the earth extended the blue sky, with a few little white clouds sailing across; a gentle breeze from the sea tempered the heat, and the fragrance of the flowers imparted a subtle aroma to the air; the jubilant song of the larks on high mingled with the buzzing of a thousand bees, to sound a paean in praise of all this beauty. The islands of the blessed, over which the spirits of the departed glide on their light-winged soles, could not have been more fair. But our boatman was calling; we had to embark in time for the high tide to take us to Gröde and then back to Ockholm.

During the summer I undertook frequent shorter and longer walking tours with Laura through our Brandenburg lands; her heart was giving her trouble, and our physician told us that frequent walks were the best remedy. In September, when we started for the south, he again enjoined us to do plenty of walking, without warning us that he did not mean to include climbing. So we

<sup>87</sup> The world of the *halligen* as Paulsen describes it in the earlier pages of this book is today only a memory. The procedure of joining the islands together with the mainland as well as with one another, to which he alludes here, has been continued ever since, the silting-up of the intervening spaces of shallow water being artificially hastened, so that the coast line is advancing westward into the sea.



undertook a number of rather fatiguing tours together with our two daughters. Once, arriving late at night at Hinter-Riss in the Bavarian Alps, we found dancing in full swing at the inn. After we had looked on for a while—they were dancing in their native fashion, striking the soles of their shoes with their hands—a lad from a neighboring community asked our Grete to dance with him; she accepted with good grace and made a good job of it, too. The next morning, on our way to the Wurz Hut, we were warned by people coming down that the upper valley was completely inundated by the torrents of rain that had fallen during the night. We soon found that it was only too true and had to take off our shoes and stockings to wade through the water, which was shallow in most places, but with deeper runlets here and there, and in these the loose rubble made matters very uncomfortable for one's feet. So great was the rush and roar of the water that if we walked about twenty paces apart, we could hardly understand one another. We had to deviate from our straight course many a time before we could reach our next goal, the Wurz Hut. There the steep climbing began, for two and a half hours without any rest; and when Laura reached the top at last after considerable delay, she was so exhausted that she was unable to take any food. Not until we had started down again and walked for another hour was she able to drink some cream. But when we finally reached the Pertisau about eight o'clock in the evening, her fatigue and discomfort were completely gone. So we did not worry about it, but continued our daily rambles with the knapsack on the back, as we had always done. In September we went without our daughters to Switzerland, where we again undertook a number of rather stiff climbs in very hot weather, for which Laura had to muster all her strength. But as she always felt fresh and cheerful again in the evening we did not give the matter another thought.

Upon our return to Steglitz there was more excitement. Our daughter Lotte had always wanted to go to England, to learn English and to see something of English life. And now a post had been offered to her at a rectory near Northampton; and as she had the opportunity to travel with friends, her departure had to be hastened to the utmost. No sooner had she gone than her mother col-

lapsed and had to take to her bed; our physician diagnosed severe dilatation of the heart. For more than a year after that she suffered from states of anxiety and hyperexcitability of her whole system. She did not allow herself the needed relaxation, or if she tried to find it she did not succeed.

About the same time we suffered another great grief. Our friend Belger had returned to Berlin as a very sick man about the same time that we did. For the past two years he had been on sick leave, renewed again and again, and now he had come back from Ems, desperately ill. His last weeks were a time of cruel suffering. When I went to see him the last time at the Elisabeth Hospital, where our friend Heller had died just about twenty-three years before, he was no longer able to speak; half sitting up in bed, he looked at me with unspeakable silent misery in his eyes. I recited some passages from one of his favorite hymns by Paul Gerhardt, and he nodded his head, as if to thank me; that was the last sign of life I had from him. The following night brought the end of his suffering. We laid him to rest at St. Matthew's Cemetery. A little booklet containing an "In Memoriam" from my own pen and an essay on an excursion to Laurion near Athens, which he had written in the happiest days of his youth, was sent out as a last greeting to his numerous friends. Many there were who loved him. During the past few years he had shunned all social intercourse, except at our own home, where he sometimes came to stay for a few days, especially—adhering to a habit of many years' standing—to spend Christmas with us. But all those who knew his heart of gold, which took such delight in giving others pleasure, remained loyally attached to him. His death left a great gap in our lives; it had always been a red-letter day to me when he came. The jolly, communicative mood which came over him among people with whom he felt at home, the happy conceits which seemed to crowd in upon his mind from all sides, the many memories we had in common—it all made the passing hours seem like moments.

The year 1903 was marked by the discussion about the book trade and book prices. In the spring I had published an article in the *Nationalzeitung* in which I showed the fatal consequences that

threatened as a result of the combined efforts of the large booksellers to help the retailers by raising the price of books and prohibiting discounts; the retailers carrying a representative stock were being ruined, it was averred, by the establishment of a large number of small and incompetent firms. In the course of the summer Karl Bücher, Professor of Economics at Leipzig, opened the attack on the incipient trust in his book, "The German Book Trade and the World of Learning." At the same time the Academic Protective Union was founded, at Leipzig, for the purpose of defending the interests of authors as well as of the book-buying public against the ruthless tactics of the organized booksellers. At the beginning of the winter semester attempts were made to found similar associations at other universities, including Berlin. But it soon became evident what a hopeless undertaking it was to get Berlin professors under one hat, so to speak, or even to get them together at all. By hook and by crook a small meeting was convened on a Sunday afternoon. But it soon appeared that the majority had come to hamper progress rather than for the purpose of getting something accomplished. After the flow of their obstructionist oratory had gone on for a while—Professor Diels, the classical philologist, taking the palm as he always did in that respect—a dozen or two of those present at last decided to found an association. But when they proceeded to discuss the details of its organization and its program, even those few were soon dispersed in all directions, and thus the association suspended its own existence before it had even begun to function. An experience such as this can only have a deterring influence on any similar endeavors in the future.

Nevertheless, the whole movement, especially the association founded at Leipzig, has been beneficial in its effects. The booksellers have received a wholesome reminder that they are not alone in the world, and their attempts to form combines have, I think, been laid to rest. And the publishers, too, have now to reckon with a little more cautiousness and shrewdness on the part of the authors than used to be the case.

Among my other output during that year I mention above all four treatises which I contributed to an extensive symposium on

"The Culture of Our Own Times," edited by Professor Hinneberg and published at Leipzig by the firm of B. G. Teubner. My contributions bore the following titles: "Modern Education," "University Instruction in the Humanities," "Ethics," and "The Future Tasks of Philosophy." I wrote the two former articles in the autumn of 1903 and the two latter in the autumn of 1904.

Busse's book entitled "Body and Mind," in which he attacked the theory of psychophysical parallelism, induced me to publish a treatise on that subject in the October number of the *Zeitschrift für Philosophie und philosophische Kritik* (1903). I am inclined to think that it contains a very clear exposition of my personal standpoint. I had already dealt with the same problem more briefly in the same journal in 1899 and in the *Deutsche Literaturzeitung* of January 3, 1903.

Two other short articles I had brought home with me from Starnberg. One of them appeared in the October number of the *Deutsche Monatsschrift* (1903), under the title "The Ethics of Jesus in Its Relation to the Present"; it owed its origin to Herrmann's<sup>88</sup> lecture on the same subject before the Social Evangelical Congress. The other was a review of Bölsche's "Discovery of Man in the Nineteenth Century," which was published in the *Münchener Neueste Nachrichten*. It gave me great pleasure to see and to point out how Bölsche (and with him Wille) was turning away from Haeckel's materialism and approaching Fechner's standpoint: a genuine philosophy of nature.

## 1904

The winter of 1903-4 was a distressful time for more reasons than one; not only because of Laura's illness, but even more so on account of other disturbing family matters. In the spring Laura was compelled to seek recovery in the south, and a prolonged stay at our delightful former quarters at Santa Margherita on the Italian Riviera had a very beneficial effect, so that the storm which had shaken her whole being passed over.

<sup>88</sup> Wilhelm Herrmann (1846-1922), Professor of Theology at Marburg.

From April 7 to April 12 I was at Darmstadt, attending the first general convention of German upper teachers. It was the constituent assembly of a confederation of all associations of academically trained teachers in Germany, only Bavaria being excepted for the time being. I had been invited to deliver the principal address and had accepted with sincere pleasure. To be thus requested by the upper teachers of all educational denominations, from the classical *gymnasium* to the modern *oberrealschule*, to give expression to their views and wishes as the principal speaker at their first general meeting was indeed a great satisfaction. It showed what a change had taken place during the two decades since the appearance of my "History of Higher Education." At that time I had faced the protagonists of the classical languages as a partisan of the "realistic" wing, and they had denounced me as a worker of iniquity; but now the entire profession, reunited at last, had deputed me as its spokesman. Peace had been restored between the hostile brothers by the happy turn of events in 1900, in which I had had my share. The subject I had chosen for my speech was the position of the schools of higher learning within the whole life of the German people, and my disquisitions centered once again in my old axiom that the teachers at those schools are themselves scholars and scientists who have an active share in the advancement of science and learning, instead of merely making a living out of it. I have reason to think that I succeeded in giving expression to the convictions cherished by the best and ablest representatives of the profession. But even though opposition remained latent on that occasion, later occurrences tended to show that it was not altogether lacking. At the second general convention, which took place at Eisenach two years later, the official speaker described the upper teacher's profession as an art based on scholarship. This had been intended as a supplement to my own speech, and as such it was quite in order. The president of the Thuringian Association of Gymnasium Teachers, however, thought fit to make capital out of it in opposition to my own views, incidentally giving away the secret that the text of my speech had not been sent out to their school administrations, because it did not represent

the views of the entire profession. Many members of the latter, he himself among them, were of the opinion, he added, that although the upper teacher had once been an independent scholar he had now become an instructor and an official. These frank confessions induced me to address a little apostrophe to the said gentleman in the *Nationalzeitung* of June 19, 1906, under the title: "The Upper Teacher No Longer an Independent Scholar?" It did not elicit any response on his part, but brought me many expressions of approval from many others, which shows that high-minded thinking is not extinct in the profession.

I came to realize more than once how completely my position in the world of schools and teachers had changed: owing to the great transformation that had taken place in 1900, I was no longer an attacker, but had become a defender, upholder, and interpreter. Thus, in the following autumn Dr. Althoff asked me to take part in a private conference, to which, in addition to the ministerial councilors, he had also invited Professors Harnack and Münch. Althoff outlined a program of greater liberty and individualization for the instruction of the upper forms of the *gymnasium*. He based his remarks on my own recent comments on that problem in a review of A. Bonus's "The Cultural Value of German Schools" (*Deutsche Literaturzeitung*, Vol. XXV, No. 48) and also on what I had said in my "History of Higher Education." There was only one way, he said, to counteract the disaffection of the older pupils, namely, by stimulating their interest in the work of the school, and that could only be done by granting them more freedom and independence. In the *oberprima*, he suggested, only a few important subjects, such as German, history, and religious instruction, should be obligatory, and all others more or less elective. These ideas went far beyond the limits of what was possible. I published an article not long afterward in which I endeavored to reduce the whole project to the limits of practicability; it appeared in the *Monatsschrift für höhere Schulen* (February, 1905) and was entitled: "What Can Be Done to Give the Course of Studies in the Upper Forms of the Gymnasium Greater Latitude?" What had particularly puzzled me in that conference was the steadfast silence

of the ministerial councilors; surely they, of all people, could not have regarded such plans as feasible? Did they think the matter could be left to die a natural death? Only one of them, Matthias by name, seemed to like the idea, and he was the only one who afterward took any practical interest in the project; although I should state that, speaking before the Chamber of Representatives in March, 1905, Minister Studt himself supported the plan in principle and expressly referred his audience to my article; this afterward led to numerous further deliberations.

The difficulties encountered by the project arose partly out of the power of inertia inherent in the old system of prescription and partly out of the opposition against increased teaching hours and increased costs—perhaps also out of the opposition on the part of numerous headmasters and teachers, to whom a prescribed plan of instruction seemed preferable to the independence and personal responsibility inseparable from the individual initiative offered to them. That is why accomplishment has until now lagged so far behind those first aspirations. It should be mentioned, though, that in some cases the *oberprima* has been divided into a mathematical and a classical section, pupils of the former being allowed to fall behind in the humanities, and those of the latter, in mathematics, provided that their attainments in the subject of their choice are definitely above the general standard of the school.

I was also induced to take part in the public discussion of the pending legislation concerning the maintenance of primary schools, with special reference to the question of confessional and non-confessional schools (*konfessionsschulen* and *simultanschulen*).<sup>39</sup> One day in the summer of 1904 old Herr Hobrecht, the leader of the National Liberals and former Minister of Finance, called on me. He explained how he had come to range himself on the side of the compromise advocated by Herr von Zedlitz. The regulation of the maintenance of the primary schools was an imperative necessity, he said, but could be achieved only by the legislative confirmation of their traditional status as confessional schools. If the

<sup>39</sup> The cardinal question at issue being whether Protestant and Catholic children were to be taught in separate schools or not.

proposed law could not be passed with the help of the National Liberals, he went on to say, it would be passed with the help of the Catholic Center party, and then it would, of course, be adapted to the demands of the latter. If I agreed with him, he added, he should be very glad if I would in some way give public expression to my opinion, since my voice was perhaps more likely than any other to appeal to the younger generation, in whose ranks his party was threatened with dissension. I had never been enthusiastic about nonconfessional schools as a matter of general principle; on the contrary, it had always seemed natural and desirable to me that teachers and pupils should share the same religious faith, unless Protestants and Catholics were so mixed in any particular region that a nonconfessional school was the only way out of the difficulty, or unless it was called for by historical tradition or by the general demand of the population. So I published an article giving expression to these convictions in the *Nationalzeitung* of June 19 and found myself in agreement with many colleagues, such as Professors Kahl, Pfeiderer, Delbrück, and Harnack. The left-wing Liberals could, of course, not forgo this opportunity of taking a beating. With a heat that sometimes bordered on raving madness, they centered their debates on the demand for nonconfessional schools and denounced the preservation or legislative confirmation of the existing conditions as a disgraceful abandonment of the schools to clerical interests. Unfortunately, the teachers, or at least the great majority of them, adopted these views of the Berlin progressives whom they regarded as their leaders. Instead of proclaiming the liberation of religious instruction from the yoke of an outworn orthodoxy and the appointment of trained educators to the posts of school inspectors as the essential and imperative needs of the time, they made the *simultanschule* their battle cry—a concept which only a few years before most of them had not even known by name, and the exact meaning of which even now was tolerably clear to only a few. The sheep-like docility of mankind in the mass has never appeared to me in such deterrent form. On more than one occasion I was also treated to a taste of dema-



gogic denunciation. Professor Natorp, of Marburg, for example, who was staging a demonstration by university professors against the pending bill, found the unwillingness of most Berlin professors to take part in it altogether explicable and natural—for selfish reasons, to be sure. And when, after the decision had been made, I published an article in the *Deutsche Schule* (August, 1906), I was solemnly and summarily excommunicated by Mr. Tews, one of the leaders of the Berlin Teachers' Association. The German teachers, he said, had now found out their friends, the true ones as well as the false ones, and they would never forget which were which!

In their utopian radicalism they had already shown similar blindness to the world of reality on an earlier occasion. In 1904 the Teachers' Convention at Königsberg had adopted a resolution that all teachers without exception ought to be trained at the university. On that occasion, too, I had vainly tried to make them listen to reason and common sense in an article I published in the August number (1904) of the *Deutsche Schule*; but the only result I achieved was that the leaders of the "teachers' movement" denounced me as a reactionary.

I cannot deny that these were bitter disappointments to me. I had been carrying in my mind an idealized picture of the teaching profession, such as had been suggested to me by my old teacher Brodersen, excellent, well-balanced, and thoroughly healthy-minded man that he was. It is to be hoped that teachers of his kind are still to be found, not only in my old homeland, but elsewhere as well. But those who generally hold forth at teachers' conventions as well as the masses of their colleagues whom they drag after them by the leash of cheap phrases, justify the reproach that in the absence of genuine education the blinkers of pseudo-education prevent them from seeing the world as it is and thus predispose them to a radicalism that has no roots in reality. Thus again, at the Teachers' Convention at Munich, in 1905, the Bremen and Hamburg teachers demanded the abolition of any religious instruction whatsoever, and although they did not carry their point,

they quite evidently were advance troops on the road along which those aforesaid leaders were, if not already determined, at least by no means unwilling to make their main drive.

In the autumn we started on a journey to England. I had long wished to see the country to which I had always felt drawn in so many ways. The decisive impetus was provided by two considerations. First, our daughter Lotte was still in England, and we had promised her to come for a visit and then take her home with us. Secondly, one of my younger friends, Dr. Theodor Lorenz, who had been living in England for a number of years, had heard of a post in the United States and seemed on the point of exchanging the Old World for the New. The prospect of meeting them both on the other side of the Channel was a great inducement. After a stormy crossing we arrived at Harwich in the early morning of August 16. I was thinking of the old Angles and Frisians who, at the end of their westward journey had landed on this coast and not at all unlikely at this very spot, one and one-half thousand years ago. This recollection of my homeland Schleswig-Holstein became more and more vivid as the train carried us to London. The villages and the fields, the hedgerows and the pastures, the gateways and the stiles—all were to be found just like that on the east coast of the aforesaid two duchies. Then came the advance guards of the capital: endless lines of laborers' dwellings, plain and uniform, with two windows in each of the two stories and a diminutive garden, usually cluttered up with freshly washed clothes hung on lines. In all directions London is extending these double rows of tiny houses far into the country. No sooner had we entered Liverpool Street Station than we saw Dr. Lorenz coming forward; he helped us with the customs examination, which went off without a hitch. We did not stop in London, but continued our journey to Oxford to join our daughter Lotte, who had been attending summer school at St. Hilda's College. I forgot to mention that on the ship I had come upon a colleague of mine, Professor Deussen, of Kiel, who was on his way to attend the meeting of the British Association at Cambridge, to which I had also been invited, but had declined because I was afraid that my fluency in English would

not prove equal to the occasion. I ought to have accepted nevertheless; for as it is, the glimpse of the world of English scholars which that meeting would have afforded has remained denied to me.

Lotte had secured comfortable quarters for us in Oxford, at 51 High Street, the windows of the bedroom in the rear looking out on the gardens of St. Magdalen's. We stayed five days in this wonderful old university town, where the Middle Ages and modern times seem to blend as perhaps nowhere else. It was a pity that the scene was not enlivened by the figures of the students and their tutors, walking about in cap and gown, but it was vacation time, and for this reason I knocked in vain at the doors of Edward Caird, Hastings Rashdall, and several others. Professor Percy Gardner was the only one I found at home; he had quite recently sent me an interesting book, *Oxford at the Crossroads*, in which he passed severe judgment on the English universities and their tendency toward superficiality, due to the ascendancy of the inferior "athletic type."

The old colleges captivated me at first sight: the magnificent buildings of hewn stone, darkened by the passage of time; the quadrangles around which they are grouped, with the luxuriant verdure of their lawns; the beautiful old chapels; the stately dining halls; the old trees and the smooth turf in the spacious gardens extending behind the buildings; the breath of antiquity pervading it all, the tablets and inscriptions, and the pictures adorning the walls of the common rooms—it all makes an overwhelming impression and makes one feel that this is a land of ancient culture where the Middle Ages have never passed out. Those colleges are harbors for quiet concentration, where almost all the great minds of the nation have passed the years of their first growth and early maturity. As one enters them, a feeling of awe comes over one, and lifts one up to a higher sphere, far beyond all that is vulgar or commonplace. Think of the life of the German student in comparison! He rents a scantily furnished room in some mean house in one of the cheaper quarters, amid noise and uncleanness of every sort. He takes his meals at some ordinary restaurant, gulping his food down

because someone is already standing behind him, impatiently waiting for him to vacate his chair. Only too often he has no friends, and no personal intercourse at all; unless he strikes up a chance acquaintance with some fellow-student or other, his social contacts are limited to a few words in the morning and in the evening with an entirely uneducated landlady. No, thinking of my own student days, I could not banish a feeling of envy, as I looked at these colleges. But, as Professor Gardner's book had just shown me, the inner life and growth does not always come up to this alluring outside aspect. Every student has a sitting room or study and a bedroom, opening on a staircase in complete isolation, the interior of the buildings being thus divided, not horizontally, as on the continent, where the rooms are ranged side by side on long corridors, but vertically, in accordance with the English preference for an independent home of one's own. What puzzled us, as we looked at some of these apartments—only a few, it is true, since most of them were locked—was the almost complete absence of anything that could have reminded one of the supposed chief purpose of the occupant: no books, no bookcases, no writing desks, but instead an infinite variety of upholstered pieces of every shape and form, for lying down, for reclining, for sitting, and for squatting—a room, in short, that might invite one to chat or doze or engage in daydreams, but not a room inviting one to work, like that of a German student. Which reminds me that a German Rhodes scholar at Oxford told me on a later occasion that the isolation of the individual suites from one another does not by any means prevent disturbances, but that, on the contrary, the housing of so many students in the same building often entails serious discomfort. He had finally found himself compelled to give up his college quarters and live in town in order to escape from the daily and nightly interferences with his peace and quiet.

We also explored the nearer and farther surroundings of Oxford with their numerous historical associations, including Blenheim Park, that princely gift of the nation to the victor of Blenheim, two hundred years ago, and also Warwick Castle and the imposing ruins of Kenilworth, both of them steeped in the history of a whole mil-

lennium. In the park of Warwick Castle I witnessed an extraordinary sight, which has remained in my memory. A large carpet had been spread out on a lawn, and on its four corners sat four men, armed with light sticks with which they were beating the carpet in a slow rhythmical movement. I must confess that we could not help thinking of this comfortable method of carpet-cleaning, like the equally comfortable and restful appointments of the students' rooms in the Oxford colleges, as symbolic of present-day English ways; nor were those the only occasions on which we noticed a pronounced inclination to take things easy—a desire to retire from business, as it were. If this observation holds good, then it is hardly to be wondered at if the English are beginning to find it a little difficult to keep pace with the Germans. For there can be no doubt that the German nation has at present reached a high-water mark of energy and strength of will. It has only just emerged from the stage of undesirous frugality and is still far removed from the stage of affluent satiety.

On the one Sunday we spent at Oxford we attended divine service at St. Mary's. I found the long, monotonous chant of the psalm-singing congregation curiously hypnotizing and can well understand how anyone accustomed to it from his childhood can come to regard it as an indispensable part of his Sunday devotions. The sermon was delivered by a dignified clergyman in a very eloquent manner, and, as far as I was able to follow, there appeared to be substance and force in what he said. What seemed strange to me was that he read it *verbatim* from his notes; it did not really interfere with our attention, and the practice could perhaps be defended as a preventive of careless extemporizing. But if, as one would suppose, it also has its origin in mere indolence, then it cannot be praised. For there can be no doubt that the spoken word is more impressive and effective if it is not tied down to a written text, which is not saying that the latter should not be in existence. The afternoon and evening we spent with Dr. and Mrs. Burch at St. Hilda's, where the young girls diverted themselves as well as the rest of us by acting a simple little play.

From Oxford we went to the Isle of Wight for a two-week stay

at Ventnor, at the southernmost point of the island. The neat little town is situated between the steep coast and the Down, a ridge rising to about 1,000 feet, which runs parallel to the coast in a westerly direction. From its height one enjoys a delightful view: to the south across the wide expanse of the Channel, always enlivened by ships; and to the north across the hilly landscape of the island and the straits separating it from the British mainland, a long stretch of which is visible in hazy outline. On the southern slope of the Down there are several summer residences in the midst of beautiful parks, where a subtropical flora thrives under the tempering influence of the warm sea air. Fuchsias stand the winter in the open and grow to the size of tall shrubs; covered all over with blossoms, they are the pride of every village garden. And yet the heat was never oppressive, although we enjoyed cloudless days of sunshine, the temperature being always kept down by the gentle breezes wafted from the sea, so that one could feel comfortable out of doors at any time of day.

We took up our abode with a pleasant family, consisting of a clergyman's widow and her three daughters. They had seen better days, as was witnessed by handsome pieces of old furniture, but had lost their fortune through adversities of fate. With good grace, or rather with philosophic mind, they had resigned themselves to the inevitable and established a small boarding house on an unpretentious scale. The management was in the hands of the three daughters, who also gave English lessons to any visitors desiring it; the youngest one had a post in London as a teacher and was at home only for the vacation. We were impressed by the respect and veneration of the three daughters for their aged mother, a confirmed invalid; and they were also most courteous toward one another. This set the tone which was involuntarily adopted by the whole table, there being about ten persons besides our own party. How securely established they were in themselves, in their customs, and in their general way of life was shown by the fact that they not only adhered to their custom of saying grace at table—it was done by the old mother—but also kept up their evening devotions, reading some passages from the Bible and kneeling down to pray. Their guests

might take part or not, as they pleased; but it scarcely ever happened that anyone absented himself. On Sundays the whole day was arranged so as to fit in with the hours of divine service, which was regularly attended.

Our day was divided somewhat as follows. According to our habit, we got up about seven in the morning and went at once to bathe in the sea, either from the bathing beach of Ventnor, which we reached by a fifteen-minute walk through the town, or on the east coast of the island, near Bonchurch, a village with a little church dating from Norman times, but no longer in use. This was a twenty-minute walk, skirting pretty gardens, and we found it a real delight to bathe from that shore, where the sea was always a little rough. In swimming, it is true, one had to look out for the boulders and rocks scattered about everywhere and visible only at the lowest stage of the tide. At nine o'clock we were back at our boarding house, where we found the breakfast table ready for us, furnished not only with coffee and bread and butter but in the English way also with meat, fish, or delicious grilled bacon. An inquiry on our part whether we might have a cup of coffee and a slice of bread about seven in the morning had met with a flat refusal: it could not possibly be done! Throughout England breakfast is not served until nine o'clock, which would seem to show that English people are blessed with sound sleep, for they do not go late to bed either. Since no work is ever done after dinner time, about seven o'clock, the comfort-loving Englishman enjoys a rest of about fifteen hours between the end of one day's work and the beginning of another, which leaves barely nine hours for his working day, subject to repeated further interruptions. Yet another leaf from the chapter on England's easy-going ways! As far as we were concerned, the arrangement agreed with us to perfection, inasmuch as we now always sat down to breakfast with fully developed appetites, whereas at Oxford we had still shied at the idea of eating meat the first thing in the morning. The forenoon was devoted to reading, often on the shore, or to working. In the afternoon we usually went for a long walk, across the Down to friendly little Shanklin, or along the coast over the green turf, skirting the white cliffs. The

height of the Down was covered with gorse shrubs, whose yellow blossoms, intermingled with the red flowers of tall shrub-like heather, quite similar to that we had seen on the Riviera, produced a charming effect.

Sometimes we devoted the whole day to a longer excursion, to the "Needles," for example, those split-off peaks rising from the sea at the westernmost point of the island. Looking down from the height of the cliffs, we enjoyed a bewitching view: the calm surface of the sea on either side, merging into the sky and shimmering in transparent bluish-white and greenish opalescence; the shining white chalk cliffs along the coast, surrounding bays in graceful curves; the green turf with flowering gorse shrubs here and there; the heather-grown hills, brightly beckoning from across Alum Bay in their delicate reddish hues—an entrancingly beautiful play of colors. Another day we joined the other guests of our boarding house on a mail-coach party through the entire island, visiting Osborne, Queen Victoria's summer residence, now standing vacant, and Carisbrooke Castle on our way. At Osborne Castle we admired the collection of Indian art treasures of every description which the native princes had sent to the "Empress of India" on the occasion of her diamond jubilee—an overwhelming testimony to the wealth and greatness of that country. At Carisbrooke we stopped for a longer rest. At a pretty village inn we had tea made and tables laid in the garden, and then Laura unpacked the treasures she had brought: delicious Yorkshire ham, pork pie, cake and other good things; we were a very jolly company at table. After we had refreshed ourselves, we inspected the imposing ruins of Carisbrooke Castle, which once accorded Charles I such treacherous hospitality. It soon elicited a song from our young people, for we had a trained and well-harmonized chorus among us. They often sang on the height of the Down in the evening, always to a crowd of attentive listeners, for in England one does not hear people singing as a rule. That, too, is a heritage from the old ancestral home—as Tacitus has it: *Frisia (Holsatia) non cantat!* It was late at night when we came back to Ventnor, and there was another surprise in store for us. When our mail-coach started in the morning, a photographer had



taken a picture of us all on top of the coach. We had thought no more about it, but now in the evening he presented every one of us with a copy; Laura received hers the next morning together with a poem praising the housewifely virtues she had displayed in that garden party at Carisbrooke.

An excursion to Portsmouth by steamer was not quite so successful. We soon got tired of the rather dull town and hurried home again, after we had inspected old "Victory," Nelson's flagship, from which he directed the Battle of Trafalgar. It gave us an idea of the old wooden ships of the line by means of which England won her mastery of the seas. I wonder whether the name Nelson may not be identical with the Frisian Nelsen or Nielsen.

The last ten days of our English journey we spent in London. We took furnished rooms in Bloomsbury Street, at one of the typical houses of that neighborhood. Our handsomely furnished sitting room was in the rear, affording a view of the British Museum; the bedroom, facing the street, proved so noisy that we had to exchange it for another room upstairs. To anyone coming from the continent it must seem strange that married couples are expected to be satisfied with one bed, not even a full-sized double bed at that. We found it the same wherever we went, in private houses as well as in hotels, although England is certainly the last country where I should have expected to find this custom. Hitherto we had always succeeded in getting another bed put up; but in the present instance our efforts proved futile. Our meals we took wherever we happened to be. We had been wondering whether we should find restaurants in London where one could dine at a reasonable price; but that fear soon proved groundless: at the price of two or three shillings we always fared quite well, except that we should have liked a little more change. In addition to the soup, often frightfully overspiced, there was usually a choice of two fish and two meat dishes, one of these being almost invariably roast beef. We found that the latter is by no means served more underdone in England than elsewhere, but it is roasted with greater care. The vegetables seemed to our German palates insipid to the point of being inedible—just boiled in water. Nor did the puddings greatly appeal to

us. The question of what to drink was harder to solve: the English beer was not to our liking, especially as it was never served properly cooled, and wine we found rather expensive. However, we discovered a few restaurants where genuine Munich beer was to be had. German waiters were in evidence everywhere, in Oxford, in London, in Amsterdam; Germany's export of that commodity must reach a tremendous figure. Does it date from the time when the German people played the part of the lackey among the nations of Europe? Or may one take a more favorable view by attributing the great demand for German labor in this field to the skill and linguistic abilities as well as to the reliability and honesty of German applicants? The geographical position probably also has something to do with it, as well as the old German longing to see foreign lands.

It obviously would not occur to me to add another description to the thousands that have already been published of London and its sights. But I should like to offer a few impressions. It goes without saying that our first goal was Westminster Abbey, that unique shrine, the like of which is not to be found elsewhere: no other nation can point to any such inclusive array of monuments perpetuating its heroes of history and its great minds. It is a harbor of peace, where England honors her great, and as such it has its counterpart in the Tower, which startles the visitor into shuddering recollection of the torrents of blood through which the English people had to wade before they became a nation enjoying the security of its "acquired character," as Schopenhauer would have expressed it. Among the collections, I was most interested in the National Portrait Gallery; the method of displaying the portraits and relics of contemporaries side by side, as they themselves had lived and fought, takes one right into the midst of the historical development of the successive ages.

In all these respects one cannot help being impressed with the totally different history of the German people. We Germans have no places like Westminster Abbey or the National Portrait Gallery, where the unity of our historical growth could be grasped at a

glance, so to speak, because our national life has never been a unity in that sense. Frederick the Great and Maria Theresa, Prince Eugene and Baron von Stein, Luther and Kant—none of them lies buried in the German capital, which is but of yesterday; and not even a complete collection of their portraits could be assembled there. This fact is in itself an indication of that dispersion over a vast domain which is so characteristic of our national life. Nor will it ever be otherwise in the future: Berlin will never be a German London nor a German Paris.

A visit to the Houses of Parliament was no less illuminating. One glance at the House of Commons reveals the nature and the structure of popular representation in England. It is a room designed for the deliberations of governing statesmen, not a hall intended for an assembly of the people, so to speak, with obligatory eloquence. Both its size—the available seats are far less in number than the elected members—and its arrangement accentuate the difference from continental parliaments. There is no speaker's rostrum; every member remains in his place while speaking. There are no rows of chairs and desks arranged in the form of an amphitheater, but merely a number of upholstered benches to the right and left of a broad center aisle. Instead of an elaborate presidential throne, surrounded by desks for numerous officials, there is merely a raised seat for the Speaker. All those other trappings are inventions of the French, who transformed the British Parliament, where leading statesmen discuss matters of state with their adherents and adversaries for the purpose of arriving at a valid decision, into a huge oratorical theater, where *literati* and pettifoggers talk "out of the window" to the "people." For that purpose, of course, the speaker's tribune and the theatrical arrangement, together with the greater publicity, were indispensable necessities. Nor is that all. In Germany we have a separate table for the ministers, either shut off from the Chamber by a barrier or projecting into it as an enclave; in England the ministers simply take their seats on the front bench of the governing party. And thus one sees at once: the British House of Commons represents the governing powers of the nation;

the German Chamber of Representatives is an assembly of deputies of the governed, whose attitude toward the government is that of critics and opponents.

In the British Museum I was astounded by the amazing number of monuments of antiquity which have found their way there—yet another visible reminder of the extent and duration of the British world empire! But what aroused my particular admiration was the skill and painstaking care with which the exhibits have been arranged and explained on the labels, so that one is able to profit even from a hasty visit. Take the series elucidating the development of writing and printing. With a feeling of awe I found myself gazing at a glossary in cuneiform writing on clay tablets, which, according to the explanation, contained translations of obsolete expressions, dating from an earlier linguistic phase, into the language that was spoken “now,” that is, more than 5,000 years ago! What an abyss of bygone time yawning before one’s mental vision! The man who wrote those tablets was already himself looking back into a hoary past, being confronted by unintelligible terms dating back to it and capable of interpretation only by philological erudition.

Dr. Lorenz also took me to the reading room of the British Museum. No one who has had to work a great deal in the reading rooms of German libraries will be able to regard it without envy. By the skillful arrangement of the vast space, which is illuminated by daylight from above, a large number of what one could almost call private studies have been provided. The center of the huge rotunda under its glass dome is occupied by the numerous volumes of the extensive catalogue, and the surrounding space has been divided up into sectors, the partitions being formed by high-backed desks, placed in double rows, back to back. There is also provision for a fair degree of isolation from one’s neighbors on either side, so that one can work as comfortably and peacefully as if one were in one’s own study, especially as there seems to be no overcrowding; but, of course, that was in September. Any book one needs is brought by an attendant within a few minutes.

The first excursion we undertook from London had as its objective the little village of Ightham, in Kent, where friend Lorenz

had taken up his abode. He met our train at a more distant station and conducted us on delightful field and wood paths through hilly country to his home. On our way we passed through Knole Park, with its stately old castle, whose hospitality had once been enjoyed, he told us, by philosophers like Thomas Hobbes and John Locke, among other famous men. He inhabited a charming little cottage, which he had rented furnished, an elderly lady keeping house for him; his garden, which he cultivated himself, furnished fruit and vegetables—in short, an idyllic rural retreat, as delightful as one could have wished for in one's dreams. It just happened to be hop-picking time; so there was a merry crowd in the hop gardens everywhere—town dwellers who were thus enjoying a few weeks of rural life here in the "garden of England."

Other excursions took us to Hampton Court, Richmond, and Kew Gardens, and one afternoon we devoted to Windsor and Eton. The latter, of course, stood empty, as it was vacation time; but we inspected the buildings of the old convent school and enjoyed a beautiful evening on the meadows, which serve as playing fields. The setting sun was gilding the old castle of the English kings, which rises on the opposite side of the Thames; herds of sheep were grazing peacefully along the river, and here and there a fisherman was casting his line, gazing down upon the slowly flowing water with fixed attention—a picture of rural peace, just before the Thames makes its final plunge into the mud of its London reaches.

I also undertook an excursion down the river to Greenwich in the company of Mr. George Unwin,<sup>40</sup> an intimate friend of Dr. Lorenz, who had first met him at my house. A few days earlier we had all called on him at his Chelsea home, and he had conducted us through Thomas Carlyle's house, situated close by and accessible as a Carlyle Museum. Not without emotion had we lingered in the rooms once inhabited by that grim Scotsman: his phrontistery, directly under the roof, where, shut off from the earth, he could hold discourse with heaven, shining down on him through a large skylight; his kitchen, where he loved to sit by the fireside of an

<sup>40</sup> George Unwin died in 1925 as Professor of Economic History at the University of Manchester.

evening, talking to a friend; and his bare little garden, enclosed by high walls. But to return to that excursion to Greenwich: we had intended to take one of the little steamers plying on the river, but they had just stopped running for the season; so we took the tram-car instead, which carried us through interminable streets of that monotonous character so typical of London suburbs. At Greenwich we inspected the castle which England has placed at the disposal of her retired old mariners; on entering it, one is greeted by a picture gallery of naval heroes. We also visited the observatory, from which England measures time and space; then an omnibus carried us through the tunnel under the Thames—it takes ten minutes to traverse it—to the terminus of the omnibuses going through the London East End. Looking down from the top of one of these, one beholds a gloomy picture. A whole world seems to have emptied out its poverty here: narrow, dingy, overcrowded houses along a dirty street, which sends out still dirtier and narrower streets on each side—there seems no end to it. In the main street, traversed by our bus line, I made the rather unpleasant discovery of numerous German names on the signboards: Löwenfeld, Silberstein, Warschauer, and the like—dealers in old clothes, spirits, or greengroceries. It is most unfortunate for the German people that their eastern and western neighbors usually make their first personal acquaintance with us through these questionable figures. In Warsaw, in St. Petersburg, in London, in New York—it is the same everywhere: petty Jewish dealers, speaking German and bearing German names, are the first and too often the only representatives of German speech and German ways with whom the masses of the population come in contact. That these people, who are not Germans and come, not from Germany, but from Poland, Galicia, or Rumania, are nevertheless regarded as Germans is in my opinion largely responsible for the often deplored fact that the "German" people are so little liked by their neighbors. In passing we also cast a glance into Toynbee Hall, the university settlement which sheds a little light into the impenetrable gloom of the East End. But here again, everyone was away; we found only a Cambridge graduate in residence.

If I were asked to sum up the impressions I received from London, I should say that as a metropolis it has no equal. Its past, from Caesar's days down to our own, comprises a whole world of historical memories, and its magnificent collections extend this record all over the earth and carry it back to the very beginnings of historical tradition. It also encompasses the world of the present, bringing its interests and activities to bear on all continents alike and grouping them around itself as their center. On a par with such far-flung relations is the space which it actually covers: it would be a day's journey to traverse it on foot from its western to its eastern extremity. And again on a par with such dimensions is the traffic of the streets: its volume and intensity are overwhelming; but it is managed with astounding calmness, safety, and precision. Sitting on top of one of the comfortable horse-drawn omnibuses traversing Oxford Street, we were often amazed to see these enormous numbers of vehicles getting mixed up in what seemed inextricable confusion, only to disentangle themselves again within a little while without any noise or shouting. In Berlin, where there is not one-quarter as much traffic, everyone shouts, the policeman, the driver, and the endangered passenger too. In London no one shouts: the policeman just raises his hand; the driver silently takes note of this signal and acts accordingly; and the passengers feel safe in the assurance that no one will be run over. It is a complete adaptation of all concerned to the conditions prevailing in the streets of the huge city. And with all that, the driver still finds time to turn to the stranger sitting next to him and point out objects of interest, while the conductor is on the lookout for every signal that might be given him by someone wanting to get on or off, after which he renders skillful assistance. Most wonderful of all, he does not even expect a tip, nor does he give plenty of small change like his Berlin colleagues, so as to suggest it; indeed, it has happened to me that a tip which I offered was refused—only once, it is true, but there can be no doubt that the lower classes in England seem to think more of themselves than they do in Germany, or at least in Germany's eastern provinces. This is strikingly evident in their attitude toward the police. In Germany, far into the middle classes,

people have the idea that the policeman's business is to order them about; in England, everyone regards him as a man who is there for everyone's safety and protection. In England, everybody is a citizen; in Germany, everybody is a subject. At least another century will have to go by before we can attain this self-assured attitude toward the State. Perhaps we shall never attain it. The relation of a German to the State is based principally on the place he holds in the army, whereas that of an Englishman is based on the part assigned to him in the political and judiciary organization of the State. So long as that holds good in Germany—and I do not see how it could be altered, our external political situation being what it is—the great majority of Germans will continue to identify the State with the person of the supreme war lord on the one hand and with that of the noncommissioned officer on the other. And after all it cannot be denied that our military discipline has its good side, too; it has been remarkably successful in instilling into our population a taste for good deportment, orderliness, and cleanliness. In England I have heard my wife exclaim more than once: "One would have to go a long way in Germany to see such slovenliness among both sexes of the lower classes!"

On September 16 we bade goodbye to England. Watching the Harwich lights as they slowly sank into darkness, I looked back on those five weeks with feelings of gratitude—gratitude for the host of new impressions which I brought back with me and which threw new light on German conditions in more than one respect, and gratitude also for the kindness that had been shown to us in many ways on the other side of the Channel. We had scarcely had a single unpleasant contact with the population; on the contrary, we had found people everywhere friendly and ready to please. Personally, I have never observed the slightest sign of hatred for Germans or Germany. The one unpleasant exception I could record was an experience with our landlord in London, who tried to fleece me as I was leaving, but desisted when I asked him whether he himself would put up with it if he were in my place. In the newspapers, it is true, I sometimes encountered less friendly observations on Germany; but they were always couched in civil language, and they



were lost in the profusion of news from all parts of the world. In contradistinction to the German papers, the English press on the one hand extends its horizon over the whole earth, while, on the other, it has a much more local, "homelike" character. Every German paper considers it necessary to furnish its readers daily with an "original correspondence" from all European capitals, or at any rate from Paris, London, St. Petersburg, Vienna, and Rome. The London papers carry reports from all the continents of the world, but also from every corner of England, the first place being accorded to sports, which are followed by court proceedings and occurrences in the social and economic life of the nation. To their way of thinking Europe is just one of the five continents, all of which have England as their center. England's insular position and resulting isolation from the European continent are brought home to one everywhere. I once hurt the feelings of our English ladies at Ventnor by comparing England to Russia: both of them, I said, did not really belong to Europe, but formed "continents" of their own, so to speak. And that is really true: England's history, English ways and sentiments, and also English politics are much more detached from Europe than those of any other European country, with the only exception of Russia. As to the racial relationship and the religious faith which the English share with the Germans, these are undoubtedly felt more strongly on our own side of the Channel. England has no relatives in Europe, though she possibly has them in America. In that respect the attitude of the American people affords a striking parallel to the relation between England and Germany. I once said to an Englishman: "It is the same with Germany and England as with a mother and her son in distant lands; she thinks more faithfully of him than he does of his homeland." To which he replied: "And exactly the same is true of England and America."

After a calm and comfortable crossing we arrived at the Hook of Holland in the early morning, but preferred to stay on board until we reached Rotterdam. Our intention to get a little more sleep in this way was frustrated by the noise of discharging the cargo. But we were rewarded by a very enjoyable passage along the

broad waterway, with the Dutch lowlands on both sides; I was vividly reminded of the lower Elbe. On stepping ashore at Rotterdam we immediately had the feeling that we were back on familiar soil: German sounds meeting our ears; German names on the signboards; answers in German to German questions. We devoted only a few hours to Rotterdam and then continued our journey to Amsterdam. The countryside through which our train carried us reminded me very strongly of my North Frisian homeland: the same grassy marshes; the same fenlands with ditches; the same cattle and sheep; the same many-gabled towns. As we were getting out of the train at Amsterdam, we met an acquaintance, Dr. Bauer, the headmaster of the Niesky school,<sup>41</sup> who was just returning to Germany. I asked him where he had been staying, and he replied: "At the German Seamen's Hostel; I can recommend it, provided you care more about quiet and cleanliness than about grand surroundings." So we went there and found things as he had said and entirely to our liking. It was an old house in a peaceful, tree-shaded street traversed by a canal, and we had two comfortably furnished and very quiet rooms, looking out on a neat courtyard, as one sees it in so many pictures of Dutch interiors. After the crowds and the noise of London we felt as if we were bedded in Abraham's bosom. And the friendly warden, a German preacher, and his young wife gave us an added sense of security.

We spent five days at Amsterdam—brilliant autumn days, warmed by a sun that was no longer oppressive, and clear nights, with the moonlight glimmering on the canals and casting sharply outlined shadows of the gabled houses on the pavement. We used the time at our disposal chiefly for getting a first-hand impression of the country and the people, as far as that was possible in a few days. The great art collections had to take second place; we only visited the Rijksmuseum, at Amsterdam, and the Mauritzhuis, at the Hague, once or twice, but had to leave their rich treasures of beauty unexhausted. Amsterdam itself gives one the impression of bygone greatness. It is a quiet old city; there are only a few streets that are livelier and more modern in character. Especially Amster-

<sup>41</sup> The boarding school formerly attended by Paulsen's elder son. See p. 335.

dam's old seaport disappointed my expectations. Ever since I had read those memoirs of my great-grandfather, Paul Frercksen, who had so often sailed his ship to Amsterdam, I had had a picture in my mind of ships from every quarter of the globe continually coming and going. Instead of that I saw a few small sailing ships and steamers, and in the navy yard a few obsolete old men-of-war. Amsterdam's shipping cannot bear comparison with that of Rotterdam, not to speak of Hamburg. Apparently it is Germany's rising prosperity that is hampering Holland: the channels of commerce lead via Hamburg, Bremen, and Emden or on the western route down the Rhine to Rotterdam or Antwerp. Amsterdam, deprived of its hinterland, is thus eliminated, and as an emporium it is crushed by London. Nor do its citizens, or at least what one sees of them in the streets, give the impression of comfortable prosperity. What had never happened to us in London occurred here on several occasions: men in apparently reduced circumstances accosted us to offer their services as guides, as they had done in Venice. I was told that many laborers now cross the German frontier to earn some money as seasonal workers. This marks an enormous change, as compared with the eighteenth or even with the first half of the nineteenth century.

On the following day we made an excursion to the island of Marken in the Zuyder Zee. The little steamer, with only a few passengers on board, carried us over the same waterway along which Paul Frercksen used to sail his ship, past Pampus, which I had found mentioned so frequently in Paul Frercksen's memoirs; in his day ships bound for Amsterdam still went by way of the Zuyder Zee, whereas now a canal leads directly to the sea. On the shore of the little island we were greeted by a crowd of golden-haired children; they were evidently accustomed to being admired, painted, and petted. Boys and girls were dressed alike, the boys being distinguished as such only by a star on their caps. The captain conducted us through some of the smaller cottages; confined within the narrowest space, they were spotlessly clean and decked out with old curiosities of every description, especially painted plates and cups which reminded me vividly of those in the kitchen of my aunts,

being evidently of the same provenience. We returned to Amsterdam through one of the numerous canals which intersect the lowlands in all directions. It was a very attractive picture: green marshes on both sides and cattle lying near the edge of the canal and lazily chewing their cud—an uninterrupted series of pictures “of the Dutch school.” At one village we had to go ashore and admire a farmhouse, where “the kine lived in the parlor,” or to put the matter straight: where during summer time the stables were made up as living rooms. Entering the harbor of Amsterdam, we enjoyed a glorious scene: the sun, veiled in luminous clouds, going down behind the countless towers and gables of the old city.

In the evening we visited the Jewish quarter; it was on a Saturday, when the strict sabbath had just come to an end and the masses of the Jewish inhabitants sought recreation in the streets and adjoining squares after the hardships of their religious observances. Especially the younger generation showed that unmistakable buoyancy of spirits which usually follows upon long restraint. They not only stared at us with great curiosity as strangers and intruders, but also shouted all sorts of sneering remarks; as we did not understand them, they did us no harm, although the grinning hatred in their faces spoke a plain language. I should not have thought it possible that one could still witness such scenes in western Europe; I was reminded of the Roman ghetto, through which I had walked on a late afternoon some thirty years ago at a constantly accelerated pace. Experiences such as these tend to make one doubt the possibility of assimilation.

On Sunday we took the train to Haarlem to attend divine service at the Groote Kerk. The huge bare edifice slowly filled with worshippers, the men observing a very irreverent attitude according to our ideas: they stood or walked about in groups with their hats on. At last the organ began to play, and they took their seats. To my disappointment I understood practically nothing of the sermon. Over extensive promenades we then walked to Zandvoort, the adjoining seaside resort, where the wealthy Amsterdammers have built their summer homes in the shelter of the dunes. Bearing names such as “Wel Tevreden,” “Hartelust,” and the like, they breathe a

spirit of restful contentment, as if to say: our ship has come home, and we are enjoying the harvest of earlier days. The bathing beach is very fine, but it was already completely deserted and the casino locked. The dunes are not very high but extend about three miles in width; walking about them, one seems to recognize the original of many a painting by Cuyp, just as the Haarlem meadows seemed quite familiar to us after seeing Ruysdael's landscapes.

The next day we spent the forenoon at the Rijksmuseum and then devoted the afternoon to an excursion to Zaandam and Zaan-dijk. The neat little houses on both sides of the River Zaan greatly took our fancy, and the abundance of windmills—we counted twenty or even thirty in some places—seemed to lend the scene a touch of airy fantasy. It goes without saying that we also inspected the little house where Peter the Great lived when he came to Holland to bring the art of shipbuilding back to his Russians.

We ended our journey with an excursion to the Hague, the seat of the government, and it so happened that the States General, the Dutch parliament, were to be opened on that day. We had not known anything about it until our attention was attracted by the crowds at all railroad stations. Entering the town, we found the streets filled with a festive throng: the Dutch people came to hail their young queen—or were they only bent on pleasure? A stranger in Berlin would hardly notice anything in the streets to make him aware of the opening of the *Reichstag*; but here at the Hague the crowds in the streets and squares remained so dense until nightfall that carriages had great difficulty in getting through. So we joined the crowd and waited patiently for things to happen; but in the end all we saw of the whole procession were the plumes on the hat of Her Majesty's coachman. The people's shouts of joy, which are in order on such occasions, remained within very moderate limits: perhaps the Dutch are too phlegmatic to make so great an effort! After the spectacle was over, we were at last permitted to view the treasures of the Mauritzhuis, which had remained closed until then. In the afternoon we went to Scheveningen. The beach and dunes are even finer than those at Zandvoort; a longer stay here must be very enjoyable: I imagine that this combination of seaside resort and

great city with so many art treasures and such beautiful surroundings could not be found anywhere else in the world.

On September 21 we were back at Steglitz, saturated with impressions of travel as we had never been before. Reuter and his niece had been staying at our house with Rudi and Grete during the whole vacation. He had been working with Rudi, who went to Kiel that autumn. I had introduced him to Professor Wendland, who was to give him a thorough initiation into the study of classical philology. Grete went to Weimar to attend the Art School and study portrait painting, for which she had shown considerable talent. In her stead we took a young lady from French Switzerland into our house, who soon endeared herself to us by her quiet and amiable ways. Unfortunately the winter did not pass for Laura without the attack of influenza which had almost become the rule for her. Afterward I also took the infection, but paid little attention to it; and this neglect on my part may have been to blame for the bad aftereffects which made themselves felt later on.

One of the first things that met my eyes on our return to Berlin was a novel, exhibited and glaringly advertised in the windows of all bookstores, which depicted a war between Germany and England in all its details, the final scene showing the German Emperor entering London on horseback at the head of German, French, and Russian battalions. This idiotic nonsense made my patience snap, and I wrote an article, "England and Germany," which appeared simultaneously in the November numbers of the *Deutsche Rundschau* and the *Contemporary Review* (in Mr. Unwin's translation). It may have done some good; at any rate I received quite a number of letters from England expressing the writers' assent. In Germany the change of heart seems to have taken place a little later: it was not until the winter of 1905-6 that a movement was started against the abominable anti-English press campaign that was going on. Availing myself of the opportunity to address a meeting convened by the Berlin merchants in the great hall of the Stock Exchange, I branded the instigation of the two nations against each other as a suicidal undertaking. The following summer saw the visits of

friendship paid to England by the mayors of German cities and by the German journalists.

## 1905

About the beginning of the year heated debates took place in the faculty concerning an "exchange of professors" with America, which had been planned for some time and was now being pushed by the Emperor himself. Kuno Francke had started the movement when he came to Europe in the summer of 1904 in the interests of the German Museum he had founded at Harvard. He had been received by the Emperor, who had donated to the museum a magnificent collection of casts illustrating German history and art from the earliest times down to the present. On that occasion someone had suggested the idea to the Emperor by remarking that the donation ought to be supplemented by an exchange of leading university men. Kuno Francke had entertained similar ideas for a long time past. Four or five years earlier he had induced President Eliot, of Harvard, to invite me to deliver a course of lectures at Harvard, and the invitation had been seconded by other universities, including Yale and Cornell, with the suggestion that I might repeat the course at their own institutions. I had declined, partly on account of my lack of facility in the English language and partly because I could not help feeling that to push oneself forward in this way smacked of arrogance or was at least liable to be so interpreted. Adapting the words of Faust to my situation:

Bilde mir nicht ein, was Rechtes zu wissen,  
Bilde mir nicht ein, ich könnte was lehren,  
Die AMERIKANER zu bessern und zu bekehren! <sup>42</sup>

<sup>42</sup> Following Miss Raphael's version, this paraphrase of a passage from Goethe's *Faust* would read:

"I don't think much of what I know,  
I don't imagine I could show  
The AMERICANS how to mend their ways  
Or lead them on to better days."

Kuno Francke relates the following incident in connection with the visit he paid Paulsen in 1897: "It was just like him when, in answer to my repeated entreaties to

I had written to President Eliot in that sense. Now the idea was revived under official auspices. In July or August deliberations took place in the ministry, in which I was requested to take part, together with the rector of the university and Professor Giercke as a member of the senate. The matter ought to be seen through, we were told, and it was suggested that the rector of the University of Berlin should make the necessary arrangements with President Eliot of Harvard. At the same time Dr. Althoff urged me to go to America as the first exchange professor. But my own attitude remained unchanged. I again refused, and all the more definitively as a political flavor had now been imparted to the affair. It had become a case of a professor being sent upon an official mission, as it were. Needless to say, that would have entailed no end of formal calls and receptions and presentations and dinners—obligations, in short, that would have amply sufficed in themselves to deter me from the journey! Nor could I help feeling that the ardent way in which friendship was now being cultivated with America—Prince Henry's visit had just taken place, and presents had been sent over—was likely to produce an impression of design and thus leave a sediment of ill-humor.<sup>48</sup> In the course of the winter semester the whole question was brought before the senate of the university and submitted by the latter in turn to the four faculties. In the philosophical faculty the idea met with a very hostile reception: some arrogant hotspurs deprecated the suggestion of thus placing the American universities on a par with the German universities as being in the nature of an affront to the dignity of the latter. A committee was appointed, which entered into interminable debates, and in the end it was resolved to leave

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let himself be persuaded to come to America for once and give a course of lectures at our universities, he replied: 'No, that is not for me; I'm not a bigwig!' I was all the more deeply moved when, on one of those evenings, over a glass of wine, he suggested that we drink the pledge of brotherhood; I did not find it easy to get the word 'thou' over my lips in speaking to such a great man." Kuno Francke, *Deutsche Arbeit in Amerika*, 1930, p. 31.

<sup>48</sup> If Paulsen could but have known how completely President Eliot shared his sentiments regarding Prince Henry's visit! For a very interesting and diverting account see Henry James, *Charles W. Eliot*, 1930, II, 137-42.



the matter to the decision of the ministry, the members wishing to keep their own hands clean! I have defined my own attitude in more detail in an article which appeared in the *Nationalzeitung* on February 14, 1905. Meanwhile things took their course on the basis thus provided, and in the following winter semester Professor F. G. Peabody, of Harvard, with whom very cordial relations were established, gave us an excellent account of the American character at its best.

There was another pending question concerning which I was induced to express myself in public. I refer to the grotesque agitation against the Catholic student associations. I had already been invited in the preceding autumn by the students of the Polytechnic Institute of Charlottenburg to assist them in their struggle for "academic liberty." I had scouted the idea on the ground that, to my way of thinking, academic liberty must of necessity include the liberty of Catholic students to form associations based on the religious and political convictions they held in common. The unscrupulous and preposterous agitation set afoot by the organs of the "progressive" press deprived the students more and more of all logic and sound reason, and this "fight for liberty," whose purpose was to suppress liberty, continued all through 1905. Monstrous and incredible as the whole agitation was, at least it made one thing clear: that to the masses liberty always and forever means one thing only, namely, the right and the power to crush the opponent. From this point of view I wrote two articles against the masses, one for the *Nationalzeitung* and the other for the *Münchener Neueste Nachrichten*. The first appeared on March 10, 1905; the other was never published—it was editorially withdrawn after the type had been set up. In this connection I might also mention a review of S. Meckel's "The Catholic Faculties and Religious Liberty," which appeared in the *Nationalzeitung* of May 10 and in the *Deutsche Literaturzeitung* of May 15.

A review I published in one of the April numbers of the *Deutsche Literaturzeitung* of A. Heubaum's "History of German Education" led to my being asked by the publishing firm of B. G.

Teubner to write a little book under the same title for their series *Aus Natur und Geisteswelt*. I agreed and started work on it before the summer was over.

About the same time I was asked by the editor of the *Deutsche Bücherei*, Dr. A. Reimann, to authorize the publication of a small volume of collected essays. I did not take to the idea at first, but since he persisted, I looked into the matter further, and as I went over my published articles the proposal appealed to me more and more; so in the end he carried off, not only one volume, but two small volumes, entitled "On Ethics and Politics." The series he edited really served the purpose I always had at heart: to provide good reading matter for the widest circles at low prices. The two booklets, comprising about 250 pages, were published at 50 *pfennige*, or M. 1 for bound copies. They have been a source of great pleasure to me.

In the Easter vacation, yearning for an escape from a present that was saddening for more reasons than one, I took up the manuscript memoirs of my great-grandfather, Paul Frercksen. Together with the logbook he had kept as captain, they were contained in an old iron-bound wooden chest which had come into my possession after Uncle Ipke's death. I had occasionally glanced through them; but now that I took them up in good earnest and started to decipher them properly, I found them so interesting that I decided to copy them and get them printed. The writing was so effaced in many places that it was difficult to make out; but I succeeded at last, and the memoirs were published in the October number of the *Zeitschrift für Schleswig-Holsteinische Geschichte*.

My occupation with these things served to mature a project I had entertained for some time: to pay a visit to the North and see the places where my forebear had so often been. This induced Laura to pay her usual visit to Starnberg, which had been omitted in the previous autumn, in the spring. When I followed her at Whitsuntide she met me on the way, and we visited Landshut and Freising together, two attractive old towns—the former with the stately castle of Trausnitz high above the Isar valley; the latter with a whole colony of clerics on its height. While at Starnberg,

we devoted two days to an ascent of the Schachen, near Partenkirchen; being favored by perfect weather, we enjoyed a magnificent view of the Wettersteingebirge in the early morning and considered ourselves amply repaid for a sleepless night. Besides, we afterward made up for the lost sleep on the meadows of Graseck, where we lay down in the midst of a paradise of gorgeous flowers. It made me very happy to see that Laura was able once more to undertake such a climb without ill effects; it was, after all, an elevation of nearly 6,000 feet.

To our great delight we had Dr. Kuno Francke with us for some days in July. He had preserved his youthful vivacity and freshness and even his childlike simplicity quite unimpaired, although he had celebrated his fiftieth birthday that year.

On August 7 we started on our journey to the North,<sup>44</sup> with Copenhagen as its first stage. The next morning a steamer took us through the Sound to Helsingborg, in Sweden. After a brief stay there we spent two days at Mölle, a small seaside resort near the Kullen promontory, where my great-grandfather, Paul Frercksen, lost his ship in the autumnal gales of a century and a half ago. He had to spend the whole winter at the tiny village that Mölle then was, to save what he could of the ship and its cargo. Now the sea lay quiet at our feet, and the rays of the setting sun played on the grayish-red granite and the red-shimmering heather growing on the heights and here and there on the slopes. Then we continued our journey by rail through southern Sweden, whose red-painted farmhouses made an impression of well-to-do comfort. The Trolhättan Falls, which we visited on our way, rather disappointed our expectations, being rapids rather than really steep falls. We arrived at Christiania just in time for *Norges store Dag*, the thirteenth of August, on which the people of Norway voted for their independence from Sweden. It really was a soul-stirring experience to hear the melody of Luther's great hymn, "A Mighty Fortress Is Our God," followed by the Ambrosian chant, rising up to our windows

<sup>44</sup> The greater part of this account of the Norwegian journey has been taken from an article which appeared in the *Vossische Zeitung* (Sunday supplement, September 30, 1905), and to which Paulsen refers in his posthumous manuscript.

from the Eidsvoldsplass, facing the Storthing. I took a walk through the town and found the market place filled with a dense crowd, numbering thousands, all of them decked out with the Norwegian colors in every shape and form. But there was no jostling, no noise, hardly even loud speaking, while familiar hymns sounded from the height of Vor Frelser's towering steeple. I entered the church, but it was overcrowded long before the beginning of the service, all passages being choked with a dense throng, so that I had to give up the idea of staying. I read the sermon afterward; it was a heart-searching address to the Norwegian people about their new tasks. Surely, a nation which conducts its "revolution" in this manner may look hopefully to the future. Perhaps no nation has ever begun a new epoch of its historical life with such unanimity and such soberness and clarity of purpose. For there can be no doubt that it is a new epoch of the highest significance which the summer of 1905 has ushered in for the Norwegian people. Having leaned through centuries on stronger political powers, first on Denmark and then on Sweden, Norway has now joined the European family of nations as an independent member, no longer encumbered by political aims that are more or less foreign to her, but burdened instead with a new task, the seriousness of which cannot be gauged yet, the task of guarding her independence and dignity from now on with her own hand. But it may be taken for granted that in the long run the dissolution of her union with Sweden will not mean indifference, not to speak of hostility, of the two nations toward each other. Perhaps, as is so often the case, the removal of an irksome external bond will facilitate a union between them that is all the more sincere because it is founded on their common vital interests.

However, it is not Norwegian politics I want to talk about here, but the country and the people. We bade goodbye to Christiania after spending an unforgettable evening on the Frognersaeter, rising to about 1,300 feet above the town, with a magnificent view of the latter and the fjord. Our next stop was at Hamar, on Lake Mïösen, whose name I had first heard fifty years ago at the Langenhorn school as that of the largest lake in Norway. The shores sur-

rounding its beautiful bluish-green waters rather remind one of the Lake of Zurich; they rise to a somewhat greater height, but they are flattened in a similar way and well cultivated. Of course they bear the imprint of the North: one must not look for towns and villages in crowded abundance as in the South, but rather for isolated farmsteads, which only here and there lie somewhat closer together. Half an hour's walk takes one to the ruins of Hamar cathedral, built in the twelfth century, one of the few remains of historical edifices in this country. Four mighty arched vaults, borne by round pillars, together with the foundations still visible everywhere bear witness to the bygone glory of this central church of the North. Standing on the top of a hill jutting out into the lake, it must have been visible for miles around as the proud symbol of the dominion of the new faith; even its ruins still make a powerful impression in the light of the setting sun. The next day we went by train to Otta, where the national *skyds* took charge of our further transportation. In two and one-half days a brisk team of two cream-white little horses took us through the Gudbrands valley to the western sea. The weather was fine and our spirits even better, so that the twenty-four hours we had to travel on the *stolkjaerre*—a small two-wheeled carriage, not unlike a hansom, with a seat for two persons, at whose back the driver holds the reins—did not seem too long. The landscape, it is true, is not particularly grand. The elevation of the valley bottom ranges from about 1,000 to about 2,000 feet, and, unless one keeps an eye on the direction in which the rivers flow, one hardly becomes aware that one is passing over the watershed between the fjord of Christiania, to which the Lougen flows in its long-drawn-out course, and the Atlantic, into which the Rauma falls after a short and rapid run. The surrounding heights are long-stretched crests of a similar character. Considering the latitude, the cultivation of the valley is not so bad; near most homesteads we saw a few fields of barley and oats—or “gardens,” if “fields” is saying too much—but they were still green as they are with us in June. Grazing is the chief source of subsistence, and here and there also horses are raised. The human habitations, especially higher up, where living is scantier, made us

think of the Eskimos: cottages with the roof-ridge rising to scarcely more than twelve to sixteen feet from the ground; the walls built of gray tree trunks, with moss stuffed between the interstices; the roof made of tree bark and covered with green turf, in which sometimes a small pine or birch tree takes root. The traveler finds simple but clean accommodation and also quite passable meals at the *skyds* stations. Both at Toftemoen and at Stueflaaten we enjoyed a good night's rest with the turf ceiling over our heads.

On the third day a brisk and cheerful drive along the Rauma, tumbling down to the fjord in exuberant joy, brought us to the sea; at Aaudalsnaes we bade goodbye to our excellent Baktril Hilmersen with his two little cream-white horses. In the evening a steamer took us in three hours to Molde, and I shall never forget the impression I received when we entered our room on the third floor of the comfortable Hotel Alexandra and stepped on the balcony, looking out upon the bay flooded with moonlight. Something of the witchery of moonlit Venetian nights seemed to hover over the quiet expanse of water, while from the distance the mountains of the Romsdal valley, through which we had just come, nodded their proud and snow-capped heads. The next morning, as one looked over the well-tended garden of the hotel, with its gorgeous dahlias, sloping down toward the sea and bathed in sunlight, we found it rather hard to say goodbye. But we had to make sure of one of the little fjord steamers, plying only irregularly, and so we continued our journey to Aalesund, the little town which had become so well known in Germany since its conflagration and the Emperor's prompt help. I gratefully remember the comfortable Bergen tourist-steamer "*Sigurd Jarl*," which not only took us there in quick time but also catered to our material needs in an exemplary way; there even was genuine Munich "*Pschorr*" on tap—a real treat after the poor Norwegian beer, whose only distinction is its high price. Upon our arrival at Aalesund, where we found many streets still impassable, we ascended the rocky crest of the Aksla, steeply rising to a height of 500 feet above the town. We sat a long time on the bare granite boulders, smoothed by the ice of the glacial period, with flowering heather around our feet. Our eyes could

hardly see their fill of the wonderful sights crowding in upon them from all directions. To the west at our feet the town, newly risen from its ruins, from which the hammering and knocking of countless busy hands, at work within and without on the completion of the new houses, rose unintermittently to our ears. Farther away an abundance of small islands: some of them bare ledges of gray granite, coming just above the surface of the water and measuring only a few hundred square yards; others of larger size with pastureland, farmhouses, and grazing cattle; and scattered among them higher elevations, rising to a thousand feet or so. In the background, on the horizon, the surging ocean, mingling its bluish-green colors with the pale blue tints of the sky. On both sides, attracting one's glance to the right and to the left, mighty mountain islands of greenish-gray rock, separated from one another by countless shimmering fjords and channels and overgrown with red-flowering heather. In the opposite direction, bounding the horizon in the east, the high escarpment of the *fjeld* with blinding patches of snow. I had the impression that nature had outdone herself in solemnity and sublimity: the powerful sweep of the gigantic proportions, the beautiful and clear-cut lines, the splendor and variety of marvelously harmonized colors—I wonder whether one could find all this anywhere else in such perfection as here, where Norway's western coast makes its descent to the Atlantic.

I will not relate our further travels by steamer and by carriage, usually in rapid alternation—the somber Jörund *fjord* and the beautiful Geiranger being among the high lights. But I want to describe an excursion we made to the *fjeld*. There is a new highway, starting at Merok and leading in rapid turns up to the plateau of the *fjeld*, a height of 3,600 feet, surmounted by mighty summits and pinnacles rising to 6,500 feet. A three-hour drive on the plateau brings one to the lonely Grotlien Inn, the junction of the *skyds* lines maintaining the intercourse between the eastern and western parts of the country. To the senses, the *fjeld* has nothing to offer whatever. An icy wind, to which our summer garments were in no way adapted, penetrated through every smallest chink of one's clothing. For miles around—long Norwegian miles—noth-

ing but monotonous, awe-inspiring desolation! The ground consists of huge ledges of gray rock, rising here and there to form skull-shaped domes—the higher ones covered with snow also on their slopes. Trough-shaped hollows of varying size, filled with water from the melting snow, sometimes attain the dimensions of lakes with huge lumps of snow and ice floating on the surface. Wide tracts are covered with the scanty grayish-green vegetation of a barren heath flora, with the yellow reindeer moss predominating; only now and then one comes across a shrub-like dwarf birch, which seems to wonder how it came to be there. Even if one does not envisage this solitude with the trained eyes of the geologist, one is overcome by an overwhelming impression of primordial existence. The Alps with their jaunty peaks, their mighty crests, their deep-cut valleys, and their magnificent forests appear modern and shaped in comparison. Here we see the primeval earth in its original nakedness. There is something distressing, too, in the absence of animal life; a hawk and a few snow grouse were all we saw during the several hours of our drive: no larks singing as they do over our heath at home; no butterflies fluttering around flowers, no beetles scurrying through the herbs—nothing but gruesome stillness and loneliness, the only audible sound being the trickling and gurgling of the waters from the melting snow. If it were not for the highway, testifying to man's power even over a desert like this, the impression would be crushing. We really felt relieved when we at last saw the stately wooden building of the Grotlien Inn rising before our eyes.

After we had restored ourselves to some degree, we came in for a surprise. One of the guests entered saying he had just paid a visit to the Laps. We thought he was joking, but no!—it was quite true: in a depression about 200 yards from the hotel there was a brown tent which we had overlooked before; but now blue smoke was curling from its opening at the top. We walked across and were received first by two grayish-black dogs and then by two children in many-colored garments, of an unmistakably Finnish cast of countenance, but by no means ugly to look upon. The flap forming the entrance of the tent was turned back, so that one could see the



father and the mother of the two children sitting near the fire that was burning on a hearth built of stones in the center of the floor, while a third child, still in its infancy, was lying on a curious little wooden frame near the edge of the tent. In response to their invitation we entered and sat down by the fire on small boxes and chests which they dragged near. The woman did not let herself be disturbed a single moment in her occupation, roasting reindeer steaks over the fire, while the man was making the end of a reindeer bone red-hot by poking the fire with it and then used it to light the end of a cigar that had probably just been given to him. A few pieces of chocolate gained the children's confidence, who told us that their names were Karen and John, and that Christie was that of the baby, thus giving us the reassurance that we were in the company of baptized Christians. From the father we learned that he was the proud owner of a reindeer herd numbering two hundred and that their permanent pasture-ground was in the vicinity. Leaving the tent, we saw a heap of reindeer antlers lying not far away, which revealed the purpose for which the herd was kept. Then in the evening, when reindeer steaks were placed on the table before us at our hotel, an unexpected light began to dawn on us concerning the inner connection of human affairs and also concerning the abundance of fresh cuts ready for roasting which had roused our admiration for the appetite of the Laps when we saw them in the tent.

The next morning we again drove for hours through wintry bleakness, until the road began its descent through the Videdol; then, after its first few turns, balmier breezes began to caress our faces. In two hours we reached Lake Strynvand, which really forms part of the North *fjord*, being separated from its eastern continuation, the Invik *fjord*, only by a small heap of glacial deposits. It really was marvelous how we seemed to have been transported within these two hours from north-polar regions at one stroke to some lake in Switzerland. There was a fine show of gaudy flowers in the garden of the pretty inn at Hjelle, and the heavily laden branches of the fruit trees were bowed down to the ground. We were able to enjoy our afternoon coffee in the open air, with our

glances resting on the mountains opposite, green and wooded on their lower slopes, but bare higher up, with white-shimmering summits, and on the beautiful bluish glaciers, stretching down into the intervening valleys. This is an often-recurring picture. Lake Oldenvard, for example, is one of the most beautiful alpine lakes I have ever seen: from the fields and gardens along its shores rise precipitous walls of rock, with snow lying along the edges and on the summits; and between, reaching low down into the deep, fissure-like valleys, there are glaciers, looking clean and blue, not made unsightly by moraines as those of Switzerland almost invariably are. It is an overwhelming experience to see whole icebergs break off from the steeply overhanging glaciers and to hear them crash down to the depth with a sound like thunder, as they are shattered to pieces.

Truly Norway can boast of a superabundance of natural beauties: mountains and rivers, sea *fjords* and inland lakes. But two things are lacking. One is that it is practically impossible to undertake a real walking tour, as one does in the Tyrol or in Bavaria: the distances are too great, the mountains too inaccessible, and the passes too high; these are only for the sturdy climber. And secondly, the Norwegian landscape is void of history and historical associations that could enliven it with the memory of human deeds and destinies, at least as far as the visitor from other lands is concerned. To us Germans the North *fjord* and the Sogne *fjord* are nothing but geographical names; they do not call up in our minds a profusion of pictures and sentiments as do the Rhine and the Moselle, the Thuringian Forest and the Harz Mountains. To the natives they may be more; but even to them they cannot be what our German lands are to us. The difference is of an intrinsic nature, being largely bound up with the fact that the country is so thinly settled. One can drive through it for days without encountering any visible monuments of historical events. There are no castles and churches, no cities with walls and gates, hardly even any villages, only isolated farmsteads and *skyds* stations, and perhaps every three or four miles a nameless church built of wood. It cannot be denied that there is a certain monotony in the Norwe-

gian landscape, even if it be a monotony of grandeur, so that after a few days' journeying it is difficult to resist the blunting of one's senses. Thus I have to confess that Gudvangen and Stalheim, both extolled as outstanding examples of northern scenery, were no longer able to make a deep impression on me; the terrifying walls of the N  r   fjord and the N  r  dal, which forms its continuation, had in the main a depressing effect on us. The idea of spending days or weeks in these surroundings made us shudder.

From what I have seen of the Norwegian people, I should say that they are friendly and obliging toward strangers without obtruding themselves or being covetous. The little drivers, for example, whom one sees everywhere waiting with their carriages for a fare, scarcely offer their services, but let one make one's own choice. Even the avidity for tips is confined to narrow limits, which is no doubt largely due to the absence of a crowd of international waiters, the waiting at table being done almost exclusively by Norwegian girls. There were practically no attempts at cheating. To the German visitor it is pleasing to note the unmistakable sympathy generally entertained for his people and his language, which is doubtless due in no small measure to the Emperor's frequent yachting cruises in Norwegian waters. Everywhere one finds landlords and porters who can speak German, so that there is no need for anyone to omit Norway from his travels on account of his unfamiliarity with the language. A young lad in Olden addressed me in faultless German, offering his services as a driver. On my question where he had learned it, he replied, "out of a book." He had been helped with the pronunciation by someone who had studied at Berlin, and although he still had a lot to learn, the little man looked at the world with such clear and scrutinizing eyes that I feel very confident regarding the success of his further German studies.

In addition to German, English is spoken everywhere; during meals one frequently hears the three languages being spoken simultaneously, and the dining tables are often decorated with little flags in the English and German colors, in addition to the Norwegian—a custom I had never yet encountered anywhere. I hope

it may prove of good augury for the future relations among the three peoples. Undoubtedly Norway's political situation points to its leaning on the two great and kindred nations, or at any rate in the ultimate resort to their protection. Neither of them could tolerate Russia's extension to the Atlantic.

Some of the English tourists have taken up their abode along the rivers of the west coast, which abounds in salmon, to devote themselves to their national sport of fly fishing. I saw a printed advertisement of a hotel containing the statement of a Mr. Sanderson that he had stayed there for two weeks and in that time "killed" twenty-seven salmon, weighing 253 pounds, and that he had been satisfied in every respect. I can picture this Mr. Sanderson to myself: entirely innocent of any poetic inspiration or sentimental attachment to nature, he makes a business even of his pleasure; he has killed his twenty-seven salmon and has had his comfort—could anyone coming to Norway desire more? The German goes into raptures over the glaciers and waterfalls; the Englishman counts the salmon he has killed and sees to it that he gets his comfort, which latter then also accrues to the benefit of the German. The hotels are well appointed, considering the circumstances, and the meals are not bad either, although the way in which they are served is a little pretentious, and this also applies to the price. The English way of serving meat and fish three times a day has been adopted, but frequently with insufficient means: there is an eternal "repetition of sameness," so that one can foretell one's gastronomic pleasures at luncheon and dinner for days or weeks in advance. In the long run this becomes just as irksome as the eternal repetition of the same *fjord* scenery and the same waterfalls. I have to confess that at Gudvangen such a violent and almost irresistible longing for the cheerful beechwoods of Seeland and the flesh-pots of Danish cooking took hold of us, that I fear we should have left the country in precipitous flight had it not been for the intervening sea and the attractions of the old city of Bergen, which made us tarry there for two more days, devoting our attention to the mementoes of the Norwegian kings and to the monuments dating back to the days of the Hanseatic League, and once again finding

surcease for the soul, as at Aalesund, in the glorious sight of mountains mingling with the sea.

It had always been my wish to set eyes for once on the old Denmark—*gamle Danmark*—with which the land of my forebears had been united so firmly and so long. Therefore, disembarking from the Danish mail boat to which we had transferred from the steamer that took us from Bergen, we went ashore at Frederikshavn, near Denmark's northernmost point, and continued our journey the same evening by train to Aalborg, a flourishing town on the Liim *fjord*, into which Emperor Otto I is said to have flung his spear. The next day, as the train carried us southward through the Jutish peninsula—past all the numerous towns whose names are still familiar to me from my Langenhorn school days—it became more and more plain to me that the Danes were not so wrong in calling Schleswig "South-Jutland," although one might just as well turn it the other way and call Jutland a prolongation of northern Schleswig. For the hilly and wooded country along the east coast, with its *fjords*, is nothing but a continuation of the east coast of Schleswig, and the same is true of the *geest* with its meager soil. The farther south we came, the more opulent and stately became the look of the villages and towns. One gains the impression that Denmark is not the worse for the amputation of 1864. Freed from the burden of having to carry on a European policy with insufficient means, it is now devoting itself with signal success to the cultivation of its domestic concerns and to the accomplishment of its economic and spiritual tasks. In this way it can attain to a highly honored position in the European family of nations, such as it could never have secured by a European policy, doomed to futility as it would have been.

We concluded our journey with a five-day stay at Copenhagen, reviving former impressions. I was greatly interested in the historical collection at Rosenborg Castle; in Berlin we have nothing to parallel the comprehensive survey of Danish history, especially cultural history, which it affords; perhaps the Bavarian National Museum, in Munich, could be compared to it. One day, after visiting the Thorwaldsen Museum in the morning—it is always a re-

newed pleasure to gaze upon the abundance of graceful figures that have sprung from the artist's teeming imagination—we made an excursion with my old friend Professor Harold Høffding to Taerbaek. He had often visited me at Steglitz, and it gave me great pleasure to be able at last to return the compliment; we also called on him one evening at his lonely house. Another morning was devoted to a visit to the People's University, at Lyngby. Although it stood vacant at the time, our friendly guide knew how to fill it with life by his description. The peculiar character of this institution comes to light in the extremely primitive appointments of the individual living rooms, which are, as a matter of fact, used only for sleeping. The whole day, from early till late, is spent with the whole group—instruction, work, games and singing alternating with one another. There is to be no isolation whatever, so that each individual student may be permeated with the community spirit. Provision is also made for character training by the institution of self-government within the limits of the general rules and regulations. In the afternoon of the same day we visited the castles of Frederiksborg and Fredensborg.

Among the collections we inspected, particular mention is due to that of Ny Carlsberg, rich especially in classic works of art unearthed in the most recent past. It was donated to the nation by Mr. Jacobsen, the brewer. In other collections, too, one constantly comes upon the notice: "Presented by Mr. Jacobsen." He is a living witness of the new spirit that has come to the fore in modern Denmark: the urge to achieve distinction has found new ways and means, which are more fruitful than the former traditional method of patriotic endeavor. I cannot forbear mentioning that Mr. Jacobsen's beer, which is served everywhere in Copenhagen, was not to our taste at all. We were much more astonished at the fact that the Danes submitted to being charged 20 öre (about five cents) for a small glass of this beverage, than that, this being so, Mr. Jacobsen had become a rich man.

The late afternoons and evenings we usually spent at the seaside resorts along the Sound, and I was able to bathe in the sea there several times, having only rarely had a chance of doing so in Nor-

way, the last time at Bergen. On our journey home we got out at Roskilde to visit the ancient cathedral there, where the old Danish kings are buried. It is a magnificent edifice, situated on a height overlooking the Ise *fjord*, with its numerous branches; the latter, forming a convenient harbor for trading vessels no less than for the boats of the Vikings, may account for the fact that Roskilde became the earliest royal residence on Seeland. At first we were refused admission, being told that the king was expected, as it was the anniversary of Queen Louise's death. But we succeeded in softening the sexton's heart and were able to make an inspection, somewhat hurried, it is true, of the church and the chapel, containing the coffins and monuments, some of them very handsome. The silent sermon about the vanity of human affairs which these old tombs of the kings preached was further enhanced by the special occasion. We had just left the cathedral when we met the old king together with the crown prince, no longer young in years either; they were driving in such plain carriages that we nearly missed them. A few months later the old gentleman, who had been my sovereign in my earlier days, made his own last entrance to this abode of peace.

We had hardly come home from our journey to the North, when I found myself afflicted with an alarming condition of weakness. I had noticed the first symptoms on our return from Copenhagen at the Stettin Terminal in Berlin, finding myself compelled again and again to put down the portmanteau which I always carried, because I found it too heavy. Within a few days the weakness increased to such a degree that I was out of breath each time I walked upstairs to my study. My appearance also changed for the worse; my hands and face were waxy yellow and looked shriveled. Our physician, Dr. Alberts, diagnosed severe anemia, with changes in the red blood corpuscles; he attributed it to all sorts of injurious influences during our journey: indigestible food, cold, reckless bathing in the cold sea. When I became worse, he advised me to consult Professor Fürbringer, who confirmed the diagnosis, but attributed my illness to more deep-seated causes. This made me think, and now I remembered some slight symptoms during the preceding summer semester. Thus, after walking up the two flights of stairs to my lecture room

at the university, my heart and my breathing had given me trouble, so that I had to rest a while before I could begin my lecture, which was quite unusual. Professor Fürbringer prescribed rest above everything else: I was to give only one lecture each day, take baths, and drink Levico, an arsenous chalybeate water. During the winter gradual improvement took place, interrupted by little relapses; I again felt strong enough to take walks in the Grunewald Forest for several hours at a time.

My general state of mind was not greatly affected by my illness, except that I was more sensitive to disturbances and grievances. But apart from that and although I could not work with my usual energy and perseverance, the pleasure which the conception and formulation of my thoughts always gave me was undiminished. My lectures gave me no trouble; and when I sat at my desk, I felt in good spirits and quite fit. The writing of the little book I had undertaken for Teubner's series gave me great satisfaction; it appeared in the spring of 1906 under the title "German Education in its Historical Development."<sup>45</sup> A number of short articles succeeded equally well.

## 1906

On March 16 we started for the Riviera. Professor Fürbringer hoped that a prolonged stay on the Mediterranean coast would bring about my complete recovery. We took the night train to Frankfort and then continued our journey to Switzerland through the wide valley of the Rhine on a beautiful early spring day. Here and there, flowering anemones and primroses were already peeping from the ground, while the green waters of the Lake of Lucerne still mirrored snow-capped mountains: we felt greatly tempted to get off and stay a few days. On the evening of the 17th we arrived at Milan, and the following day about noon at our beloved Santa Margherita. But we had considerable difficulty in getting our old room again in the garden pavilion of the hotel. The weather also

<sup>45</sup> The English version (by the present editor) bears the title "German Education Past and Present."



changed, and there followed a whole week of cold and rainy days, all the more unpleasant on account of the fact that our heating arrangements proved very inadequate. This did not prevent us, however, from following out the physician's prescription of a walk every morning and every afternoon. Nor did walking cause me any difficulty, not even uphill; and on that coast almost every walk is uphill, unless one keeps to the road running along the coast from Rapallo over Santa Margherita to Porto Fino. But to walk on that road is anything but a pleasure on account of the great number of automobiles passing along it: on wet days one is bespattered with mud and dirt from head to foot, and on hot days one is enveloped in a cloud of choking lime dust. I have always regarded it as one of the most baffling examples of the public's patience that people put up with these crazy attacks on their life and health on the part of a few thousand hare-brained and half-demented sport enthusiasts, as if it were an inevitable phenomenon of nature. Everyone grumbles, but goes on bearing it; and the public press, which is supposed to watch over the public interest, has nothing to say about it for the simple reason that it is itself greatly interested in the national automobile industry, or rather in its advertisements and boosting articles, not to speak of the cash payments it presumably receives for keeping silent. The general public, on the other hand, that most inveterate and obtuse pachyderm, remains unaware of this; unless the press furnishes it with a ready-made public opinion—not forthcoming in this instance, as just explained—some unorganized growls are all it can manage.

April brought warm and cheerful days, which invited us to go farther afield, visiting Nervi, for example, where we called on my colleague, Professor Lasson.<sup>46</sup> On several occasions we went by boat to San Fruttuoso, a small convent delightfully situated in a secret rocky bay on the south coast of the peninsula; we had only one fault to find with it—that it was overrun everyday with hundreds of German tourists, who came to set themselves up at their favorite tavern. Another time we went to Cavi-Sestri; I do not know anything more beautiful than the walk along the heights of Cavi; in the

<sup>46</sup> The last representative of the Hegelian school at Berlin.

afternoon we stayed a long time at the Villa Piuma; its beautiful park with its superb old pines and its luxuriant tall heather, exhaling an almost intoxicating fragrance in the burning sunshine, invited us to lie down and dream, listening to the sea surging against the jagged rocks deep down below us and watching the sailing ships and steamers taking their way across the sea in the far distance.

In our hotel we soon found pleasant company. Our neighbor in the pavilion we occupied was Professor Freudenthal, of the new Academy of Social Sciences at Frankfort-on-the-Main, a son of the Breslau philosopher; he himself had studied law and was an interesting and delightful companion. We took many walks together; it was most interesting to hear him talk about his recent journey to North America, where he had investigated the administration of criminal justice in the various States of the Union. Then came a Berlin colleague of mine, Professor Drude, the physicist, with his wife, a native of Würzburg. There soon developed a very pleasant intimacy with these unpretentious, bright, and cheerful people. We took luncheon and dinner together every day at a little table for four and joined forces on many an excursion, either by boat to Zoagli and Porto Fino or on foot, ascending the Monte Fino. And after dinner we regularly enjoyed a glass of Munich beer together at a newly opened restaurant, which soon became the meeting place of a whole group of German professors. He gave one the impression of indestructible vitality: lank and wiry, with a youthful, well-tanned face—one might have taken him for a Prussian officer in mufti. I often envied him for the elasticity he displayed, when I saw him taking the heights at a bound; once, when we met him at the Crocizia on Monte Allegro, he dashed along the mountain crest and within a few minutes beckoned to us from a distant peak, already out of earshot. It was one of the saddest things I have ever known, when, barely two months later, this man in the flower of his strength ended his life, so full of joy and promise, by his own hand. When I first heard the news, I refused to believe it; he had called on me at Steglitz with his wife on the preceding afternoon, and we had had a jolly talk, making plans for the future. Twenty-four hours later, after a sleepless night and a futile attempt to sleep after lunch-

con, he pointed his revolver at his own head. It has never been brought home to me with more crushing force what a fragile being man really is.

During the last days of our stay at Santa Margherita I did not feel so well; my appetite became poor, and my sleep irregular. It may have been due to the great heat which suddenly set in about Easter and perhaps also to some rather fatiguing excursions which we were loath to forgo. Mental worries, which robbed me of my sleep at night, may also have had something to do with it. Nevertheless, when we arrived for a brief stay at Lugano, on April 20, to alleviate the transition to the northern climate, I was still fairly fit, so that we were able to continue our excursions every forenoon and afternoon, although we had to be careful not to overdo the climbing. In Stuttgart, where we spent a day on our return journey—putting up at the Hotel Marquardt, the most ideally managed and most perfectly equipped hotel I have ever known—I still felt quite well, and we were on our feet almost the whole day. In the morning we inspected the town and the park, with the castles of Rosenstein and Wilhelma, and I also called on two publishers, Mr. Kröner and Mr. Hauff; in the afternoon, with a sharp wind blowing, we walked a distance of about twelve miles to and fro, to the Solitude, linked with the memory of Schiller. The next morning we paid a visit to the Hohe Karlsschule, where Schiller was a pupil; it immediately adjoins the castle, and one realizes that he and his fellow pupils never escaped the watchful eye of the duke. Finally, on the evening of April 26, we arrived at Steglitz.

The weather was very inclement, so that we had to get accustomed again to heated rooms; in spite of, or perhaps rather because of, this, I contracted a severe bronchial cold, of which I could not get rid for months. On September 30 I began my lectures, but I saw at once that one a day was all I could manage. Within a short time my weakness again increased to such a degree that I felt completely exhausted after walking for a quarter of an hour. After my lectures I was no longer able to walk home on leaving the train at Steglitz, although it took only a few minutes. In May I placed myself under the treatment of Professor Kuttner,

who had been highly recommended to me. So in the week of Whitsuntide I had to spend some very unpleasant days at the West Sanatorium, and as a result of the tedious examinations undertaken there, I was given to understand that my illness was due to chronic intestinal bleedings, which had probably been undermining my health for a long time. I now was ordered to interrupt my lectures and condemned to lie down more or less permanently. Fortunately, the warm summer weather made it possible for me to rest outside in the garden a great part of the time. But after two weeks had passed I succeeded in having my way, being allowed to continue my lectures, and I successfully carried them to their conclusion, although I sometimes found it rather hard.

My illness brought me many expressions of kindly sympathy, many more than I should have expected or had a right to expect. For I had always cultivated an attitude of reserve, especially toward those who might have regarded themselves as of higher rank than I. But I was not repaid in kind for my reserve. I had many visitors, including older colleagues, so that there was often quite a party; talking to them did not fatigue me, and their sympathy was a real pleasure. I had never before realized how a patient hungers for sympathy. I am afraid I must often have appeared callous when I neglected to inquire or to send my regards to a sick friend, when as a matter of fact I was merely afraid of intruding or annoying with my questions.

That summer brought my sixtieth birthday, and I can only say that I was overwhelmed by the abundant proof of warm sympathy which I received from far and near. I should never have thought it possible that there could be so many people who remembered me with such loving thoughts. My thanks to these kind friends were expressed in two printed letters, which may stand as the record of the feelings that moved me in those days.

Our Lotte spent that summer at Lausanne at the house of Mme Secretan, whose daughter Maggi had stayed with us some time before. Her intercourse with that pleasant family and her many contacts with the world outside, the foreign language, and foreign ways were not in vain; she came back in a much more cheerful

and settled frame of mind. Grete again went to Weimar, and Rudi to Kiel. His brother Hans <sup>47</sup> I had placed in the preceding August under the care of Pastor Schumacher, at Broacker. He had again completely squandered the summer and been a cause of harassing worry to me; so now at last I made up my mind to give up for good. It would have been wiser to do so before, for he never benefited in the least by all my efforts and worries on his behalf, and while they did him no good, they embittered and, in the end, shortened my own life. I had consulted about a dozen specialists, giving them the whole tedious case history, which showed the abnormal disposition of the child and the unpropitious development of the growing boy. The outcome has seriously impaired my faith in experts, especially in medical specialists; apparently, they still know desperately little about abnormal mental conditions. The only advice they ever had to give me was that I must try again—try with patience and with love. I myself am convinced that patience was about the worst thing for him; what might have helped him would have been to give him a job of real hard labor to do and make him work. But for such treatment the specialists had no use; so now he was left to his own devices at Broacker and did nothing at all, which was exactly what he desired. As for myself, I now had peace, at least as far as he was concerned—that is to say: for the time being.

There was a very pleasant addition to our family circle that summer in the person of a little lady from Copenhagen, Jenny Erslev by name, who found her way into our house quite accidentally, so to speak. Our friend Dr. Kabitz, at Hanover, had heard that her family were looking for a home for her where she could learn German; so, remembering our young lady from Switzerland, he told us about it. I fell in with the idea at once: a stranger from other lands always brings new life into a house. She arrived in May, and after a few days we felt as if she had always been with us. She knew her way about, kept her eyes open, and lent a helping hand wherever she could do so without obtruding herself. She was thoughtfulness personified toward everyone and always had

<sup>47</sup> See note on p. 335.

a cheerful smile and a cheerful word to offer. I felt sincerely grateful for her presence; during that whole summer she ministered to my weakness and helplessness in a truly touching manner. Her fluency in German was very great from the first; and I have no doubt that her stay with us served to improve it, for everybody loved to talk to her. Whether the same was true of the correctness of her German seems open to doubt; to achieve that, she had too much of what most people learning a foreign language lack: the *hardiesse*, to speak with F. A. Wolf—that happy-go-lucky, venture-some spirit which does not bother about a mistake more or less. Incidentally, her example showed once again how much fluency means, and how little correctness, from the practical point of view; but our schools do not encourage that idea.

On August 14 we went to Starnberg, where we stayed six full weeks that year without interruption. I was lying in the garden most of the time, basking in the sunshine, until an abrupt change in the weather occurred, in September. But even so the pure air we enjoyed in that elevated position was no doubt very beneficial. It was only now that I really learned to appreciate our two gardens at Starnberg and at Steglitz; they afforded sunshine and shade, as needed, and the one at Starnberg a charming view in addition. My physical fitness improved only very slowly, but I managed to get down to the lake once or twice. Rudi was staying with us at Aunt Lotte's,<sup>48</sup> and so we did some reading together: Spinoza's Ethics and Kant's three Critiques. Nor was there any lack of visitors, the most delightful among them, Max Kaftan,<sup>49</sup> to whom our Mädi became engaged. Our own Kaftans, of Steglitz, also called on their return journey from the Tyrol, and finally we were all joined by the father-in-law of our bride-to-be, who came from Kiel on the invitation to preach the official sermon during the Gustavus-Adolphus festival at Augsburg.

Neither the inclination nor the ability to keep my mind busy suffered any noticeable impairment through my illness, although

<sup>48</sup> The Mauderers were permanent occupants of Paulsen's summer home; so he speaks of them as their hosts.

<sup>49</sup> See p. 268.

I had to cut down my working hours very considerably. I always felt least conscious of being ill when I sat at my desk at home, or when I was lecturing at the university. A goodly number of shorter articles were written during that year. On the Riviera I wrote an article on "Hilligenlei," Frenssen's longest novel. We had brought the book with us and read it, lying on the shore. By the time we had finished it, I felt so charged with indignation that I had to give vent to it somehow; so one morning, sitting at what was left of a broken-down table on the gallery looking out on the sea, I wrote the whole article at one session. It appeared in the Easter number of the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse*, which had invited me to contribute. It was widely read, and I received numerous letters about it from people who were unknown to me; but whether the author of the novel ever read it or took it to heart I cannot say. However that may be, it deserves mention that his most recent book, which has just come out, "Peter Moor's Journey to the Southwest," is of an altogether different character. As compared with "Hilligenlei," where he revels in risky ambiguities of every description to the point of nausea, one could almost describe it as a tale written for young people.

Another article, entitled "Concerning the Question of the Privatdozenten of Theology," appeared in the *Deutsche Literaturzeitung*, on June 2. It brought a long controversy to an end, which had been going on between the *Christliche Welt*<sup>50</sup> and the ministerial authorities, more especially Privy Councilor Elster. The question at issue was whether it was true, as was demonstrated by the former and denied by the latter, that theological *privatdozenten* representing the historical-critical standpoint were regularly passed over, any available professorships being always bestowed upon the so-called "positives" (or fundamentalists). Dr. Althoff, whom I chanced to meet a few days later, seemed entirely to agree with my views, which were decidedly on the side of the *Christliche Welt*. The question really had to be ventilated, he said, and it could have been ventilated only by the latter; he did not doubt that many mistakes had been made. I had the impression that he

<sup>50</sup> A liberal religious weekly of high standing.

regarded the attack on the machinations of the "positives" and the illegitimate channels through which they achieved their purpose as strengthening his own position in the ministry. I was told later by men who were in a position to know that the attack had not been in vain, as was proved by a whole series of appointments which now followed in rapid succession.

I also had a share in the reform of the schools of higher learning for girls. Two years earlier, in 1904, I had occasionally been invited, together with Professor Harnack, to attend confidential meetings of the ministerial councilors, at which Dr. Althoff had sketched a rapid outline of the plan which now, in January, 1906, was submitted to a conference of forty-four members convened at the ministerial offices. The deliberations continued for two days, and the plan was finally approved in its main features. There were to be two independent institutions: the "lyceum," a completely self-contained institution with a ten-year course for the higher education of girls in the more general sense; and the "upper lyceum," an equally self-contained institution with a four-year course for those desiring to be prepared for subsequent academic studies. The idea of mixing the two schools by "bifurcation," which was passionately advocated by Helene Lange, was successfully side-tracked. I have set forth the general principles underlying my views in a short article, which appeared in Friedrich Naumann's year-book *Patria* under the title: "The New Organization of the Higher Schools for Girls."

### *Retrospect, July 16, 1906*

The completion of one's sixtieth year is in itself incentive enough to look back over the stretch of life that has been traveled and on the work that has been accomplished, but all the more so when persistent ill health reminds one that the end may not be so very far away.

In surveying first of all my professional activity, in which my whole existence has been centered—as it is in any worthy human life—I may regard myself as having been exceptionally fortunate.



I have been an academic teacher with my whole heart and soul, certain from the beginning to the end that I was in communion with my students' inmost being. I have never been able to understand why this most rewarding and independent of all vocations should ever be regarded with scant respect by any of its members or how they could look upon it as an irksome appurtenance to their scientific research. I know of no other calling so free from outside interference or so far-reaching in its effects. To minister to a selected number of the youth of our nation—nay, of the youth of all nations, as we now see it gathering at our larger German universities—by assisting them during their most receptive years in forming definite ideas about the world and human life and in attaining durable convictions concerning the things that are really worth while: is it not a task which in importance and dignity outranks all other tasks that human life has to offer? I have always approached it in that spirit, and it has ever been a joy to me to devote all my strength to its accomplishment. In these latter days of declining health, lecturing to my students, far from being a burden, has often served to brighten and refresh my mind, lifting me out of melancholy moods and reviving my productive powers.

I have never shut my eyes to the fact that the success I have enjoyed as an academic teacher has been due not so much to my own efforts as to the particular field of inquiry which it has been my good fortune to cultivate and also to the trend of the times, which served to stimulate and enhance the interest of the younger generation in the subjects concerned. Philosophy in the sense in which I have always understood it—not as a science apart and perhaps still further isolated by an esoteric terminology, but rather as an interpretation of the world and a guide to wisdom—may count on the interest of an aspiring younger generation at any time. But in the years during which I taught it I enjoyed the additional advantage that, after a long period of disesteem, philosophical ideas and convictions began to be in demand again on all sides. One had come to feel weary of exact science, so to speak. The "exact methods of investigation," from which alone salvation had been expected for so long, had begun to disappoint even their most ardent advocates.

For there were no definite results to show at any point, either in nature or in science, not to speak of an all-embracing conception of existence that could have satisfied not only the mind but also the heart—nothing but fragments of “exact knowledge,” the acquisition of which might occupy the mind for a time, but without in the end affording any lasting satisfaction. Sentiments such as these brought philosophy to the fore again. Hope was felt once more that one might succeed in attaining through contemplative reflection what it had proved impossible to achieve “with levers and with screws,” namely, a rational view of existence.

It was evident to me that it was this hope above anything else which almost from the first attracted hundreds of students to my lectures on introduction to philosophy. What I was trying to do was to sketch the broad outlines of a comprehensive theoretical and practical philosophy. Starting from the current notions, which were largely based on purely materialistic ideas derived from the preceding era, I endeavored to guide my students with a gentle hand to a more profound insight and a more independent standpoint, and I venture to hope that these efforts have not been quite in vain. The influence which I strove to exert in these lectures by the spoken word was afterward carried on by the book I published under the same title.

In a similar spirit my lectures on ethics were intended to assist my students in finding their way from the obvious facts and ideas in the realm of human affairs to questions of principle and to a comprehensive and unified conception of human life. To teach how to live—that was their purpose, and their influence was afterward continued by my “Ethics” in printed form, as the numerous letters, signed and unsigned, which have reached me in the course of the years have testified. This avowed purpose to serve as a guide for life and judgment also attracted attentive and assiduous audiences to my lectures on philosophy of law. I have never had reason to complain about the proverbial laziness of law students. On the contrary, I have often had the impression that they appreciated a treatment of their subject which dispensed with technicalities and

laid stress on its human significance. *Jus ars boni et aequi*—that, I take it, is the living soul of law.

My lectures on pedagogics have always been a pleasure to me. Speaking about education gave me an opportunity to talk of no end of things I had at heart: questions of practical ethics and their bearing on what one makes of one's life; current problems and apprehensions; rudiments of practical psychology and psychagogy; the various sciences in their significance for human life in general and the training of youth in particular. Being thus guided by my own warm interest in all these things, I succeeded in arousing my students' active attention, which is so easily blunted by filling in, one by one, all the prearranged rubrics of a system. A system is not what the student wants; his interest in the systematic elaboration of a given scheme of paragraphs is very slight. In every lecture he looks for a cross-section of life and reality; and it seems to me that this is quite in consonance with the laws governing mental growth. One might compare the latter to the formation of dry land in a shallow sea. Instead of a gradual and steady advance of green growth over a continuous area, one sees one patch emerging from the water here and another one there, after which the space between the two is silted up and grass begins to grow on it, until in the end there is one homogeneous green expanse. That is how the mind of a child grows, and it still holds good for the years of adolescence: a vivid picture here and another one there and then again a piece of constructive thought, with interrelations gradually springing up between them, until in the end there appears a unified system of ideas.

Regarding my lectures on psychology and on history of modern philosophy I have not much to add to what I have said. My guiding principle was always the same: to bring out the vital and the significant. In psychology I entirely disregarded the mountains of inert ballast which are being heaped up by the experimental psychologists, just as in history of philosophy I did not bother my hearers with dead names and futile thoughts. In fact, I proceeded to discard more and more of the available subject matter so as to

gain more time for thoughts and problems that still had life in them. Nor did I waste any time on polemics from an extrinsic point of view; for even ideas that are untenable in their ultimate purport ought to be presented so as to bring out what force and pertinence they have; they will be corrected automatically by what comes later.

I have always attributed special importance to my seminar exercises. They brought me in close personal contact with a smaller circle of students, often resulting in enduring friendships. But I appreciated no less the relation in which I stood to the class as a whole; the opportunity to extemporize about any matter that was brought up served to stimulate and further my own thought in many ways. It happened not so rarely that in the give-and-take between myself and the members of the class the matter at issue became clearer in my own mind. Often, on my way home, I realized that a new insight had been gained and quickly jotted down the thoughts to which the discussion had given rise. From the first my seminar was not intended to serve as a factory of doctoral dissertations; for a considerable time that would have been precluded anyway by the relations obtaining between myself and the faculty.<sup>51</sup> It would have been anything but a recommendation for a student to call himself a pupil of mine. And in later years I let the matter rest there. For my idea was not to establish a nursery for "professional philosophers," but to teach my students how to read the works of the great thinkers with penetrating understanding and at the same time to influence the convictions forming in their minds. That I have not altogether failed I may conclude from many acknowledgments, whether expressed in so many words or not.

As to the form of my lectures, I remember someone speaking of their "well-balanced didactic tone." That phrase exactly expresses what has always been my intention. The first and foremost purpose of university lectures is to teach: they are not meant to stir up emotions by a flow of eloquence in order to influence the judgment; and still less, of course, can it be their purpose to amuse.

<sup>51</sup> See pp. 240 and 304.

They must appeal to the understanding so as to stimulate independent thoughts and judgment. This will be accomplished most readily if the lecturer begins with a presentation of the facts, followed by an exposition of the various possible views concerning their interpretation and construction together with the reasons governing the decision. Thus he is brought to state his own views, not with an air of dogmatic infallibility, nor with belittling invectives against those entertaining different opinions, but with the calm assurance which springs from a good conscience, or in other words, from the consciousness that one is guided only by reasons and always willing to yield to reasons that are better than one's own. In this way the student is brought in touch with the facts themselves, and his mind is set free to inquire into them and come to its own decision. Especially where it is to be presumed that the student has already acquired more or less settled opinions and prejudices of his own, as is usually the case in philosophy, this is likely to prove the only expedient method. And in the long run it is also the method most likely to find favor with the student. Upon lectures intended to be amusing, the German student—be it said to his credit—will always turn his back ere long. He may feel entertained for a moment, having his ears tickled with jokes and anecdotes, but soon he will find it insipid and out of keeping with the dignity of the occasion. He expects to be taken seriously; whether he really pays serious attention or not may be a different question; but at any rate he does not attend lectures in order to be regaled with jests. There is, to be sure, no reason why the lecturer should not occasionally make use of a pointed witty allusion, a humorous remark, or a satirical thrust; but it must follow quite naturally from the context, and above all he must never underline it, so to speak, whereas he may always underline any remarks intended to convey information.

Emotional eloquence is most likely to work its spell on the audience, and, when it is inspired by sincere convictions, it may be possible to justify it. A man like Treitschke was quite unable to speak without emotion, and there can be no doubt that it enabled him to make a deep impression on those who heard him. But effects

obtained in this manner are hardly of the most substantial or enduring kind and most certainly not of the kind which an academic teacher ought to strive after. Possibly he may succeed in making a number of his students captives of his own persuasions, in which case they will be heirs to all the weaknesses begotten by the rule of prejudice: intolerance, irascibility, and spitefulness toward all those who think otherwise. On the other hand, if a student forms his opinions by bringing his own mind to bear on the facts, he retains his freedom with respect to the conclusions of others as well as his own. And in numerous cases even that success fails to materialize: if the student feels that he is being enmeshed in a network of designs upon his own convictions, and if his emotions are never allowed to subside, the moment will come when his patience breaks; and then, assailed by mistrust, he will tear the whole tissue to shreds. A lecturer who appeals to the understanding, on the other hand, has no need to fear any such upsets. His students feel that he is treating them, not as mere objects, but as rational beings, and is leaving the decision to their own judgment; and this I believe to be the basis of their enduring confidence in him. Of course, the teacher ought to have convictions of his own and is entitled to stand up for them; and if, speaking from the fulness of his heart, he employs a warmer tone, he will not fail to get a response. But to speak in deep chest tones all through the lecture, is more than a normal mind can bear; it may be all right in the pulpit or on the platform of a public meeting, but it is out of place in a university lecture, in which the speaker should not covet such transitory effects.

As regards diction and delivery, I think the lecturer can hardly do better than adhere as closely as possible to the tone of ordinary conversation—of course I mean worth-while conversation, not commonplace talk. A monologue, addressed in a murmuring voice to the ceiling, as was Ranke's way, is no less intolerable than a lecture intoned in the manner of a pulpit preacher, or dinned into one's ears by the blatant voice of a public orator. The more the student comes to feel that he is being addressed personally—to which end it is important that the lecturer should look at him—and the more

nearly the tone of the lecture approaches that of a quiet talk, the more confidently can the student's unflagging attention be counted on. Even from a purely physical point of view, a lecture delivered in either too low or too loud a voice is fatiguing to the ear. The natural tone of conversation, which is understood without effort, is most likely to hold the listener's undivided attention. It offers the further advantage that one can let oneself go, should the occasion arise. In a talk it is quite permissible to make a fresh start, if one does not at once succeed in giving one's thoughts as clear and sharp a form as one had set out to do. One also is free to interrupt oneself, in order to interpolate an idea that comes to one's mind, if it throws light on the matter under discussion, or in order to allude to occurrences which happen to be in everyone's thoughts. All this has a vitalizing effect and serves to establish an intimate contact between the teacher and his students.

From all that has been said it follows, of course, that if the lecture is to be effective it should not be read from manuscript. If it is written down beforehand in all its details, it is only too likely to produce the impression that it is something dead and done with, even if it is not read off verbatim. Of course it can never have the mobility of a real conversation, because there is only one speaker; it will always adhere to a more settled course, but that is all to the good. For the student wants to be guided to a definite destination, and he will lend his attention all the more willingly, the more he feels conscious that the lecturer keeps that purpose in view; for the same reason he always appreciates a lucid organization of its contents. But within such a more or less settled scheme of its general outline, the lecturer ought to feel free to move about at will, leaving it to the moment to find the right word for what he wants to say. That seems to me the best way.

Whereas my relations with my students have always been cordial and intimate, I cannot say the same of my relations with my academic colleagues. My relations with the faculty as such could not have been anything but cool from the outset in view of what had happened on the occasion of my habilitation. My inborn disposition, as well as external circumstances, barred me from the circles

where academic self-admiration flourishes, and I have never felt disposed to approach the potentates of the university in an attitude of veneration. Maybe I share the shortcoming which Bismarck admitted when he said that his organ of veneration was rather poorly developed; at any rate I cannot boast of a well-developed organ for the veneration of living celebrities. Obeying a general instinct rather than any definite line of reasoning, I have always preferred to keep a safe distance. I imagine it was what suited my nature best, and it has certainly been an effective safeguard against friction. All I ever cared about was my peace and my independence, and of these I have had my full share. I have never desired to attain to an influential or dominating position in this world, nor has the idea of playing the part of a faculty potentate ever had the slightest attraction for me. And thus it came about that, even after I had become a member of the faculty, my inner aloofness remained more or less the same: I have had pleasant and even cordial relations with individual colleagues, but with the faculty as such I have never had any relations at all. Therefore I have not been surprised that the faculty with which I have been associated as an academic teacher for more than thirty years has never once bestowed on me the honor of representing it as its dean, while that office was often held in those years by men much younger than I, men who were still going to school when I was already occupying a university chair. You scratch my back and I'll scratch yours! That holds good everywhere in this world, and the German universities are no exception; the man who does not strive for favor and power is left out in the cold.

It has been the same with my relations to the Royal Academy of Sciences, membership in which is to so many the goal of their burning ambition. To me it has always been a matter of complete indifference, and indeed a matter of course, that there, too, I was passed over. Nor have I ever let it worry me that the opinions I occasionally passed on the Academy and its members—not quite in consonance, I have to own, with the esteem in which they are generally held—were attributed to frustrated desires on my own part.



With the academic world outside Berlin my relations have been just as few. From the first I have never tried to attract attention to myself; I have never gone on a lecture tour nor paid any calls. And when, notwithstanding my reserve, I repeatedly received calls to other universities, my pleasure at such recognition was all the greater, since I had never done anything to bring them about. I can say of myself with W. H. Riehl: "I have never solicited anything except the hand of my wife."

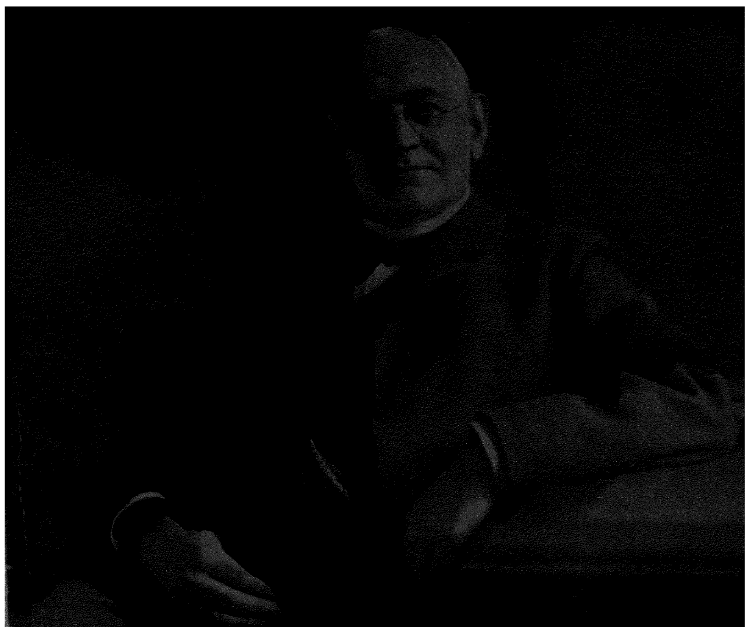
Baron von Stein, having been sent on a diplomatic mission toward the end of the eighteenth century, requested that he be recalled for the reason that he "had always been averse to the diplomatic profession, on account of the inconstancy of the policy of the courts, the alternation between idleness and a shrewdly calculating conduct of office, the ceaseless endeavor to ferret out news and secrets, the necessity of living in the great world and sharing its empty pleasures and constraints, its futilities and its boredom, and also," he continued, "on account of my own independent turn of mind, my frank ways, and my sensitive nature." (Lehmann, *Freiherr von Stein*, I, 78.) *Mutatis mutandis*, the reasons were pretty much the same which determined me to hold aloof as much as possible from the doings of faculty and university circles.

It only remains for me to add a few words about my work as an author. Again I can say that my success has gone far beyond my boldest expectations and dreams. Especially in the field of education my publications have exerted an influence on the actual course of events which forms a striking contrast to the reception they met in authoritative circles when they were first published. When the first edition of my "History of Higher Education" appeared, the classicists, who were in power at the time, denounced it as paradoxical and fallacious, if not altogether perverse. I have lived to see the book gradually shaping public opinion, not only about the past, but also with regard to the future of German education. And my books dealing with philosophy are widely read among all classes of the German people and not by them alone—English, Russian, and Japanese translations have extended their

sphere of influence over the earth. I have the satisfaction of being able to say that I have let them find their way without any help on my part. Never have I sought reviewers or tried to influence their views, nor have I ever encouraged translations; indeed, sometimes it was a great surprise to me when the completed translation reached my hands. In my own judgment the popularity of my books is due mainly to two factors: an open eye for the world of reality and the honest desire to present and discuss things in a thoughtful and objective way. Both have their roots, I think, in the happy circumstances under which I was brought up in my earliest days. The simple and transparent conditions governing life in my native village taught me to see and understand both men and things. And calm reasonableness was the only claim anyone's judgment had to being taken seriously; nobody had any use for that feverish smartness which is such a danger to the youth of our large cities. I am inclined to regard the favorable reception of my own books as a comforting sign that, even in these present days, with their enthusiasm for high-keyed literature and frenzied eloquence, there is no lack of men and women who are willing to lend their ears to the calm voice of reason. And after all—in spite of its airs of importance and its swagger—the hysterical and decadent literature of our days is probably only a surface phenomenon. The passionate craving for the pathological, which now seems to dominate our books and magazines, will have its day; but the time will come when it will have vanished like a bad dream.

### 1907

The year 1906 ended with a happy celebration in our family, the marriage of our dear Mädi with Max Kaftan, on December 22. The entire family of the bridegroom had come over from Kiel, and the marriage was performed at our church by his father, who gave us a deeply moving address; Miss Sertürner contributed beautiful singing. The wedding banquet was held at the Hotel Albrechtshof in Steglitz, forty-four covers being laid. We were all old friends, and high spirits reigned, the last guests remaining un-



FRIEDRICH PAULSEN IN 1907



til midnight—the older ones talking, and the younger ones prolonging the festive dancing. The young couple took the train for Starnberg, to spend Christmas with the bride's parents, who had not been able to come. I bade her goodbye with a heavy heart, and the whole day long my tears were never far away. The loss which our house suffered weighed heavily on my heart, although I was glad of her new happiness. All through the years she had been with us there had never been the slightest cloud of misunderstanding. Once she had won through to her own true self, after her stay with the Micylskis, her calm serenity and cheerfulness never varied, so that, wherever she went, she seemed to diffuse an atmosphere of sunshine and fresh air. I have never known any young girl more happily equipped by nature or more perfectly trained by self-discipline. All who came to our house were attracted by her; no one, whether young or old, cheerful or dejected, could resist her charm. With the gay ones she was gay and ready for fun and a good laugh, though always perfectly sure not to overstep the lines where merriment ceases to be attractive and engaging. With the sad ones she was sad, listening with sympathetic interest to every care and worry, great or small, and always ready to help if she could. Happy the house that has won her!

Another loss of a different nature was the death of our dear friend Dr. Alberts, our family physician. After long and excruciating suffering—he had cancer of the liver—he died in the night before Easter. I had been calling on him regularly for a long time, and I have never seen anyone bear severe and almost insufferable pain with such serenity of mind. He was always interested and ready to turn the conversation away from his suffering to more general topics. There is a tremendous power of self-discipline and mastery over the senses in genuine faith. No doubt there were also temperamental differences between him and other friends, whom under similar circumstances I had seen perturbed and impatient to the point of desperation. But the ultimate reason of the profound and amazing peace of mind, which he maintained not only during his illness but also in the face of other afflictions of the most harassing kind, is to be found. I think, in his instinctive and

unreflecting assurance that he was in God's hand: "All things work together for good to them that love God." The man who has really made that faith his own has an incalculable advantage over those who regard afflictions as the work of hostile powers in whatever shape or form.

My health, which had shown considerable improvement about the time of the wedding, had been declining again since the beginning of the year. How much of this was due to my discontinuing the Levico treatment, which I had used from October to the middle of December, and how much to bitter disappointment and great sorrow, which fell to my lot in January and February, I am unable to say. Influenza had also become a regular annual visitor, and I barely managed to hold out until the end of the winter semester, finding myself compelled to drop my seminar course for the first time since my habilitation; I lectured on pedagogics only four times a week.

By the middle of April, however, my health had again improved so much that Professor Kuttner thought it advisable for me to go away over Easter for a little change of air. We decided on Baden-Baden and stayed there from April 12 to April 27. Councilor Lamberts, of the Board of Education, had recommended it to me; he had been going there for many years. Together with him and Professor Pfeiderer, whom I had persuaded to come, we took up our abode at the house of a pleasant family who made us very comfortable. The only trouble was that the early spring which we had been encouraged to expect did not materialize. The year 1907 kept up its unfriendly wintry aspect in the south as it had done in the north, wet and chilly weather or frost being the rule. We spent nearly the whole of these two weeks sitting at home in a heated room near the stove. When we left, the flower-buds on the countless trees and shrubs along the promenade were no farther advanced than we had found them on our arrival. Under these circumstances there was not much chance for me to be out in the open; but now and then the weather improved sufficiently to make a short walk possible. Of course, the inviting forest-clad mountain heights over which we had roamed eighteen years ago, when we

started on our walking tour through the Black Forest, we now had to be content to admire from below; nor could we help feeling a little envious when the other guests gave us an account in the evening of what they had done during the day.

But it was a pleasure to see so many old friends again. Professor G. E. Müller, of Göttingen, whom I had not seen for twenty years, was staying at Baden, and he had also brought his wife. The last time I had seen him—he was calling on me at Berlin—he had been so touchy and sharp that it almost came to a break between us; but now he was again cheerful and communicative, as in our student days of long ago. Then there was K. Müller, professor of church history, who had been a dear friend of ours in Berlin; I enjoyed many a pleasant hour with him. The two philosophers, Theobald Ziegler, of Strassburg, and Johannes Volkelt, of Leipzig, together with Professor Imelmann, of Berlin, and several others, completed our circle. When I come to think of it, those were really the first few days in my whole life which I had spent in such animated company, while away from home. On previous occasions we had just pursued our headlong course, avoiding rather than seeking any contacts with colleagues of mine. But now that we had been tamed, this informal intercourse was a great solace to me. It may be partly responsible for the fact that, despite the inclement weather, my stay at Baden had on the whole a beneficial effect on my health. Its gradual improvement, further aided by a repetition of the Levico treatment, continued all through the summer, right into July. I was able to give my lectures without difficulty, and I also took up my seminar course again, basing it—which I had never attempted before—on my own "Introduction to Philosophy." In America and Japan the latter is frequently used as a textbook, but I had always feared that the absence of friction with the ideas of the author would make a seminar course based on it a very slow affair. However, the informal discussion, rendered necessary by the overcrowded lecture room, if by nothing else, gave me one great advantage: I was able to speak straight from the author's own mind! In the case of Spinoza and Kant, that had not always been so easy in view of the many differences of opinion.

For any more extensive piece of literary work, however, courage and strength remained as insufficient as they had been the year before. I had to content myself with occasional publications, some longer and some shorter; and of these there were not a few. Many of them were inspirations of the moment, both as to their form and as to their contents, being occasioned by some occurrence or other, or by a thought passing through my mind during the lecture. It did not tire me to think them out and give them shape; on the contrary, it often was a great help in overcoming moods of depression which sometimes assailed me. Some other articles had their origin in thoughts and reflections dating back to an earlier time, as for example a short treatise which appeared in the January number of the *Monatshefte für höheres Schulwesen* under the title: "In What Direction Should the School Reform of 1901 Be Carried Forward?" It was written in opposition to the recommendations arrived at in 1905 and again in 1906 by the Educational Committee of Scientists and Physicians. They demanded a very considerable extension of the instruction in the natural sciences, as being an indispensable requisite of any truly modern education. Seven hours a week (apart from voluntary exercises) were to be the irreducible minimum for all higher schools, so that the educational value of these sciences might be fully brought out and turned to account. I pointed out that these ideas were irreconcilable with the spirit of the school reform of 1901 and that they foreshadowed the destruction of the classical *gymnasium*. In reply to a rather heated rejoinder by Professor Poske I published another article in the August number of the same *Monatshefte*, in which I tried to make it clear to these gentlemen that the proper way to increase the number of pupils who received thorough training in natural science was to increase the number of *realgymnasien* and *oberrealschulen*. I further suggested that at the *gymnasium* something might be done in the same direction by making use of the "greater liberty of movement" that had been granted to the upper forms, but certainly not by a compulsory general increase in the hours devoted to mathematics and science. For that, I insisted, would only serve to revive the former hatred against the



philological system of compulsion in a new form, inasmuch as the same hostility would then be directed against the new mathematico-physical system of compulsion.

In the May number of the *Deutsche Rundschau* I published an article entitled: "Fathers and Sons," a discussion of certain social and pedagogical aspects of present-day German life. It evidently found a strong resonance in feelings widely entertained in Germany, especially among the older generation, as witnessed by the large number of letters I received. No one can doubt that irritation and resentment are making themselves felt very generally between our older and our younger generation. In my opinion this is largely due to the hare-brained literature intended for young people, largely inspired by Nietzsche's crazy ideas. Books dealing with the question of heredity must also be held to account: "hereditary taint" is described as the source of every weakness and every vice; and our young people eagerly absorb this dogma, which they find suggested to them by every stage play and by every novel. Strength of character and genius, on the other hand, are not derivable in any such way; they are a unique and individual possession of those excelling in them, whom the old fogies vainly try to tie down to their own conventional standards of value and to reduce to the level of their own mediocrity. These two theories effectively safeguard our adolescents against any inconvenient feelings of responsibility and reverence. Responsibility, they would say, is not on our side. That belongs to our parents and forefathers; nor have we any reason for gratitude and reverence—what we are, we are in spite of the mediocrity of our ancestors.

Among those who were misleading our youth I had found special occasion to name L. Gurlitt as a faultfinding and unreasoning grumbler. He was a teacher at our *gymnasium* at Steglitz and used that position to make the *gymnasium* in general, as well as our own school in particular, an object of public derision, in which endeavor he was seconded by a few youths who had just left the school. I had already tried to put a stop to the mischief in an earlier article, entitled "L. Gurlitt and Our German Schools," which had appeared in the Sunday supplement of the

*Vossische Zeitung* on October 15, 1905. But my hope that he might listen to my advice had been in vain: he talked himself ever deeper into the role of a hero and martyr, whose mission it was to deliver our youth from unbearable burdens and all mankind from the yoke of unyielding school pedantry. His final emission was a pamphlet entitled "My Struggle for Truth," which I characterized in another short article, published in the same place on July 6, 1907, as autobiographic fiction, derived from uninhibited autosuggestion.

Not without considerable difficulty I managed to hold out until the end of the semester, having been compelled to interrupt my lectures on account of a bad cold, which completely deprived me of the use of my voice. About the middle of August we went to Starnberg. We had intended to go to Wyck, on the Isle of Föhr, but the wet and cold summer, which made it necessary to keep our stoves going even in July and August, induced us to change our minds and go south again. I had been thinking of Vahrn, near Brixen; but, once we found ourselves at Starnberg, we felt so at home that we decided to stay. I was afraid of being confined within narrow hotel rooms with all the disturbances that can be so annoying if one is unable to spend the day out of doors. So we remained settled for eight weeks and enjoyed an unusually beautiful autumn, which made up for the miserable summer. Our September and October days were almost without exception clear, sunny, and warm, so that I was able to sit in the garden a great deal of the time. In other respects, too, those weeks stand out in a bright and sunny light, as I look back on them. We belonged altogether to ourselves that summer, Laura keeping everything away from me that could have been annoying or disturbing. Every day alike was devoted partly to work and partly to recreation; there were practically no visitors to claim our attention. In the morning we took a longer or a shorter walk over the moderate heights in our immediate neighborhood, and if the weather was fine in the afternoon we went for a row on the lake, which was always a treat. Between times there were hours of quiet work. I took heart and set to work putting my lectures on pedagogics

into literary shape; the writing proceeded without difficulty and gave me pleasure. Among the books I read I mention in the first place Dietrich Schäfer's "Universal History of Modern Times." I was so delighted with it that I was prompted to write a long article, which appeared in the *Internationale Wochenschrift*. Another excellent book which came to my hands was Fr. W. Förster's "School and Character." The author's very congenial views and sentiments put me in a pleasant mood, which was further enhanced by letters I received from R. Pannwitz, a member of Gurlitt's circle, which seemed to foreshadow a change of method, if not of conviction. In this way everything conspired to make those weeks the most peaceful and cheerful ones I had known for years.

About the middle of October we returned to Steglitz. The beautiful autumn landscapes we saw from our train, especially in the lovely valley of the Saale, repeatedly tempted us to get out and tarry, but in the end we always desisted. Thus I began the winter semester in a fairly favorable condition, finding myself able not only to lecture on pedagogics before an unusually large number of students but also to start my seminar course on Spinoza's Ethics. The latter I was compelled to drop after Christmas on account of failing strength; but the lectures I brought to their conclusion and even began to feel more fit again for the task, which was apparently due to a repetition of the Levico treatment.

My inclination and ability to undertake literary production continued unimpaired; indeed, it seemed to increase, serving as a remedy against hypochondriac moods. Lying on the sofa, I would pencil down an outline sketch of the article I had in mind and then work it out with pen and ink at my desk; while I was thus occupied, all other thoughts haunting my mind were forgotten, so that for the moment I felt quite fresh and free—*lotus in illis*. In this way I composed some short articles, which appeared in the *Woche*. They had their origin in the anger aroused in my mind by the unspeakable filth which the representatives of homosexuality were flinging all over Germany. Those were the days of the court proceedings in the Harden-Eulenburg affair, of unsavory memory. The helplessness of the judicial authorities, the impu-

dence of the advocates of the "third sex," the insatiable hunger of the general public for sensation, pandered to by an avid press—it all made my gorge rise, and I was yearning for relief. I found it by writing those articles, which engaged the general attention to a degree I had never known before. I received letters from all sorts and conditions of men: physicians, lawyers, army officers, and professors, as well as plain people. I should never have thought of the *Woche* as an organ so eminently suitable for addressing oneself to "public opinion"; its contents had always seemed rather slight to me, when it happened to come into my hand. It was Professor Hinneberg, the editor of the *Deutsche Literaturzeitung*, who first brought me into that company almost against my own will. One day, when he called on me, I told him I had written an article and did not quite know what to do with it. He replied: "I am just on my way to call on the editor of the *Woche*; let me take it with me!" In the same way I became a contributor to the *Tag*: I overcame my hesitation by considering that one has to look for willing listeners where they are to be found, though it be on byways or along hedgerows—just as the prophet of Nazareth did not teach in the schools alone.

Still another matter of general interest engaged my attention: the war which broke out in the Catholic Church against "modernism," as it was called. The *Encyclica Pascendi*, which Pope Pius X had issued in September, threatened to do away with any freedom of scientific research among the adherents of the Catholic faith. In Germany this concerned in the first place the Catholic faculties, but thereby also the German universities in general and thus in the last resort the whole intellectual life of our nation. I wrote an article on "The Crisis of the Catholic Theological Faculties," which appeared in the *Internationale Wochenschrift* (Vol. I, No. 32) and was followed by a whole series of articles written by Catholic and Protestant university men. This probably helped to stiffen the backs of the German bishops in their attitude of reserve toward the demands of Rome—not to say: in their passive resistance. The leader of the movement was Prince-Bishop Kopp, who repeatedly wrote to me expressing his approval of the

line of procedure I had recommended. Dr. Althoff also voiced his enthusiastic assent to the policy I had advocated against Rome. The final article from my own pen on the whole question was included in the new edition of my *Philosophia militans*.

## 1908

The winter semester ended with a happy event: the engagement of our daughter Lotte to Dr. Willy Kabitz. Mädi's wedding had been the occasion which had led to more intimate relations between them. He proposed on Good Friday, in 1907, and after some hesitation Lotte consented. Dr. Kabitz was heartily welcome to me as a son-in-law; no one could have been more acceptable. I had known him for a number of years, having first come in personal contact with him on the occasion of a scholarship examination, as was already mentioned. I well remember saying to my wife: "I've just had a nice little fellow calling on me; we must ask him to dinner." He soon became an ever-more-frequent and always-welcome guest. His cheerful spontaneity, his frank and open manner, and his uncalculating nature won everyone's heart, while his energy and perseverance in his work as well as his gifts made me value him on that account also. My, or rather our, consent to their marriage was therefore easily won; indeed, it anticipated our daughter's decision. Dr. Kabitz was just about to habilitate as a *privatdozent* of philosophy at the University of Breslau, and when that had been accomplished under auspicious circumstances the formal engagement was announced in March, 1908.

Immediately afterward, on March 10, I left with Laura for the Riviera. We went by way of Basle, where we stopped for the night, and I completed the journey without difficulty, feeling quite fresh and buoyed up with hope. We put up at Schickert's Park Hotel, in Nervi, which offered the advantage of being a purely German house. Everybody was German: the landlord and his wife hailed from the Rhine; the waitresses came from German Switzerland; and the guests, too, were Germans. A further advantage was the large garden, or rather park, with its frontage directly on the sea. From its

terraces one enjoyed a superb view over the sea and along the coast, from Monte Fino, whose beautiful skyline stood out in the east, to Genoa in the west; and on clear days snowy Alpine peaks gleamed on the western horizon. The first days were fine, so that we spent almost all our time basking in the burning sun, either on the terraces of the park or further down on the cliffs. But then cold weather set in, and perhaps I was rather careless in exposing myself to the evening air; so my old affliction returned and dragged on and on, until I consulted a German physician living at the hotel. I also took a dislike to the hotel meals; the cooking had been adapted more or less to the German palate, but I found the food indigestible and rebelled especially against the abominable meat diet, introduced everywhere to please English travelers—three meat dishes in the middle of the day and four in the evening! The sunshine, too, remained niggardly, and repeated thunderstorms brought extensive snowfalls in the mountains, which lowered the temperature; we were told that such a cold spring had not been known in fifty years. With short interruptions the house had to be heated all through March and April, and when at last we started northward again, on April 23, the central heating still continued in full swing.

Under these circumstances our long stay did not benefit my health. Most of the time I had to spend in a heated room, and the impatience with which I yearned for sunshine and warmth out of doors made the enforced stay in the cage all the more irksome. If one is in the north, one knows that March and April are winter months, and one can adjust one's mind accordingly; but here in the south one always had a feeling that one was being imposed upon. I said goodbye to Italy with the firm resolve not to set foot on it again. In the sick man's mind impatience and resentment were aroused by all the little annoyances which on previous occasions had been borne with a lighter spirit: the dirt, the incessant attempts at petty cheating, and so on. The latter had begun right on the evening of our arrival at the Genoa railroad station, where we consumed a plate of sandwiches and a bottle of wine, for which we were presented with a bill amounting to L. 9. 60. All our expostula-

tions were in vain: there had been half a chicken on that plate, we were told. The usual counterfeit coins were also in evidence.

The monotony of our existence—it was shared, I might add, by Miss Matty Bruchmann,<sup>52</sup> to whom we became greatly attached during those weeks—was interrupted by a number of visitors: Professor Dietrich Schäfer and his wife, on their return from a journey through Italy; Professor Ebbinghaus; Dr. Wachtler, of Steglitz, who remained for some weeks; and finally the sculptor Seeböck, who came from Rome. His purpose was to model a bust of me; Dr. Althoff, who had sat for him at Steglitz, had induced him to go to Nervi and make a portrait bust of me, too. In nine sittings in a tiny room on the seashore the work was completed, and it turned out a great success, notwithstanding the adverse external circumstances. The animated company which the artist liked to gather around him while at work made the sittings altogether agreeable; I also enjoyed getting an insight into the technique of his art. With Mr. Seeböck himself we became great friends; a Viennese by birth, he had been living in Rome for twenty years. He had none of the typical mannerisms of a “modern artist,” but was the most natural and simple-minded man imaginable, and always ready to lend a willing ear to anything of human interest. We are looking forward to seeing him again next winter in Berlin, together with the bust. It so happened that Pope Pius X and Professor Schoell<sup>53</sup> had been the most recent subjects of his art; so, this worldling being next in order, he jestingly remarked that if I could have come to Rome he would have modeled me and the Pope of the same clay.

All the while I kept at my work. Among the essays I completed was one entitled: “The Legal Status of Women in the Past and in the Future” (*Preussische Jahrbücher*, Vol. CXXXII, No. 3). It was occasioned by a book written by Marianne Weber, which made me realize once again how far I had gradually removed from the outlook of our “modern” writers. Is it old age that has wrought the change? Or am I right in thinking that they have lost all contact

<sup>52</sup> A daughter of Dr. Kurt Bruchmann (see p. 244).

<sup>53</sup> Jakob Schoell (born in 1866), a Protestant prelate of high distinction.

with the world of reality and are building their airy utopias in cloudland?

The first stage of our return journey—postponed again and again in the hope that spring would arrive—took us by way of Milan, the Brenner Pass, and Lake Garda to Meran. In Milan we sat a long time in the *Galeria Vittorio Emmanuele*, watching the Italian soldiers of all branches of the service as they strutted past. Will they ever be of any other use? They don't look like it, these daintily dressed-up dolls with their white collars and cuffs and their roving eyes. The difference between them and our Prussian soldiers, who are hardly ever seen in the street on weekdays, unless it be on the march or in their work suits, is quite obvious; soldiers for a serious purpose on the one hand—and soldiers for entertainment and play on the other! As we departed from our hotel in Milan, we had to submit to another highway robbery. Our crossing of Lake Garda was favored by perfect weather and very enjoyable; it called up more and more old memories, the nearer we came to Riva, Monte Baldo, now wearing a shimmering crown of snow, and all the other old pictures emerging once more! Late at night we arrived at Meran, where Dr. Althoff, with kindly forethought, had secured rooms for us at the Park Hotel. With the exception of one day, which was sunny and hot, we remained cooped up all the time in our heated rooms. Otherwise these days were pleasant enough. Our intercourse with the Althoffs was friendly and informal, and we had interesting talks together. His kindness and solicitude were touching, and in Mrs. Althoff we made the acquaintance of an amiable lady, very good-hearted and simple in her ways. Professor Schmoller's wife with her daughter was also there, so we enjoyed many an animated conversation in the evenings.

On April 22 we crossed the Brenner Pass on our way to Starnberg, arriving at Munich long past the scheduled hour, as trains from Italy generally do. We felt rather ill at ease in our crowded compartment, jammed in between exotic figures of various types. But the worst of all was the company we had to put up with in the dining car. The table was laid for four, and our two companions were Hungarian Jews, the older one a truly terrifying apparition. His



hands, shining with fat, dirt, and jewels, were continually on the table, busying themselves in the bread basket or in other ways. Accidental contacts of this sort make one understand the anti-Semitic mood of resentment which dominates the political life of the Austrian people. Yes, I think, if I had to choose between being ruled either by Jews or by Rome, the clerical masters would seem the lesser evil to me, too.

At Starnberg we found things going on as usual. Aunt Lotte had recovered nicely, after all, even though the dizziness, which hampered her in moving about, had not quite disappeared. We had been hoping to enjoy spring weather in the garden, but again we were disappointed; winter reigned unabated—not a leaflet nor a blossom, and the heating also continued!

But when we arrived at Steglitz, on May 2, there was cheerful sunshine to welcome us. The first signs of spring in the shape of young green leaves on the birches and fruit trees had begun to meet our eyes as soon as our train entered the North German lowlands. In our garden the yellow flowers of ribes and forsythia were in full bloom, and we felt as though we had been transferred from the north to the south! I began my lectures on psychology in a cheerful frame of mind. But soon my strength began to fail. I lost my appetite almost completely, so that the time I had to spend at table became a torture; I gradually got into the habit of taking my soup, or whatever it happened to be, by myself. My lecturing continued to exert its reviving influence on me. Sometimes I arrived at the university completely exhausted and weary unto death; but after I had been lecturing a few minutes the tired feeling was completely gone and I found no difficulty in handling my subject. Toward the end of the semester we decided to go to the university by automobile instead of taking the train; we thus avoided the stairs and the often unbearable overcrowding. Forthwith my attitude toward the automobile underwent a most remarkable change. I had hated it ferociously; but now I found it comfortable, quick, reliable, and responsive to one's needs. There is a Russian proverb: "Never spit into a puddle; you may yet have to drink from it."

July 16, 1908

Today I am entering upon the sixty-third year of my life. Shall I live to complete it and start on another? "*Annus climactericus*," Philip Melanchthon called it—the great climacteric. Well might he call it the critical year, for it took him away, as it did Martin Luther. I do not deceive myself about the fact that in my own case, too, the curve of vitality has been descending during the past three years toward its vanishing point. The ascending line of each wave no longer reaches the high mark it still attained in 1906 and 1907; and the depressions are becoming deeper and deeper. I have never before felt so utterly without strength as during these last few weeks. Every finger hangs on my body like a leaden weight, and my head constantly inclines to sink down on my arms for support. Eating has been reduced to forcing down as much as is absolutely indispensable.

Be it as God wills! In the main, I have completed my work, and I cannot look back on my life and all it has given me without a feeling of deepest gratitude. I can now repeat what my friend Belger once said to me on his deathbed: "After all, life has been rich and beautiful!" Yes, my life has been rich in endeavor and accomplishment, richer than I had dared to dream; rich, too, in the love and gratitude that have come to me. Of the world of beauty, also, I have seen much during this hurried passage, to speak with Rückert. But if the way should lead in the other direction, upward to recovery, then I shall regard the added years as a gift; surely I shall not have to look in vain for new tasks and rewarding achievement.

July 20, 1908

Upon my arrival at the university this morning, I heard the news: Pfeleiderer is dead! It was a great shock to me. Only on Tuesday last week I had been sitting there by his side. For some weeks past he had been complaining about his heart, but I had not attributed any special significance to it: he looked as he always did and was quite cheerful and in good spirits, only that he found walking difficult.

And now death had taken him suddenly on Saturday evening—the same evening on which he had intended to start for the Black Forest, where he was going to spend the summer. He had talked to me about it, saying that he had made up his mind suddenly and obtained leave of absence. His daughter had secured quarters for him at Freudenstadt, and he was looking forward to it, full of hope. I said to him, half jestingly: "I'm going to look you up there, as soon as Starnberg has brought me round again."—He was a lovable man and an honest thinker. Kindheartedness shone from his clear eyes. For me he entertained a very friendly regard, which especially during my illness found expression again and again. Those spring days I had spent with him at Baden had brought us closer together; he had enjoyed them—well along in the sixties though he was—with a childlike delight that brightened many an hour for me, who was not often able to keep up with the others.

*July 27, 1908*

Today I have concluded my lectures on psychology, not without deep emotion. Have I addressed my students for the last time? I was altogether at the end of my strength. Not only the drive to Berlin but even the lecture itself has now become a great fatigue, whereas until quite recently it had always had a refreshing and stimulating effect on me. For thirty-three years, more than a generation, I have been teaching, and for the love and care I have always devoted to this work gratitude has not been denied me. If now the end has come, I will not complain, but confess joyfully and with a thankful heart: "*Cursum quem fortuna dedit peregi!*"

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Friedrich Paulsen died eighteen days later, on August 14, in the year 1908.



## *Bibliographical Appendix*

**S**INCE in the body of this book the titles of Paulsen's works have been quoted in English translation, the following chronological list, Nos. 1–26, giving the German titles and adding the year of the most recent edition will be welcome to many, especially to readers who wish to turn to the German originals. It has been prepared by Professor Willy Kabitz, Friedrich Paulsen's son-in-law.

1. *Symbolae ad systemata philosophiae moralis historicae et criticae* (1871, Berlin).
2. *Versuch einer Entwicklungsgeschichte der Kantischen Erkenntnistheorie* (1875, Leipzig).
3. *David Hume: Dialoge über natürliche Religion. Über Selbstmord und Unsterblichkeit der Seele. Ins Deutsche übersetzt und mit einer Einleitung versehen* (1877, Leipzig; 2d ed.: 1894, Berlin; 3d ed.: 1905, Leipzig).
4. *Geschichte des gelehrten Unterrichts auf den deutschen Schulen und Universitäten vom Ausgang des Mittelalters bis zur Gegenwart. Mit besonderer Rücksicht auf den klassischen Unterricht* (1885, Leipzig; 2d ed. in 2 vols.: Vol. 1, 1896, Vol. 2, 1897; 3d ed. by Dr. R. Lehmann in 2 vols.: Vol. 1, 1919, Vol. 2, 1921, Berlin and Leipzig).
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